# Contemporary Review

124th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

052.008

JULY 1990

227

GLASNOST BEHIND THE SCENES
Sarah Hurst

NEW PROBLEMS FOR THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY
Leo Muray

INTIFADA
George Evans

MODERN GREEK THEATRE: COMING OF AGE: PART ONE
Aliki Bacopoulou-Halls

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# Contemporary Review

## Incorporating The Fortnightly

July 1990 Vol. 257 No. 1494 Founded 1866

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(ISSN/0010/7565)

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## GLASNOST BEHIND THE SCENES

**by Sarah Hurst**

AS a 17 year old student, keen on journalism, visiting Moscow and Leningrad for the first time, I was not to be content with mere sightseeing. Six months before the trip, I began writing letters to about 20 of the Soviet Union's top politicians and newspaper editors, requesting an interview. Along with two friends, Vanessa Fleming and Ian Boys, I wanted to hear about the current exciting political developments first-hand. I felt we were being over-optimistic — the people I wrote to included Mikhail Gorbachov, Eduard Shevardnadze and Vladimir Kriuchkov, head of the KGB. I would have been happy to just get replies, even negative ones.

The response I did get was remarkable, proof that glasnost has affected even the highest levels of Soviet society. A few years ago it would have been unthinkable to get a friendly two-page letter from the KGB press bureau expressing regret that Vladimir Kriuchkov was too busy to meet us, wishing us luck in our possible future careers as journalists, and saying, 'You probably know that democracy and openness are again (!) becoming guiding principles in the work of the KGB'.

Ivan Frolov, editor of *Pravda* and a secretary of the Central Committee of the Communist Party, Vadim Bakatin, Home Affairs Minister, and Egor Yakovlev, Moscow News editor, all agreed to talk to us. Our Intourist guide, Irina, was sceptical about our three planned interviews. 'These people are very busy, you know.' But when a man from the Ministry turned up at our hotel and asked her for our itinerary so that he could pick us up when we were wanted, she was impressed. Irina also telephoned *Pravda* and organised a time for us to see Ivan Frolov. Sadly, we were only in Moscow for three days, one of which was a Sunday. We didn't have time to contact Egor Yakovlev.

The first issue we discussed with Ivan Frolov was, unsurprisingly, journalism. *Pravda*, founded in 1912 by Lenin, has a reputation for being a dull Communist Party propaganda machine, giving only one, extremely biased, point of view. Its name, meaning 'Truth', couldn't have been more ironic for most of its existence and the Soviet people now know this. Its circulation has dropped considerably in the past few years.

But Frolov, appointed by Gorbachov as editor last year, is by no means one of the 'old guard'. He is a philosopher and scientist with his own ideas about how the country and the newspaper should be run. He has already done much to change *Pravda*, for instance by publishing letters from young readers with wide-ranging political views and criticisms of the government.

'You see, before, *Pravda* newspaper devoted a lot of space and effort to covering economic problems, but now we'll concentrate more on ideological and political problems. We'll pay much more attention to the problems of the common human interest, including the problems of international relations. We'd like to publish our newspaper in English, in Britain and the United States, not just to propagate the communist ideas, but for mutual understanding of each other', he said through an interpreter.

Some things will stay the same, however. *Pravda* will remain a newspaper of the Communist Party, even if the circulation drops or the influence is less. 'At least since I became editor-in-chief there's one more subscriber, my own daughter', Frolov quips. The name of the paper, too, will remain the same. Someone suggested to Frolov that he change it to, say, New Pravda, but he doesn't think that a name change will be necessary; even young people understand the importance of tradition.

'There are some funny traditions in this society: there is a Lenin Square or a Lenin Street in every large city. Many cities have their own local *Pravdas*. A poorly shaped coal house may be called, for instance, "The Way To Communism". The people who are responsible for this may have been naive, but we shouldn't condemn them and their traditions. It's better to try to understand them.'

Both Frolov and Bakatin said exactly the same thing about the way Western journalists depict the USSR. Frolov described it as being 99% negative and claims that the life of ordinary people isn't covered; the problems of the socialist system are always emphasised. Bakatin said that the attitude in the Western media could be termed 'conscious and premeditated negativism', referring to recent 'scare-talk' about the new Executive Presidency being a return to dictatorship.

'Western journalists are viewing what is happening from a vantage point based in the old time, not taking into account the sweeping democratic changes that are occurring.' When I put this statement to a journalist on the newsdesk of a British quality national, he of course, vehemently denied it.

'But there is help from foreign correspondents in one sense; there are specialists in the Soviet Union who can give a good picture of our drawbacks, from an outside viewpoint', says Frolov. However, he accused some foreign correspondents of trying to interfere with events, by subsidising

opposition forces, supplying them with Xerox machines to publish leaflets. West German journalists are supposedly printing new money for Lithuania. On the other hand, Soviet journalists were always negative about the West before perestroika, but now they write positively and objectively about foreign countries.

Frolov explained why the visas of foreign correspondents in Lithuania were not renewed. 'Many correspondents don't help, or even make it more difficult to settle the situation. Not all of them are devoted to the humanistic and democratic approach and . . . we don't want to have some additional factors which could make the situation worse or even push to extreme action.' He stressed that the measures against the correspondents were temporary.

How should the situation in Lithuania be settled? How can the deadlock be broken? What right has the USSR to hold on to Lithuania, when it was illegally annexed by Stalin as part of the Nazi-Soviet Pact? 'If that was wrong, should we repeat the wrong today?' asked Vadim Bakatin. Bakatin's arguments against immediate independence were strong.

'Let's visualise and consider this overnight coup in Lithuania. We have 3.7 million inhabitants, they go to bed in the evening being the citizens of the USSR, they turn on the radio in the morning and find out that they are not citizens of the USSR any more, but citizens of Lithuania. I can imagine that three million out of those were happy and overjoyed. It's a beautiful day. At long last, we're happy, the wrongs are righted, and I'm prepared to join with them in their joy and I can understand them full well. But tell me, what is to be done with those 700,000 people who are quite unhappy? Their rights were trampled. No-one asked them whether they wanted it or not. Nowhere such coups are taken overnight. If Hong Kong is to be returned by Great Britain to China, they even then set the date in the future. If the Panama Canal Zone is to be returned to the Panamanian government, they set the date for doing it . . . because today is 1990 and a decision is being taken about moving Lithuania from the USSR by referendum, which has to be held.

'So, the year is set, like, for example, 1992, when Lithuania becomes totally independent, and there are lots of questions that arise as to who is to compensate people who leave for the loss of their apartments, or education if they're students. And now we're seeing a conflict brewing up between the three million and 700,000. Let's assume that maybe we'll be having not 700,000 but 100,000 refugees out of Lithuania. Where are they to go? We, the government, the Presidential Council, are asking the Lithuanian government only one thing. We are not asking them to give up their idea of statehood. You don't want to give up on your decisions, but introduce a freeze, or moratorium for the time being. And give us a chance to start negotiations in accordance with laws that have been passed.

'Can we be allowed to break laws in the legal state? No. So we have to follow laws, whether we're entering the USSR as a member or leaving it. It's ironic. Can you, may I ask you, leave your apartment to go to another one overnight, just on the spur of the moment? I guess it would be difficult.

If you want to tear apart a country, this is impossible. This is an irresponsible, adventurist approach to solving it. The idea is a novel one, but the means of doing it is adventurist. That's the essence of the problem.' Bakatin banged his fist on the table as he spoke and occasionally scribbled furiously on the back of an official-looking document, to emphasise a point.

As to self-determination in Eastern Europe, Frolov thinks that the changes are mainly positive and he has published a lot of information about them in *Pravda*. 'It's in line with the new political thinking.' But he is more concerned about some events in Rumania and Czechoslovakia, where former Communists have been discriminated against, deprived of the right to work, for instance. He also expressed the worries of the Soviet people about German reunification, admitting that 27 million Soviet lives were lost in World War II — a month before a Red Army General announced that 27 million was now the official figure. Previously, the USSR had claimed that the death toll was several millions lower.

This constant rewriting of history, getting nearer to the truth about past atrocities, reflects the desperate desire of the government to turn the USSR into a state based on the rule of law. This is Bakatin's specialist subject — he is a member of the newly-formed Presidential Council, with particular responsibilities in the field of law and order. He talked about the dangers of the country lapsing into anarchy. 'It's a slim risk, but the risk doesn't come from the President. The government has now stopped breaking laws, but there is inter-ethnic fighting, anti-constitutional acts and crime is on the rise. So law enforcement must be upheld and strengthened.' How does Bakatin plan to do this?

'Firstly, we need to develop new laws. We still have laws that have been with us since the 1930s and the Supreme Soviet is working day and night to change this. Second, strengthening law enforcement organisations physically speaking — buying new cars, paying higher salaries, to earn respect for the law enforcement people, to make their status as prestigious as that of the English bobby.'

We reminded him that the status of the police in Britain is very low at the moment, due to cases such as the Guildford Four and the Birmingham Six, which he had heard about. But he said, 'I think that if public attitudes could be changing that quickly because of every incident like this, that wouldn't be very fair... One policeman, individual policemen, can be in the wrong, but the whole system, the police as a whole, cannot be in the wrong. That's the way I see it.

'And the third great direction is reliance on the support of the general public, because crime and criminal figures are not the product of police, but the product of the conditions of society and that is why we are expecting to have the support of the society at large, beginning with kindergarten and ending with veterans' organisations.' The overhaul of the legal system is perestroika, restructuring, in action. Both Bakatin and Frolov had their own definitions of what perestroika means to the country.

'If you ask me what would be the briefest characterisation of perestroika in one word, I would say this is democracy and democratisation in every-

thing, starting with economics, to politics, including culture and the relationships between people, social relations, ethics, toleration of different ways of thinking — there is a return to or revival of older religious traditions.' That's Bakatin's view. Frolov's version?

'Perestroika breaks away from the past, but at the same time it's a renaissance of humanistic ideas characterised by Marx, Engels, Lenin. You see, all those human ideals were changed by Stalin, Brezhnev and even Khrushchev. And you see, those people, they were not even well-educated and they didn't understand the ideas of Marx, Engels, or Lenin and their perception was rather vulgar.'

Bakatin and Frolov agreed that the Soviet Union had never experienced true communism. They still believe in it, but it is a long way away. Just as capitalism nowadays is different from what it was in 1917 — elements of socialism have been introduced, such as social security and programmes to fight AIDS and poverty — socialism will be different in future, with elements of capitalism. Our interview with Bakatin finished on an optimistic note.

'What we have to do now is, by keeping the advantages of the socialist system of organisation and having removed all the distortions which we had in our history, strictly following the track of democratisation as a general and guiding principle, to try to bring up in people the private interest to work more industriously, with greater productivity.

'We'll have something that can be shared... but we have to do a lot of thinking and studying. As Lenin used to say, "To study, to study and to study." You are studying now and I envy you. You have time to go to school and when you become adults and start working, you'll be guiding the society and social processes better than we did. And when you reach my age, by then the world will be better. I don't think the world will be divided at that time. It will be more united, its parts will be closer together.' Let's hope so.

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Vanessa Fleming writes:

As western newspapers publish the obituaries of the communist bloc in Eastern Europe, two leading figures in the Soviet political hierarchy are heralding the beginning of a new epoch in the history of Marxism — the renaissance of humanity.

Under President Gorbachov's policy of 'glasnost', the desire to condemn the wrongs of the past manifests itself at every level of society: the belief in the infallibility of the Party is gone.

The Soviet Minister of the Interior, Vadim Bakatin, conceded that the annexation of Lithuania was 'wrong', and blamed his predecessors' interpretation of Marxism: 'I don't think Karl Marx was very unintelligent — his was one of the greatest minds of human kind... maybe we haven't yet understood, to the full extent, his theory. In many cases it was distorted and presented in a very primitive way. What we have to do now is keep the advantages of a socialist system of organisation... having removed all

the distortions which we had in the past.' Ivan Frolov, editor of *Pravda* and advisor to Gorbachov, added: 'All those events under Stalin in this country have absolutely nothing to do with communism ... perestroika breaks away from the past but at the same time it's a renaissance of the humanistic ideals characterised by Marx, Engels and Lenin'.

Mr. Frolov's vision of the future of the restructured Soviet society is somewhat idealistic. In spite of the fine intentions emanating from Moscow, the actions of the Lithuanian Supreme Soviet have presented Gorbachov with perhaps the gravest threat to the creation of 'human socialism'. Mr. Bakatin dismisses the attitude of the Lithuanian leadership as Stalinist in origin, and he asked whether 'a political leader can work for the liberty or the freedom of the state to the detriment of the human rights and freedom of the individual. Western democracy is built on human rights — something we've been criticised about. This is a Stalinist theory that used to be applied — that a human being is just such a small cog, and the well-being of any State cannot be achieved by humiliating even one human being and his rights'.

The war of nerves between the Kremlin and Lithuania has raised important ideological questions for the Communist leadership. They must not appear to be weak but any use of force would be a clear contradiction of the stated commitment to 'humanistic ideals'. Mr. Bakatin said, 'We are being very patient and tolerant. We could have done something on the first day, and we don't need to move in troops because they are already there. We don't need them. We can do it in a reasonable, civilised fashion. The force is there — but the desire (to use it) is not: we don't want to'.

The situation in Lithuania has certainly provided the West with an opportunity to reclaim the moral high ground which, since the beginning of 'perestroika' had seemed to be slipping from their grasp.

Those Western powers who aspire to mould the Soviet Union into their own likeness have fundamentally misunderstood the purpose of 'perestroika'. The vision of the new Marxist order is not the creation of the kind of democratic state embodied in the United States or Great Britain. The over-riding aim of the restructuring of the Soviet Union is, according to Mr. Bakatin and Mr. Frolov, the construction of a new human socialist society, over the smouldering remains of the Communist bloc.

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[Sarah Hurst and Vanessa Fleming are both studying Russian and Russian History at Henley College in Oxfordshire. They are at the same time freelance journalists who aspire to become BBC correspondents in Moscow.]

# NEW PROBLEMS FOR THE EUROPEAN COMMUNITY

## by Leo Murray

THIS month (July) Italy is in the Chair in the Council of the European Community. Its Foreign Minister, Gianni De Michelis, a socialist, will be chairing the 12 Foreign Ministers and will, in effect be in charge of proceedings until the end of the year, until after the vital Summit of the heads of governments who will decide what actual course to take about further action to advance that political union Euro-opinion appears to want so much. It is also the month in which the crucial economic and monetary union of the two Germanies is to start being applied. It will be a crucial period because the application on the ground, so to speak, of that union plan will affect the workings of the European Community and the political atmosphere in which the last preparations for the introduction of the 1992 Single European Act are to be completed. The crucial issue is whether the Rome Treaty itself should be redrawn.

As from July 1st, all European Community regulations have become effective in what was called the German Democratic Republic. Bonn laws on insurance, banking and Social Services now apply exclusively and the Frankfurt Federal Bank controls the money supply and interest rates. The East German Premier, de Maiziere, told his Parliament right at the start that the industries run by the state until now have debts of around £80 billion while the 'German Unity Fund' with which Bonn is starting the rescue operation of the East German economy is around another £25 billion. This is only the start and the Chairman of the Federal Bank, K. O. Poehl, has already warned that a large contingency reserve fund is now being kept in case the expected serious crisis in the East German economy turns out to be even more serious than is guesstimated.

The Federal Bank in Frankfurt in effect runs the EC European Monetary System and Mr. Poehl's warning that a contingency reserve fund for East Germany had to be set up shows that the absorption of East Germany with its obsolescent industries is already putting a strain on the EMS. One cannot dismiss the apprehension that Bonn may not now be so keen on having Sterling in the EMS because of the additional strain on resources, and on joint decision taking, to keep Sterling within the agreed narrow band of exchange rates that must be provided.

Another vital feature of the Economic and Monetary Union Act affects the EC directly. Existing treaties both states have concluded with third countries remain in force. This applies in the first place to the trade agreements the German Democratic Republic has entered into with the Soviet Union, the East European countries and Cuba and Vietnam. The Soviet economy is in certain vital sectors of its industries, dependent on East German supplies. These trade agreements will not last forever and a united German government will try to conclude new and better ones. But they will last for the critical next few years. Not much is being said about it but some of the trade agreements are thought, in certain aspects,

to conflict with European Community trade regulations and practices. This has to be sorted out, discreetly if possible, but it is bound, in some cases, to have to go up to the Ministerial Council itself with its majority vote. There is another problem here. If divergence in actual trade practice is allowed temporarily for clients of East Germany, then the East European countries that want to join the EC, like Hungary, as well as so-called 'non-European countries', such as Turkey, and the member countries of the European Free Trade Association, EFTA, either jointly, or individually like Austria that is applying for EC membership anyway, are likely to ask for the same treatment.

Here Italy will play a key role, being in the chair. Rome has recently set up a new regional association with Austria, Czechoslovakia, Hungary and Yugoslavia, all countries that have decided to try and join the EC, for close economic and political co-operation. This is new and the only other members of the EC that have similar association ties are Denmark in the Nordic Council and Britain, of course, in the Commonwealth.

In a sensational article setting out Italy's programme for its six months in the Brussels chair De Michelis, referring to this new set-up, said bluntly that these countries 'will contribute to a more even balance of power in the future Europe'. He was obviously thinking of the enlarged Germany and its heretofore ally, President Mitterrand's France. He also wrote that a 'formalised all-European Union of Social Democratic Parties' will be set up while Italy is in the chair. Former Communist Parties like those of Italy itself and Hungary would be included. Such a united European Left would guarantee the welfare state. He did not mention the Labour Party.

The Italian Foreign Minister claims that the European powers started a new momentum in their history and development by deciding to integrate in the Single European Act as from 1992. Europe is to recover its role as the core of the world economy. In the Nineties European growth would add up to 5%, twice that of the USA, and in five years' time the added Gross National Product of the present EC 12 and the six EFTA countries would be six trillion dollars, one-and-a-half times that of the US and two or three times that of Japan. In Eastern Europe there would be 140 million new customers. He does not mention the enormous, risky and daring credit operations the EC will have to start to 'organise' the new customers.

However, the Italian Foreign Minister goes much further. He argues that, in the global marketplace that is now developing and the ecological threats it implies, political power has to be transferred from sovereign nations to supranational institutions and it was certain now that the nation state had become 'obsolescent'. What worries him is the need for economic co-ordination between North and South rather than between East and West. The East-West conflict should not be ended by creating the basis for a war between North and South. Without saying so at all, he knows that recent events in Italy have created nasty tension between North and South. Reviving an ancient name of the Middle Ages, the 'Lombard League', such a strong arm League has been formed in Northern Italian cities, in the regions of Lombardy and Piedmont against the presence of

workers from the poor regions of Southern Italy and Sicily. A nasty campaign demanding the return of these hundreds of thousands of 'immigrant' workers to their homelands has started. This development is seen as more long term in character than the assaults on African immigrant traders in Florence.

De Michelis can be expected, therefore, to put as much pressure as he can on speeding up the economic and political union of the EC and to support the man who really started it, Jacques Delors, the President of the European Commission in Brussels, the man who devised the Single European Act and the programme of integrating the EC economy in the three well-known stages, of which Mrs. Thatcher approves only of the first. In the background, but quite visible, is the plan of President Mitterrand and Chancellor Kohl for the 'future architecture of Europe's security'. This has to be linked with Mr. De Michelis's idea that the Helsinki 'Conference on Security and Co-operation', CSCE, which includes all European countries, Canada and the US, should be the new core political body, a view shared by the White House, it seems.

Delors is playing that key role because he invented the new central rule of the manner in which EC decisions are to be made. He has great authority as President of the Commission made up of 17 members, two each from France, Germany, Italy, Spain and Britain, one from each of the other members. He is the only one since the first President, Hallstein, to serve a second four-year term. It is the new rule of 'subsidiarity'. In practical terms it means that policy and decisions on individual issues and matters should be made on the level of member governments' officials and institutions only if they do not need to be acted on by the centre, that is the Commission. The implication here is that the Commission will decide what the member governments can do, naturally, as issues are brought up.

To appreciate this one has to remember that there are four bodies in the EC that wield power and struggle for influence: there is the Council of Ministers with its various gatherings of Ministers according to the subject that is to be looked at and decided on — agriculture, for instance. There is the Commission, seen by many as the emerging European government, with a staff of nearly 10,000, hundreds of them being the patient and able interpreters and translators for the nine languages used — and one has to assume that Czech, Hungarian, Polish and Serbo-Croat would have to be added if any of those countries became members — who study the issues and prepare the documents the Council has to turn into directives or legislation for member Parliaments. There is the Parliament in Strasbourg itself that has some rights but so far not the one to pass laws binding for all members: and there is the European Court of Justice. All of them fight each other. The European Court, for instance, passed a decision recently to entitle Parliament to bring in a law-suit against the Council itself because it had not consulted Parliament about a directive limiting the sale of food held to be contaminated by the Chernobyl explosion. It is the first time this has happened.

The Council has 76 members with a qualifying majority of 54. There

are 90 meetings of various ministers in a year and it is there that the bargaining takes place, first in its 130 or so working groups. At present only the Council can make laws but Parliament is demanding that right as well. That arrangement gives the Commission more wheeling and dealing power.

The idea of the European Single Act is for members to give more specific items of sovereign power to the Brussels Council and the Commission on the principle of subsidiarity. The key issue is that of the proposed European Central Bank that is to be modelled on the Bonn Federal Bank. It means that member governments will have to surrender formally their sovereign right to set interest rates and control the actual money supply. This, of course, goes further than joining the European Monetary System with its agreed manoeuvring of the Exchange rate. The Germans now want a firmly established control by the European Parliament, of the rights on issues that member governments are to be asked after 1992 to hand over to the Council and therefore to the Commission. The aforementioned European Court decision has strengthened the German argument.

Radical proposals are being made to give more power to Parliament, as, for instance, the right to elect the President of the Commission which would confirm that we are on the way to some sort of European government. One arresting feature of the European Parliament in Strasbourg is that members are increasingly organising themselves in political groups leaving aside nationality, the Socialists, the Christian Democrats, the neo-Fascists. This development encourages the notion that, as de Michelis suggests, the nation state idea should be abandoned. The reason why Chancellor Kohl presses for more rights for the Euro-Parliament are seen to be different. A right for the Parliament to introduce and pass legislation would strengthen, perhaps, decisively, in moments of crisis, the strongest member, the member representing the reality of economic power. That in the Nineties will be Germany, the political forces in the Parliament going for their economic interests attracted by the visible high living standard of that country and its power.

The infighting in Brussels must be seen against the background of a fitfully changing international scene. Despite appearances and diplomatic rhetoric, the future of the Soviet Union and of its individual republics remains totally uncertain. The future of the European Community, and of Germany, is therefore also uncertain. It is not said openly but the European Community will have to change its structure and procedures if the East European and EFTA countries were to become members or, what is more likely, were to establish a concrete special relationship with the Community, possibly similar to the new association Italy has set up in Southern Central Europe.

Foreign Policy has now been introduced as a field in which the EC should work on agreed lines. The aid to be given to the struggling East European countries, agreed on by the European Community, is such a major foreign policy issue. There is growing pressure to include, to a certain degree, defence. The current arguments about reducing NATO

to a defence minimum are being kept in mind by all concerned. There is a dilemma. NATO will be undermined and support by the American public for keeping an effective force in Europe to the end of the century will crumble quickly if the EC shows that it not only wants to carry more of the burden of NATO defence costs (which the American Congress and public demand) but also insists on playing the leading and effective role in NATO decision making. But if the EC members of NATO show that they are losing interest in NATO as an effective alliance, and that is what the West German Social Democrat opposition is now advertising, then the Americans, facing their huge budget deficit and registering the paralysis in Moscow, are bound to lose interest. In that often expected event NATO will cease to be knight in the power game and the EC will become an instrument of German policy.

By the end of the year, when the time for the much heralded next Euro-Summit has come and the decision about a redraft of the Rome Treaty and about relations with the European applicants is due, the Council of Ministers, the Commission and the European Parliament in Strasbourg are likely to face a new situation and leaders like de Michelis will argue that the more uncertain the prospects the more imperative the need for integration. The integrated model's essential features must be a market economy, a welfare state democracy and pluralism. If the two super-powers decline, the urge for an integrated European Community with new members or with somehow attached associates will be with us all the time, as the image of a new superpower.

# INTIFADA

## by George Evans

THE Palestinian *intifada* or uprising in the Occupied Territories continues to bear heavily upon Israel. The cost since it began more than two years ago has now risen to over one billion US dollars, the currency in which Israelis seem to transact much of their business. The direct cost of maintaining an army of occupation on the West Bank and in the Gaza Strip is a major factor in such calculations but it is not the only one. The weakened state of the economy in the Occupied Territories stemming from the Arab boycott of Israeli goods and services is a considerable additional burden in itself.

At the command of the PLO every Arab shop, apart from bakers and chemists, shuts promptly at noon except during one of the regular general strikes when they are closed all day. The army originally tried to force the shopkeepers to remain open but in the end had to acknowledge defeat in the face of Palestinian resistance. In Bethlehem now, and elsewhere, the steel-shuttered shop fronts covered in political graffiti — painted out during the day on the orders of the army and repainted under cover of darkness by PLO activists — give the narrow, sunlit streets the appearance of some chaotic open air exhibition of surrealist art. The political message it spells out, however, is clear and unequivocal. Israelis out, runs the refrain, we want our country back.

In sum total what this adds up to is a financial burden which the government finds increasingly onerous to sustain. Inflation, pushed up by devaluation, exceeded twenty per cent in 1989, its highest level for four years. On top of this there are demands on national resources under such headings as defence and immigration which cannot be deferred and must be met in full. It is predicted that, thanks to *glasnost*, immigration from the Soviet Union alone will exceed 40,000 this year and more than 300,000 over the next five years. But even this underestimates the likely influx of new settlers. Within the past month the Jewish Agency has disclosed that more than a million Soviet Jews have applied to go to Israel, a figure which will certainly exacerbate Arab anger and protest. The Governor of the Bank of Israel has recommended that spending by government departments should be cut by five per cent a year and the money saved, £250 million, set aside to finance their resettlement.

Important as such considerations are — and in the eyes of all Israelis they are of vital importance for national survival — it is nevertheless the economic, political and moral cost of the Palestinian revolt which is of immediate concern. International opinion and, more worryingly, some strands of American opinion, is increasingly critical of the occupation, now in its twenty-third year and the stern, heavy-handed military presence needed to maintain it.

Palestinian casualties vary in number and degree depending on the source which supplies them but the death toll is certainly numbered in hundreds.

In a recent report Amnesty International stated that in the past two years more than 540 had died 'through the use of force, often excessive and indiscriminate'. Accusing the government of condoning, 'even actively encouraging', the troops to shoot Palestinian civilians in an effort to contain the uprising, the report said the guidelines regulating the circumstances in which troops might open fire were often disregarded. They appeared to permit the killing of people involved in activities which did not necessarily endanger life or who were simply wearing masks. In an alarmingly high number of instances, Amnesty alleged, those shot did not appear to be involved in life-threatening or even violent activities and it was questionable whether stone-throwing incidents in which people, often children, had been shot were serious enough to justify the use of firearms. About half the 540 unarmed civilians shot dead were aged 18 or under; more than 110 were under 16 and some were only three or four.

The Palestinians for their part claim that casualties have been much higher than this. The Mayor of Bethlehem, Elias Freij, known as a moderate voice, said in an interview published in the *New York Times* on Christmas Eve that 700 Palestinians had died during the uprising with another 10,000-15,000 injured and some 50,000 detained. A Reuter report published in May stated that in the 29 months of the uprising Israelis had killed 658 Palestinians. The Arabs had killed 44 Jews and 206 fellow-Arabs accused of aiding Israel.

Charges of brutality and indiscriminate killings are deeply resented by the government which has branded them as sensationalist and groundless. Some undoubtedly do fall into this category — and the assertion that soldiers are actively encouraged to shoot civilians is clearly one such — but there still remains deep cause for concern at the level of officially-condoned violence which sometimes appears to have become almost institutionalised, an accepted fact of everyday life on the West Bank and in Gaza. These are sensitive issues of which both the politicians and the soldiers are keenly aware. No one has forgotten the wave of anti-Israeli propaganda generated round the world by the notorious television pictures of soldiers breaking the limbs of a Palestinian youth with rocks.

In the Holy Land this past Christmas pilgrims were many fewer than in former years. 'Silent Night of Deserted Streets for Bethlehem', read the front page headline in the *Jerusalem Post* on Christmas morning — not, remarked a Palestinian, a cause for wonder since 'there is no one on the streets at night, except for soldiers and dogs'. All Christmas festivities except the traditional religious ceremonies were cancelled by the municipality. A clandestine leaflet issued by the leaders of the uprising declared Christmas Day a day of mouring for the dead and ordered people to stay at home in protest against the 'repression and humiliation' inflicted upon them.

In Manger Square, ringed by armed police and soldiers on the ground and on the rooftops, pilgrims making their way to Midnight Mass in the Church of the Nativity were searched as they passed through the security barriers. Those carrying cameras were ordered to 'take a picture', a perilous

way it might be thought of proving that the camera was what it seemed and not a terrorist bomb designed to spread death and destruction. The traditional bands and processions were conspicuous by their absence but in an effort to invoke the spirit of Christmas the Ministry of Tourism organised a carol concert by international choirs, supplemented by more carols piped through loudspeakers. The heavily-guarded police station displayed a Christmas tree festooned with coloured lights.

There were even fewer signs of festivity elsewhere. In Jerusalem the Midnight Mass celebrated by Archbishop Desmond Tutu in St. George's Anglican cathedral was disrupted by a bomb threat, telephoned by a caller speaking in American-accented English. The cathedral was cleared and the service continued in the courtyard where the Archbishop continued giving worshippers communion. There was no bomb.

Shootings resulting in injuries were reported by the newspapers in Nablus and Gaza. The entire Gaza Strip and parts of the West Bank were placed under curfew on New Year's Day which had been designated Fatah Day by the PLO, to mark the 25th anniversary of the founding of Fatah. Nablus and Hebron were declared closed military zones, forbidden to journalists. A few token petrol bombs were thrown but caused no damage. Troops broke up a protest march in Hebron and elsewhere uprooted olive trees for security reasons though the villagers concerned insisted that the trees were destroyed as a punishment for stone throwing. Paratroops staged a dawn raid on a pro-Syrian Lebanese Communist Party base in South Lebanon in which it was claimed five terrorists were killed. A few hours later the Judean hills resounded to the sonic boom of six Phantom F-4 fighters on their way northwards to deliver a rocket attack on another Lebanese Communist base in an area under Syrian control, this time killing three men and two women.

Two Palestinians, said by the army to have been masked and engaged in throwing stones from behind street barricades, were shot and killed on the West Bank. One, a 17-year-old trainee chef fell within a few yards of the door of a tourist hotel in Bethlehem, shot by a Border Police patrol. Local families including children covered the pool of blood with sand and fashioned a simple wayside shrine with stones and bunches of flowers. The patrol standing by their vehicle looked on in embarrassed silence as a passing group of British pilgrims led by a Roman Catholic priest fell to their knees on the road and prayed aloud for the victim who had been removed to hospital where he died. The patrol left but returning later rounded up a number of youths and ordered them to remove both the shrine and a street barricade. The shrine was finally obliterated by the truck being driven back and forth across it until no trace of it remained. Not a tranquil week by any means but for the pilgrims, at least, Christmas in the Holy Land, though scarred by such acts of violence and discord, still symbolised the eternal values of the faith which they had come to renew.

In some areas where resistance to the occupation is strongest the situation bears close resemblance to that existing in parts of Northern Ireland. The

writ of Fatah, the main PLO guerrilla group, runs strongly and like that of the Provisional IRA its punishment squads give short shrift to suspected informers. So-called collaborators have been beaten to death. Buses transporting Arabs from Gaza to work in Israel are held up, cleared of passengers and set on fire.

In Nablus, the Palestinian Crossmaglen as it were, the PLO recently issued a decree calling a halt to the killing of alleged collaborators by a group styling itself Black Panther which is nominally affiliated to Fatah. 'In the name of the brother, the leader, the President, Yasser Arafat', it proclaimed 'we call on national forces and all our organisations to stop immediately and finally the killing of collaborators. Only the President of the State of Palestine (Yasser Arafat) has the authority to issue a decree to execute collaborators'. There are even closer parallels with IRA terrorist gangs, some of whom are believed to have had links with the PLO. The political furore in Britain when Provisional activists, masked and armed, took over the village of Carrickmore in Co. Tyrone in a propaganda exercise staged for the benefit of the television cameras found an echo in Jerusalem on New Year's Eve when the PLO 'liberated' and sealed off the village of Beit Farik on the West Bank, also largely for the benefit of the media.

The *Jerusalem Post* reported that the entrance to the village, near Nablus, had been blocked by a checkpoint manned by three masked and uniformed youths carrying axes and a Palestinian flag — a 'liberated' zone controlled by Fatah activists. Lookouts in olive drab uniforms, their heads covered with black-chequered *keffiyehs* stood on rooftops searching the countryside through binoculars for approaching Israeli troops. They used a cordless telephone to contact their colleagues below, some of whom wore uniforms similar to those of PLO gunmen in Lebanon. At noon an announcement over the mosque loudspeaker summoned the village to witness 'a grand military parade'. Two columns of about 100 masked youths and children in military-style fatigues and black track suits carrying knives and swords marched to the beat of a drum and cymbals. They were followed by hundreds of villagers. Loudspeakers broadcast nationalist songs and the taped sound of crackling gunfire. Fireworks were set off as the Palestine anthem was played. On the stage a masked leader of the 'popular Army' read out the Fatah oath, answered responsively by the crowd: 'I swear by Allah that I will be faithful to Palestine, the struggle for its liberation and preserve the unity of the Movement.'

The village, which is described as a hotbed of anti-Israeli protest, is regularly raided by the army and in one such operation a fortnight earlier two youths were shot dead. Similar celebrations to mark Fatah Day took place elsewhere, in obedience to Directive No. 50 issued by the 'Unified Leadership of the Uprising' which commanded all Palestinians to increase their anti-Israeli activities. Membership cards issued by the 'Popular Army' are now widely distributed among activists on the West Bank. They bear the inscription 'Internal Command, Popular Army, State of Palestine, Palestine Liberation Movement (Fatah) — persist, commit, execute'.

There is little doubt that the Israeli army has frequently over-reacted in its determination to crush the revolt and on occasion has violated human rights. Few, however, would accept the grotesque charge that the government actively encourages soldiers to shoot Palestinians. It is a conscript citizen army and, like most armies of occupation throughout history, is capable of, and does commit, acts of brutality which fully deserve exposure and condemnation. Israeli troops, probably among the best infantry in the world do not, judged on turnout and aptitude for barrack square ceremonial, immediately strike the observer as natural candidates for the Sandhurst sword of honour. There is a distinct lack of spit and polish. Bored and listless some of them but scrupulously polite as they man the security checkpoints, their casual manner and bearing, particularly noticeable in the para-military Border Police, would be more than enough to drive an Aldershot drill sergeant, as he himself might put it, 'right up the wall'.

Duty in the Occupied Territories is not popular with the ordinary soldier and it has created its own problems. It is astonishing to learn that in the army as a whole suicides have averaged twenty-seven a year over the past seven years; last year there were twenty-nine. A recent innovation, 'Listening Ear for Soldiers', a telephone counselling service, received 150 calls a day in the first two weeks, half of them stemming from the difficulty of adjusting to army life.

Israel, it has to be said, is on the whole an open and democratic society. Political dissent exists and is tolerated and the rule of law does run, however great the temptation may sometimes be to subvert it for political gain. The judicial process is exacting and scrupulously correct. There is no capital punishment in contrast with some neighbouring states, Iran for example, where according to Teheran radio 31 people, including three women, were hanged in the first ten days of this year for drug smuggling and prostitution — and, incredibly, more than 900 last year.

Israeli respect for the law was put to a severe test on New Year's eve when some 30,000 demonstrators, including more than 1,000 'peaceniks' from Europe, staged a 'Peace Now' rally by linking arms to form a human chain round the walls of the old city of Jerusalem for a distance of more than three miles. Dearly as the government would have liked to ban it, the demonstration — which as expected resulted in the familiar scenes of confrontation and disorder — was allowed to proceed and in the event it was a Right Wing counter-demonstration which was banned. The Cabinet accepted the advice of its law officers that a ban on the rally would not stand up in the High Court. Moreover, it has since been announced that a number of policemen who belaboured demonstrators and photographers with batons, rubber bullets, tear-gas and water cannon are to be prosecuted for allegedly using unjustified force.

The behaviour of the armed forces in the Occupied Territories, constantly in the critical, all-seeing eye of the television cameras, is a particular cause for concern to the government. Mr. Rabin, the Defence Minister has taken pains to emphasise that the law applies equally to every soldier, irrespective

of his rank or seniority. More than 80 he disclosed, including three majors and five captains, had been put on trial for offences committed in the Occupied Territories. Trials of other officers of higher rank were still in progress. This was in fact recently confirmed in proceedings in the High Court which directed the Judge Advocate-General to court martial a colonel on a charge arising out of the death of a 15-year-old youth in Gaza.

In the dying hours of the old year the prospect of peace in the Holy Land still looked a distant one. The army, in a carefully-orchestrated campaign for more money, issued the chilling warning that unless £300 million earmarked for national defence but spent instead on fighting the *intafada*, was reimbursed, Israel's casualties in a future all-out war would be higher. Nor did Mr. Shamir, Prime Minister, in a characteristic hard-line speech to Right Wing activists, do anything to raise expectations of an early peace settlement. Israel, he said bluntly, needed the West Bank and the Gaza Strip to resettle immigrants from Russia. 'Big immigration requires Israel to be big as well. We need the space to house all these people. Such an influx will take the wind out of the uprising. The Arabs around us are in a state of disarray and panic. They are shrouded by a feeling of defeat.' But even if this were so in the past, it hardly applies now. The growing volume of American criticism of Israel is bad enough, but much more serious is the warning by Mr. Gorbachov that Moscow will stop Jewish emigration if Israel settled Soviet Jews in the Occupied Territories. Mr. Shamir, as was to be expected, has rejected this ultimatum from the Kremlin. Dismiss it he may, ignore it he cannot.

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Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *The Baltic's Eastern Seaboard* by Eric Glasgow, *Prohibited Immigrant* by Raymond Tong and *The Spa Towns of Bohemia* by Lucy Lethbridge.

# THE INTERNATIONAL MONETARY SYSTEM

## by B. Narpati

THE monetary crises of the sixties and early seventies revealed deficiencies in the system and in its management. The system of fixed exchange rates became unmanageable. International capital flows became so huge that the major countries were no longer able or willing to subordinate their national policies to exchange rate objectives.

A transition to floating against the dollar in 1973 led to recurrent currency misalignments. Exchange rates lost touch with economic reality over long periods. Faced with this situation a growing consensus developed that more realistic exchange rates were needed.

After the Bretton Woods system was abandoned it became clear that exchange rates were still a matter of major political and economic concern in every country. No government was prepared for long to let its own currency float freely in response to market forces. Since March 1973, when floating began, official intervention totalled several billion by the Group of Ten countries alone. What brought the Bretton Woods system to an end were the asymmetries in the adjustment process itself that increasingly emerged. First, the strong pressures exerted on debtor countries and the weaker pressures felt by creditor countries. Second, adjustment of deficits of reserve currencies and countries with weak currencies.

It is not possible to visualise the contours of the emerging monetary system. Agreed-upon rules of conduct and balanced pressures to enforce them are necessary. Exchange rate stability should be a primary aim, and the need for orderly procedures for changes in rates. A country's exchange rate is an important element of its economic welfare and affects other countries as well. Exchange rate relationships have to reconcile conflicting national interests. Some of the building blocks for the new system are: exchange rate stability, orderly balance-of-payments adjustments, and a network of international credit arrangements.

A multitude of other problems need attention: multi-national corporations and banks, surveillance of the Euro-currency markets, better co-ordination of national monetary policies, and the plight of the poorest among the developing countries. The world we live in is one where interdependence is a vital reality. Bretton Woods has failed more on practice than on rules. Under Bretton Woods, we had an international monetary system up to 1971 and none since then. The fixed exchange rate system was abandoned on 15 August 1971. The vast literature on exchange rates will no doubt be a source of sufficient ingenuity or inspiration for policy-makers.

The switch to floating rates (1973) was welcomed with relief and satisfaction. The belief had been that market determination of exchange rates would ensure external adjustment, reconcile conflicting national policies, and absolve the external constraint. Developments in the 1970s and 1980s have belied these expectations.

The Plaza Accord (September 1985) and the Louvre Accord (February 1987) mark the return to collaborative official management of exchange rates. Understandings of December 1987 (Louvre II) indicate continuing progress towards unified ends.

Currency diversification and direct investment have become increasingly important in the international financial market. Many financial transactions are undertaken solely for changing the currency composition of portfolios. Sovereign debts of some LDCs, and more recently by the United States, very likely will affect the evolution of the international monetary system in the years ahead.

Three monetary areas in the monetary world are emerging: the United States, the European Communities, and Japan. The convertible 'ruble' might be joining them some time in the future. In between, a group of countries has successfully operated the exchange rate mechanism of the European Monetary System. This development has been accompanied by the rapid growth of non-governmental institutions (multi-national companies and international banks). These cut across national frontiers and impinge on sovereignty. But whatever happens, it will not be a 'system'.

Since the demise of the Bretton Woods system in the early 1970s, a network of arrangements has given considerable leeway for national policy discretion. The system has thus become more complicated. The task now is to bring about some form of collective management of the monetary system. The contours of a better managed system are not yet clear. But any adaptations of present arrangements will reflect compromises among several objectives. Three issues to the fore in constructing a new monetary order are: symmetry of adjustment; stability of the exchange rate system; and the role of the SDR.

The breakdown of the Bretton Woods system ushered in a period of instability and improvisation. The regime of generalized floating that ensued not only lacked discipline but failed in its objectives. An international monetary system involves a set of exchange arrangements as well as provisions for the supply and management of international liquidity. The SDR is not used as medium of exchange. For the SDR to become the principal reserve asset of the international monetary system profound changes would have to be made in that system. These changes would inevitably take time.

The question arises whether the SDR could play a more important role than it does at present. A number of issues are: whether an allocation might help provide a liquidity safety net, and facilitate the financing of co-ordinated exchange market intervention. With the latter objective in mind, the United States and Japan have entered into a bilateral agreement that would make existing SDRs more readily available to exchange for other currencies. First, borrowed reserves now are much more important than they used to be. The adequacy of international reserves is, however, conditioned by instability in financial markets and confidence in individual countries.

According to M. Camdessus, the major contribution of the Bretton Woods system was its recognition that international money could not manage itself. It needed an element of consultation and co-operation, if not supervision, for order to be maintained. That reality is still valid today.

Retrospectively, it might be pertinent to recall the speech (in part) of Sir Maurice Parsons in New York wherein he referred to gold, among other topics. His address of 6th December, 1968 was on the international financial system. (Speech to the Manufacturers Hanover Trust Company Business Conference, New York, NY. 6 December 1968.)

> I turn now to gold. If what is meant is that the United States should formally abandon the convertibility of officially held dollars into gold, I cannot see how this could be compatible with the continuation of the Bretton Woods system... Any demonetising schemes would in fact, I believe, lead straight to a world of floating rates and, as I have already indicated, I believe this would bring in its train chaotic and disruptive effects.

Mr. Roy Jenkins, speaking in New York on 6 January 1983, said:

> The slump has been made worse by wildly fluctuating exchange rates which have discouraged the growth of investment and trade. It is nonsense to pretend that these fluctuations reflect reality. They do nothing of the sort... It is no longer trade patterns which set exchange rates. It is, perversely, exchange rates which set trade patterns.
>
> There is mounting disillusionment with freely-floating currencies. Experience of these has not been that they adjust gradually and smoothly, keeping payments in balance. On the contrary, exchange rates have lurched wildly from one extreme to another. And not only have they been unstable, but they have shown a capacity to stay well out of line for long periods.
>
> The markets themselves cannot and do not ensure that currencies adjust to reality so as to keep foreign payments in balance and employment reasonably full....

(Speaking at a meeting at the University of New York organised by the American European Community Association. 6 January 1983.)

Economic models are currently far from helpful for practical policy, according to Dr. Peter Zdrahal. Economics is not all, and especially in the monetary sphere mass psychology and the stability of expectations play a vital role.

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# THE RECEDING ENMITY OF MULTIS

## by Alex Rubner

COMPANIES which manufacture both at home and abroad have been around for more than a century but the *generic* anti-multi campaigns emerged only some thirty years ago. Though closely linked with anti-Americanism, they were never the preserve of the extreme Left. I first came across the pithy term 'Multis' on a banner carried in a demonstration in Frankfurt: *NIEDER MIT DEN MULTIS*! Today it is widely used in Germany—and gaining currency in the US—to denote multinational or transnational corporations.

**Injudicious abuse**

These are some of the colourful epithets hurled at the global corporations: new leviathans, corporate imperialists, modern-day dinosaurs, hoof-loose Trojan horses, rogue elephants. The assembly of Britain's Liberals once voted overwhelmingly for a denunciative resolution after a delegate had declaimed that 'multinationals have no loyalty to any country, no ethics except growth, no answerability and no masters. Corruption, blackmail, bribery and threats are their business skills'. Religious bodies have accused multis of being 'intrinsically evil', guilty of empty consumerism, racism, sexism. According to the World Council of Churches 'they join together to oppress the poor and keep them under domination'. The Methodists have deplored that 'many thousands must go hungry' in order that multis can be profitable. Some academics have said of transnational companies that they 'are the main polluters of the environment' and their conduct has at times been 'downright illegal or morally repugnant... soiling the entire landscape of international business'. The AFL-CIO (the US trade union roof organisation) told Congress that 'proud countries... are increasingly at the mercy of stateless, soulless, anonymous multinational corporations'. As Secretary General of the TUC Vic Feather frequently fulminated against the *juggernauts*, his favourite invective for multis. While other critics castigated them as depraved companies which 'scour the world for the cheapest labour', Vic Feather dwelt on their wickedness in the UK where they offer wage rates above the union norms. Lord Davies of Leek sought to persuade parliament that British sovereignty ought not to be sacrificed to a group which 'has no international responsibility apart from a worship of the God Mammon'.

**Nationality matters**

The defamers of the multis present them as unscrupulous businesses and, in particular, as the exploiters of the oppressed LDCs. When applied to individual firms, the animosity varies with the nation-state where the head office is situated. The US-located corporations were seen as the most dangerous and vile of the species for mighty Washington was perceived to be backing them actively, ready to intervene with economic, political and military actions. The UK, because of its imperialist past, was next on the list. However, a friendly professor has comforted multis headquartered in

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Britain that 'their stock should rise as its military power sinks'. The global corporations with the most auspicious image were those that had head offices in territories 'with a low political profile', i.e. politically neutral, militarily weak and peace-loving countries such as Sweden and Switzerland.

In the 1950s two-thirds of all direct foreign investments in the world were owned/controlled by US-based companies. Consequently, many who inveighed sweepingly against multinational corporations actually intended to target US-based multis. It appears from Tony Benn's 1968 Diaries that Hugh Scanlon, then the influential leader of the AEU, did not revile foreign multis as such but demanded: 'We should stop all US investment'. In those days the ideologist of economic anti-Americanism was Jean-Jacques Servan-Schreiber. He was an ambitious, left-of-centre, journalist-cum-politician who had become famous as the author of *Le Défi Américain*. The book was essential reading in all business schools. Leading Western executives acclaimed the prophet who predicted that in the 1980s 'American industry in Europe' would be the world's third industrial power (after the US and USSR). The invading American multis were portrayed as 'rolling from Naples to Amsterdam with the ease of Israeli tanks in Sinai'. Servan-Schreiber rallied his fellow citizens to organize resistance. He called for specific anti-US discrimination on the part of European governments and proposed the formation of trans-European corporations that would repel the giant American multis.

**Four good reasons**

Events have overtaken Servan-Schreiber's prognosis. Though multinational corporations have not become esteemed institutions, it is more onerous in 1990 to mount a persuasive anti-multi hate campaign than it was in 1960. The sting has been removed from the once seemingly plausible charges levelled against the globally operating manufacturing companies. I have set out four reasons which explain this transformation of public opinion.

(i) Multis are no longer feared today. Rabble-rousers used to argue that large Western corporations were so powerful that smaller countries, especially LDCs, could not frustrate their villainous machinations. The Brandt Report noted that they were 'out of reach of effective controls by nation-states'. This fairy tale has lost its credibility. The ostensibly overpowering multis have turned out to be fragile entities which frequently have to bow in submission when harassed in even weak and poor host-countries.

(ii) Historically, the search for cheap labour was never the main cause that gave birth to the multi phenomenon — today it is definitely of minor significance. The overwhelming majority of new direct foreign manufacturing investments now take place in developed countries. Despite state insurance schemes aimed at encouraging multis to put up plants in LDCs, many are reluctant to do so. Even the Japanese government has expressed displeasure that its multis prefer OECD economies to the more deserving LDCs. It is becoming increasingly incongruous to sustain the propaganda that depicts multis as the ravens of the LDCs.

(iii) Before the war and for a decade or so after its termination, multis could assume that the governments of the home-country would somehow protect their foreign subsidiaries. Now they can no longer take this for granted. Multis from most developed economies complain bitterly that the obstacles to expansion abroad are often more formidable at home than in the projected host-countries. And if something goes wrong with their foreign subsidiaries OECD governments will not send gunboats. Usually they will do little more than register some formal protests. The US may have hydrogen bombs but this is no comfort to the US multis. If their foreign assets are expropriated, Washington is not likely to intervene effectively — particularly not in developing countries.

(iv) At the beginning of the 1990s the proportion of the global foreign direct investments owned/controlled by US multis has shrunk to below 30% and is expected to decline further. Quite apart from the burgeoning manufacturing investments of the UK, Japan and Germany there are now hundreds of new multis with head offices in small countries — some of them are based in LDCs. It used to be relatively easy to arouse populist indignation against General Motors and ICI, the putative instruments of US and British imperialism. But it is more difficult to whip up hysteria against the manufacturing subsidiaries of foreign corporations with head offices in Brazil and Korea, Australia and Spain.

Returning to Servan-Schreiber, it is called for to report that *Le Défi Américain* is no longer a recommended textbook for the budding executives of Western multis. Actually, the false prophet had recognized at an earlier stage than some of his admirers that the anti-multi fable, written in language of anti-Americanism, was no longer topical. Only those who recall his former international fame as a scourge of US global corporations will appreciate the irony of what has happened to him since. In 1982 he became the president of *Le Centre Mondial* in Paris which promoted computer and information technologies. After three years he resigned because the French government favoured the procurement of French equipment for France's schools instead of buying the computers of a US corporation which he thought were to be preferred. In 1984 he was appointed a director of the sizeable Pittsburgh-based multi, Allegheny. In 1988 he published a book which told of his new bugbear: the *défi* no longer originated in the US but came from the Japanese multis which put up factories 'right inside the United States'. Servan-Schreiber had turned his zeal against this troublesome 'Japanese penetration... the hold of the Japanese has become all but impregnable'.

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[The above article draws in part on Alex Rubner's book, *The Might of the Multinationals: the Rise and Fall of the Corporate Legend*, to be published in July 1990 by Praeger (Greenwood Press).]

# THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE: 1st JULY 1690: 'THE TWELFTH', 1990

## by John J. N. McGurk

HISTORY never stands still. It is a common and human tendency not only to commemorate past events but to use historic occasions as symbols of later events and attitudes thereby giving these events of the past a significance they did not originally possess. Hence for example, the celebrated Orange ballad 'The Sash my father wore' while memorably tuneful, is totally anachronistic in its words, yet no commemoration of the battle of the Boyne would be complete without it. In Ireland history is frequently and literally on the march. This year the 'Twelfth' sees the tercentenary of William III's victory over James II at the Boyne (fought, as every schoolboy will soon know, on the 1st of July, Old Style, but ever since the British adopted the Gregorian calendar in 1752, became the 12th of July). Furthermore the Orange Hegira is surely marked from the Battle of the Diamond, Loughgall, a hamlet in County Armagh, in 1795 between a group of Peep-o-Day Boys and Defenders, the former changing their name to Orange Boys and Orange Men after William of Orange, who by his victories in Ireland secured not only the protestant succession to the throne of Britain but also, and thereby, the protestant ascendancy in Ireland. Nonetheless, it is the anniversaries of the Boyne which have become historically as important as the original event. 'Could his majesty King William of Orange learn in the other world that he has been the cause of more broken heads and drunken men since his departure than all his predecessors', wrote Sir Jonah Barrington in *Personal Sketches* (1798) from his Orange Lodge No. 176 in Dublin, 'he must be the proudest ghost and the most conceited skeleton that ever entered the gardens of Elysium'.

In many senses the Boyne was no trivial affair. In the European context it marked a notable defeat for the forces of Louis XIV; that part of Europe that opposed him and regarded William III of England as its leader reckoned the Boyne among its greatest victories. In the English context, William fought at the Boyne for his continued occupancy of his throne of England. The securing of Ireland was a much more important objective for William and his followers than supporting the Jacobite regime and its hopes was for Louis XIV. As an immediate result of the Boyne William won Dublin, the province of Leinster and about half of Munster. No wonder Ireland's foremost military historian, G. A. Hayes McCoy called the River Boyne 'the Rubicon of the Pale'. In the longer term and as a result of the subsequent Williamite victories to the end of the war with the Treaty of Limerick, also being commemorated next year, the Boyne was a significant battle rather than a great one. In the Irish context, that significance cannot be minimised even though the defeated Irish Jacobite armies continued the struggle for more than a year holding out west of the Shannon in the heroic sieges of Limerick, and Athlone, not to mention the denouement on the field of Aughrim on the 12th of July, 1691. In history, folklore

and ballad the decisive battle of the Williamite/Jacobite wars in Ireland has ever since been reckoned that of the Boyne and, although some historians would lay greater store of significance on that of Aughrim, it is the Boyne which became the rallying cry of the Protestant ascendancy. King James's accession gave Irish Catholics little more than hopes; after Limerick it left them worse off than ever. The attempt to establish a catholic ascendancy had so humiliated and frightened the ruling protestant class that they were determined that such policies as Tyrconnell had perpetrated in the name of King James II should never recur.

The Duke of Tyrconnell's dilemma as King James's representative in Ireland was quite simply that a large part of his army was in England, his treasury in Ireland, empty, and he was the representative of a deposed king. He had little or no money to pay the new forces he raised in Ireland; hence, like unpaid soldiers throughout history, they became unpopular by living off the land. These new levies of about 20,000 men were also for the most part catholic. However, by the year of the Boyne Tyrconnell had so built up his position and powers in Ireland that the protestants of Dublin and the south had either fled north forming local defence associations, or had become refugees in England and there joined the clamour to get William III to follow up his success in England by an invasion of Ireland. At one stage it was rumoured that Tyrconnell was ready to disband his army and hand over the government of Ireland to William if he had the assurance that catholics would be no worse off than they had been under King Charles II. William sent Richard Hamilton as an emissary to Tyrconnell to follow up the offer, but finding Tyrconnell in such a strong position in Ireland Hamilton abandoned his mission and joined Tyrconnell.

It soon became clear that any hopes of getting the Irish Jacobites to surrender without a fight had disappeared; military force to establish William's authority in Ireland became a necessity. William decided to raise new regiments in England mainly commanded by Irish protestants who had fled Ireland. The 75-year-old Duke of Schomberg, a protestant veteran of the French army who had joined the Dutch after the revocation of the edict of Nantes, was given the overall command. His son, the Count Schomberg, was also with the force of about 20,000 which landed in Bangor, Co. Down, in August 1689. After a week's siege they took Carrickfergus and advanced to Dundalk.

There was no action at Dundalk. Some military historians believe that James could have destroyed Schomberg's wasting army there, had he had the resolution to attack. Both forces withdrew to winter quarters; Schomberg as far as Lisburn and the Jacobites to Dublin. In the following year both sides would be vastly reinforced; Louis XIV sent 7,000 under General Lauzun in return for five Irish regiments under Justin McCarthy, the first of the Wild Geese which became the forerunners of the celebrated Irish Brigade; the Williamites were reinforced in March by a Danish contingent of c.7,000 led by the German Duke of Wurtemberg-Neustadt. They were hired from Denmark but were of mixed nationalities, including Irish catholics. They were quartered in Antrim and Londonderry counties.

English and Dutch regiments followed in May and on the 14th of June, 1690, William III himself landed another force at Carrickfergus. The whole international aspect of the Jacobite/Williamite struggle in Ireland was reflected in the cosmopolitan composition of the armies. Among William's total force of c.36,000 and James's of c.25,000 there were Dutch, Danes, English/French catholics and Huguenots, German Brandenburgers, Irish, (protestant, presbyterian and catholic), Swedes and Swiss. The internationalism of the forces on both sides became obvious. Instead of the popularly known war of the two kings, the Jacobite/Williamite war was a war of three kings, William, James and Louis.

With the build up of superior forces against him it became clear to James II that the wisest plan to adopt was the defence of the capital along the course of the tidal River Boyne, which to the consternation of his French allies was fordable in many places. His armies occupied the south bank on rising ground where the Boyne loops north around the Oldbridge area. Though the Jacobites appeared to have the advantage of the terrain they were exposed to flanking movements or a combination of these with a frontal attack. However, James also held the bridge at Drogheda at the mouth of the Boyne and from there to Oldbridge it was unfordable, hence he calculated that William's forces would attack the fords upstream between Oldbridge and Slane.

On 30 June William's forces reached the northern bank. Several Jacobite guns opened fire on William's crack regiment, the Blue Dutch Guards. William himself was grazed in the shoulder by a cannon ball as he viewed the enemy positions. Probably among the more famous of the heirlooms of the Boyne in the National Museum in Dublin is the buff jacket torn on the right shoulder worn by King William at the time of the incident. Rumours flew through Ireland, eventually reaching Paris and Rome, that King William had been killed. Early next morning, the 1st of July, William sent his right wing to cross the river upstream so as to draw off Jacobite strength from the fords at Oldbridge. The tactic paid off as all the French regiments moved up in that direction. Tyrconnell, who refused to move upstream with the French, was left facing the main Williamite thrust at Oldbridge but with only a third of the army. His cavalry fought heroically and the Williamites were hard pressed, but as William deployed his strength James's men at Oldbridge were out-numbered three to one. In the melee Marshal Schomberg was shot in the back of the neck, probably by his own side. So, too, was George Walker, the hero of the siege of Derry the previous year, killed at the Boyne. Why the Bishop Elect of Derry should have been fighting at the Boyne was apparently a puzzle to King William III.

By late morning the Dutch Guards had effected a passage of the Boyne which had been made possible by the courageous conduct of the Danes. After mid-day King William crossed the Boyne with the remainder of his cavalry — Dutch, Danish, English and Ulstermen — at the lowest ford at Drybridge, a place, belying its name for the ground on the south side was difficult and boggy. Jacobite dragoons and cavalry stoutly resisted.

'Although', says a Danish contemporary account, 'the enemy rallied several times and defended himself against our men, he was driven back each time. In the end, as his infantry was more inclined to retreat than to defend themselves (further) they had to quit the field altogether'. As Ireland's foremost military historian has remarked, the Jacobite infantrymen, who for more than three hours had a baptism of fire, must have wondered what had become of their French allies, and why they were left to face what in effect had become the main attack of their enemies. Unknown to the Jacobite infantry at Oldbridge the French were holding up a Williamite pursuit of the Jacobite cavalry and which in the end prevented an orderly retreat towards Duleek from becoming a rout. However, the French lost only six men in the entire battle; they had failed to strike a major blow at the Boyne. The French had saved their men, the Jacobites saved part of their baggage and five of their field guns.

In killed alone, the Jacobites lost about a thousand men, most of them Old English, but the Williamite loss may have been even greater; and the wounded can scarcely have been less than twice that on each side. James had lost a battle but still had an army willing to carry on the war west of the Shannon. However, by July 6 William was in Dublin and James II in France; the whole issue was then probably decided though much of the real fighting was still to take place in the sieges of Athlone, Limerick and Galway and on the field at Aughrim. James precipitated from the Boyne, was the first to arrive in Dublin, spent only the night there before sailing from Kinsale and three days after his confrontation with William III, was able to report to Louis XIV. The victory over the French King was celebrated by *Te Deums* in the cathedrals of catholic Austria for the success of the emperor's ally. And though the pope was pleased at the defeat of Louis XIV no *Te Deum* was sung in thanksgiving in the Vatican as is so often claimed. The French have ever played the Boyne down as an insignificant skirmish or as a scuffle followed by a stampede since losses on either side were not heavy by seventeenth century standards. But by that part of Europe which had opposed Louis XIV the Boyne in Ireland was regarded as a great victory. Nonetheless, the very same day that William had won at the Boyne Louis XIV's ships under Admiral Tourville had in an eight hour battle beaten off the English fleet under Admiral Torrington in the battle of Beachy Head where they were forced to abandon stations in the Downs and move into the Thames Estuary. With the Channel in French hands there was panic in London as invasion seemed certain. The French, however, had no intention of an invasion but they did fail to follow up their advantage by cutting off William's communications in the Irish Sea; instead, they indulged in a futile plundering raid on the fishing village of Teignmouth. For different reasons both Tourville and Torrington were relieved of their commands, the one for not destroying the English fleet outright and the other for permitting its destruction in part. For the historian of strategy the question remains: why did not Louis XIV use his temporary advantage at sea to attack William in Ireland or at least to ply his sea power between England and Ireland to disrupt

William's communications? Perhaps the French king was much too preoccupied with his continental commitments to get enthusiastic about King James's future? Did King James, as the last catholic monarch of these islands, hope to make Ireland his sole kingdom, as the Rí Séamus, or High King of Ireland? Or was he simply using Ireland and the Irish as a stepping stone to regain his throne? Was the French presence in Ireland less to enable James to regain his throne than to be a thorn in the side of the English?

Thanks largely to Lord Macaulay it has become the accepted view of King James II that he is among the worst of the English kings; he is depicted as a man of ponderous understanding, narrow bigotry and of an obstinate, harsh and unforgiving temper. Nowadays his tolerance is emphasised; for example, his Declaration of Indulgence of 1687 suspended the penal laws and promised freedom of worship to the Ulster Presbytery, and one of his first actions as king was to release all those imprisoned for religious reasons including over a thousand Quakers. He laid much stress on the advantages to trade of liberty of conscience, pointing out to the Papal Nuncio how Huguenot immigrants were not only excellent for promoting trade but (and probably over-estimating their fertility) remarked that they would also greatly increase the population. Modern biographers of James II no longer see him as the puppet of either the French King or of the Pope. The Irish summed up in bitter memory his stay among them: —

> It is the coming of King James that took Ireland from us,
> With his one shoe English, and his one shoe Irish,
> He would neither strike a blow nor would he come to terms,
> And that has left us, so long as they shall exist, misfortune upon the Gaels.

Lecky, the historian of eighteenth century Ireland, generally regarded as fair-minded, claimed that in Ireland William III is identified with the humiliation of the Boyne, with the destruction of Irish trade, and with the flagrant violation of the Treaty of Limerick in the way the penal laws followed to persecute catholics and dissenters, and that therefore these are among the first memories which the Orange anniversaries of the Williamite victory at the Boyne would have for the minds of Irish catholics.

William III, the Prince of Orange, or King Billy, surprisingly has had few biographers, but his proud Dutch countenance stares down from countless fireplaces and bars in the Protestant heartlands of Ulster, and there he is usually portrayed on his charger crossing the Boyne. His reputation in those parts is still that of the bastion of liberty, freedom and law against the tyranny of absolutism and papism. However, the few who have recently assessed William III's place in history do not put any emphasis on the myth of his stern anti-catholic puritanism; he was clearly more anti-French and the absolutism of their king, Louis, than anti-papal or catholic. One of the proofs of William III's undoubted statesmanlike qualities was the way in which he pursued a policy that was neither totally English nor totally Dutch. He championed collective security, and in that respect his policy was essentially European. In the context of seventeenth century anti-popery, so offensive to liberal opinion and maybe embarrassing

to the twentieth century, it is nonetheless easy to see how an aggressive protestantism generated an emotional force to centre on the figure of William III three hundred years ago and one which is far from faded or spent, as the tercentenary celebrations of the battle of the Boyne will, doubtless, remind us. The Boyne has had a powerful and emotive impact on the history and politics of these islands making it difficult to appreciate the event in its own historical context.

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NOTES

For a full account of the military action at the Boyne see G. A. Hayes McCoy, *Irish Battles* (1969).

For the general history of the period see J. G. Simms 'The War of the Two Kings, 1685-91' being ch. xix in the *New History of Ireland, III* (Oxford 1976) and Brendan Fitzpatrick, *Seventeenth Century Ireland: the War of Religions* (Gill Macmillan, 1988).

J. C. Becket's, *The Making of Modern Ireland, 1603-1923* (rep. 1969) contains a good account of the Jacobite/Williamite era.

P. Beresford Ellis, *The Boyne Water* (Blackstaff, 1976) has a comprehensive list of eye-witness accounts of the battle. For memorabilia of the Boyne in the National Museum of Ireland, see 'Some hitherto unrecorded mementoes of William III (1650-1702), Prince of Orange and King of England from Lismullen, Navan, Co. Meath' by Catriona MacLeod in *Studies: an Irish Quarterly Review*, Summer 1976.

A commemorative obelisk in memory of Marshal Schomberg was erected at Oldbridge on the Boyne in King William's Glen by order of the Duke of Dorset as Lord Lieutenant of Ireland in 1736. On 31 May 1923 the Boyne obelisk was blown up by unknown persons.

The Ulster Museum in Belfast has a notable commemorative exhibition at present for the tercentenary of the Battle of Boyne.

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# THE MAKING OF A CANTATA: CONTEMPORARY MUSIC IN DEEPEST BERKSHIRE

## by Diane Knill

*THE WEDDING AT CANA*. Composed by PATRICK HAWES. Libretto by Andrew Hawes.

NESTLING in West Berkshire where the Thames cuts through the Chalk Downs lies the formerly picturesque village of Pangbourne, a seemingly unlikely venue for the premier of a contemporary religious choral work. All in Pangbourne is not, however, what it seems and far from being a sleepy and often traffic choked thoroughfare between Reading and Oxford, Pangbourne surprisingly has at hand all the assets which are necessary for the first 'in house' performance of a modern work. To begin with, the composer Patrick Hawes (who is known outside Pangbourne mainly for his background music to television programmes) is Assistant Director of Music at the nearby Pangbourne College and he has been able to capitalize on the undisputed advantages which the college offers for choral music.

To begin with, there is an excellent music department with a talented staff which can be used to produce skilled instrumentalists from its own ranks and these can be augmented by cajoling musician friends and local professionals. There is also a reasonable and enthusiastic local choral society which performs regularly at the School and which can be augmented by pupils from Pangbourne College itself. These assets are, however, not enough in themselves and there are many more pitfalls to be negotiated before the actual performance. Musicians must be paid, soloists hired, scores copied by hand and then photocopied (until a publisher can be interested), the obligatory tape must be made to circulate to critics, publishers etc, the media contacted and persuaded to overcome the hazards of a trip to west Berkshire for the preview; and possibly even the music officer of the local RAA ensnared. These minor irritations, designed to inhibit all but the most determined of composers, are not new and nearly three hundred years ago most of them encumbered that fine writer of oratorio, Handel, who in the eighteenth century adopted the only solution available to him and found a patron. By a marvellous stroke of luck, however, Hawes's cantata was commissioned at the outset, and unbelievably in these avaricious Thatcherite times there was no thought of a financial return. These idealistic patrons were not, however, the wealthy aristocracy of the eighteenth century or their twentieth century equivalents, a business offsetting sponsorship against tax, but the parents of one of the boys at Pangbourne College, who felt indebted to Patrick Hawes for the musical inspiration he has been to their son during his stay at Pangbourne College. If only the arts today had more patrons of this calibre.

All sponsors, however, (even the most generous and warm-hearted) hope that when the commission emerges, they will enjoy it and there must be

a certain amount of trepidation between commissioning the work and actually hearing its sound. How many sponsors of contemporary works do not in their hearts find they have been presented not with a golden egg but with a viper? The sponsors of *The Wedding at Cana* need have no fear. Their composer has given them a delightful work that will certainly become popular in choral societies throughout the British Isles.

If a British composer today writes a religious oratorio or cantata he stands a reasonable chance of having it performed, provided he remembers when he composes that the vocal and musical skills of many amateur choruses are limited, their financial resources are minimal and the audience which amateur choruses draw are usually so conservative that a contemporary choral work sends them scurrying for the nearest exit, if indeed they can be persuaded to come at all. This link between the composer and the amateur choral society actually places severe limitations on the composer's creativity. The vocal scoring should be challenging but not too difficult, the orchestration must be within the grasp of good amateur players and must not include exotic instruments or vast arrays of percussion. Unless the composer has the good fortune to be commissioned by one of the London Orchestras or larger Choruses these restrictions will apply and composers of contemporary choral music must, if they wish ever to hear their work performed, work within fairly restricted parameters.

Being attached to a school with a flourishing music department has considerable advantages, provided some input of capital can be found (as readily occurred in this instance) for the performers are readily available and the audience in terms of friends, parents etc. are fairly easily persuaded to attend. Indeed, if the wildly enthusiastic and uninhibited response of the Pangbourne Choral Society and the audience were anything to go by the cantata is sure of immense success.

*The Wedding at Cana* fulfils the lifetime ambition of Andrew Hawes, the brother of the composer and an Anglican priest, who has a particular interest in St. John's Gospel for he has for some years wanted his brother Patrick to write a choral work based on the Wedding Feast at Cana. This particular episode in St. John's Gospel is of special interest since it not only describes Christ's first miracle, but it is the only example in the Gospels where Jesus has any real dialogue with his mother, Mary. These features, combined with all the festivities of a Jewish wedding (which but for the miracle would have lamentably run dry) combine to make it an attractive theme for a short cantata. Furthermore, it is technically and financially within the reach of most amateur choruses and orchestras.

Broadly the cantata can be described as belonging to mainstream twentieth century English neo-romanticism in the tradition of Elgar, Walton and Vaughan Williams but without their stamp of individuality. Indeed the work could easily be described as a pastiche of these composers, overlaid in places with a glaze of Lloyd Webber. Thus the composer seems at first to have no creative individuality of his own. This criticism is so often levied at contemporary composers, (most recently at John Adams who writes with a much forked musical tongue) and it is probably one of the most

devastating and unfair accusations which can be made. Does the merit of a composer rest entirely on originality of style or should his music be assessed on the criteria which create audience accessibility? There is no effective answer to this conundrum. If originality is paramount, then this is an insignificant composition best forgotten but if we assess music in Mozart's words: 'music must never offend the ear', then Hawes's Cantata is magnificent. It is certainly a beautiful work, it has many musically eloquent and emotional moments and yet it has to be admitted that its climaxes are so like those in the music of Vaughan Williams, Elgar or Walton that its originality will certainly be questioned.

The first and last movements for example, are vibrant and exciting and create a frenzied atmosphere of pagan barbarism and ecstasy, achieved apparently by marrying a parody of Walton's *Belshazzar* with frenetic string-scoring in repetitive quaver cells reminiscent of Philip Glass's idiosyncratic brand of minimalism. Indeed the work is daubed throughout with such a plethora and conflict of musical styles that it can only be concluded that this very able composer has in the end created a hugely enjoyable musical joke. There are so many catchy and tuneful melodies in this work that, with a more secular wording, it would surely make the top twenty in romantic songs and easy listening or even convert to a West End show. This does not mean, however, that as a religious work it has no spirituality but that it has the spiritual essence of the late twentieth century rather than the mysticism of Tallis or the grandiose panoramas of Elgar.

Easy listening and ready acceptability appear to be the most clearly distinguished features of this work and its popularity for years is thereby assured. Indeed, if some enterprising recording company would promote it they would have a winner on a footing at least equal to a certain well known 1980 *Requiem*. The audience at Pangbourne, as representative as any, absolutely loved it and rose to their collective feet in a standing ovation which did nearly as much damage to the concert hall as the recent ravaging winds and floods.

The conundrum, however, remains: great music or mere pastiche?

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# MODERN GREEK THEATRE: COMING OF AGE: PART ONE

## by Aliki Bacopoulou-Halls

WHEN one talks about Greek theatre the assumption, in both East and West, is that one is actually talking about Ancient Greek theatre, since the classical Greek heritage seems to have transcended every spatial and temporal boundary. Modern Greek theatre is admittedly a late offshoot in the international scene, but in its rather brief existence it has produced a considerable number of plays of excellent quality. Within the last twenty years they have become box-office successes in Greece, after they had gained 'respectability', through the consistent and concerted efforts of devoted and inspired theatre people. They have also been translated into many languages: German, Russian, Dutch, Romanian, Hungarian, Italian, Spanish, fewer into French and still fewer into English.

Where does 'Modern' begin and what do Modern Greek playwrights concern themselves with? We need to clarify certain things since every history of Modern Greek literature begins with the Byzantine border ballads and the epic of Digenis Akritas, written in Greek, in the 10th century A.D. Also, most of them stop around 1950 and their references to drama are scanty and totally imbalanced with regard to the other genres of literature. Arbitrarily then, or maybe not so arbitrarily, we shall be talking about the Greek dramatic production since 1950, because I believe that, with very few exceptions, Modern Greek theatre came of age after the Second World War.

Amidst the desolation that followed World War II, and the ensuing civil war in Greece (the 'hidden war' of the British controversial TV serial), a handful of budding playwrights set out in search of the nation's and their own 'new self'. The dramatic art seemed to be the most appropriate vehicle to express the quest for the new identity, whereas up to that point poetry and prose had been the predominant genres. Kazandzakis, Seferis, Elytis, Ritsos and the Old Man from Alexandria, Constantine Cavafis, are names more or less well-known to the foreign reading public and all these writers were working well before 1950. Since that time the theatre — always a form of entertainment through which the Greeks could 'learn' — has successfully attacked the average man's ignorance and complacency, his faded ideals, his alienation, his self-annihilating struggle to join the establishment, his nearly-lost battle with technology. In this way it has assisted the individual in acquiring a degree of self-knowledge necessary for an evaluation of the human condition in the new situation of post-war Greece. But this sounds very didactic and most of the playwrights have certainly no intention of teaching a lesson as such. They primarily need to exist.

The special conditions which have influenced Modern Greek theatre are directly related to sociopolitical factors and they have been the formative agents of contemporary drama. Events such as the Second World War, the underground resistance during the German occupation (1941-1944),

and the civil war, have compelled the playwrights to adopt a new stance towards human existence, a stance which precludes a pre-ordained, compartmentalized society. Within this broader context the playwrights have probed and examined a variety of issues, some of which I mentioned above, in an incisive, imaginative and very often humorous way, in plays of depth, sensitivity and, ultimately, of powerful poetry.

So, Greek playwrights, since 1950, have written to exorcise the ghosts of the past and to define their identity as it emerged through the gaping wounds of their youth and young adulthood. In *The Ghost of Mr. Ramon Navarro*, Pavlos Matessis employs a sympathetic but cutting tone, which sometimes verges on sarcasm, to criticize the kind of existence — before 1950 — where even one's love life is regulated by others, by decrees and dictums, and not by the individual himself. And although Matessis himself says that the play is his elegy or compassionate sketch of the recent past, a look back, before we can move on, it does not permit what we would normally call an optimistic view of the present or the future. But then, optimism and pessimism are empty words for dramatists who have faced the supreme fact of human existence, death, and who, therefore, refuse to have their plays pigeonholed in this fashion.

In the same play Matessis also deals with what most Greek playwrights consider a congenital human characteristic, namely, the desire for freedom, and expresses it symbolically through the idea of the journey (or its ironic reversal, stagnation), a motif as old as the poetry of Homer and as recent as that of Cavafis, but also very appropriate for the Greek people with a history of years of journeys and voyages, of colonization and uprooted refugees, and desperate, confused immigrants. At a deeper level, another, equally important, point of the play is dread. Matessis starts in a low key with Andonakis's one-word (in Greek) confession 'I'm scared' and his friend's rather banal consolation 'The whole world is scared'. The muffled cry of terror in Andonakis's throat is softly articulated at the end of the first part when he realizes that he has been scared all his life without having got used to it. The largest portion of the second part is, in fact, a crescendo of Andonakis's unreasonable, unjustifiable, unnameable, wild, dread. In vain does he try to fortify himself by recalling his courage in the war, or by playing tricks to forget his agony. The climax comes when he recognizes himself in the unmasked face of Mr. Ramon Navarro. For, as Leslie Fiedler astutely observes, in *Love and Death in the American Novel*, 'The final horrors, as modern society has come to realize, are neither gods nor demons, but intimate aspects of our own minds'.

Earlier than Matessis (1957) Kambanellis had written a genuinely compassionate account of a group of people, small families and individuals, living around a yard which he called *The Court of Miracles*. The play marked a turning point in Modern Greek dramaturgy and constituted the necessary requiem for an era that had irrevocably passed, while at the same time it provided an introspective look into Greek reality.

Thus, in this court of miracles parades a crowd which offers us a panoramic view of vices and virtues, of ugliness and beauty, of prosaic

detail and flights of imagination, of a deeper sense of duty and honesty and wicked fraud, of irrepressible sexuality and platonic love, of mundane factuality and poetry; in short, of the world of modern Greece where the normal antitheses of any other people appear blown up almost to the point of distortion. Each denizen of the yard has a problem and a dream, and all of them are persecuted by the uncertainty of their lives; they do not own the place they live in and cannot even be sure that their miserable existence will continue as it is for very long. The construction boom has already started and the civil engineers who visit the yard ominously from time to time, measuring width and length, finally take over. They are going to build a new apartment block while the people from the yard are 'exiled' to yet another temporary residence, since to buy their own place can only ever be a dream. Annetó, one of the more realistic characters in the play, admonishes Iordanis who has to be dragged away by a policeman because he stubbornly refuses to leave his 'post' on the little terrace: 'Come on down, my good man... what's the point? We were born refugees... haven't you learned to stomach that yet? Your wife is right... we'd have found a resting place if we'd been water...'.

I have said earlier on that the play marks a turning point in Greek theatre, and given my reasons. I should add two more comments or indirect questions. When the play begins there are a number of people occupying this space of the yard. There is no room for anybody else. Stratos, the newcomer, takes Annetó's room when she goes off to her island to live more cheaply for some time and, in the same way as he dispossesses Stelios of his wife, so the apartment block life or its changing conditions will once more dispossess all of them of their temporary 'space'. The sudden, the unexpected, the impersonal power outside ourselves which regulates our lives, is a fact of life that Greeks, according to Kambanellis, perhaps have come to accept with stoicism gained through constant upheavals in the short span of their individual existence. In one of Babis's unusual outbursts he points out that his father fought for ten years in the Greek army and his brother was killed in 1940 (when the Germans invaded Greece); he should, therefore, be entitled to a decent life in this place. Iordanis, as we have seen, has to be driven off by force from his 'staked out' area. Where do people of the yard (this threshing-floor of existential struggle, as Kazandzakis views Greece and the world in general) go from here? Kambanellis, in his later plays, and the younger generation of playwrights have tried to follow the development of events to discover what the picture of Greece might be at the new 'resting place'. They have tried, that is, to reveal the new Greek identity as it has developed in the second half of the 20th century.

In spite of the bickering, the nasty comments, the insinuations and even quarrels, there is a lot of humanity in Kambanellis's 'yard'. People are concerned for each other, they make the other person's business their own, they pity the weak, they value friendship. People are together, they are not alone. They are, in the words of Hannah in Tennesse Williams's *The Night of the Iguana*, 'lucky, perhaps unusually lucky'. What happens to

this bond which is absent or almost non-existent in plays by Beckett, Ionesco, Pinter, Genet, Albee? The most recent plays by Ziogas, Anagnostaki, Lyberaki, Matessis, Karras and others provide various opinions on the matter. Margarita Lyberaki expresses a very ambivalent attitude in *The Saint Prince* (1972). Alexios, the saint prince (in some parts of Greece 'prince' means 'beggar'), returns to his home after many years of travel and ascetic life. Although he longs to be recognized by his family he remains disguised and finally leaves again, convinced that such ties will hamper his journey to self-knowledge. In *The Bottle* Vassilis Ziogas is sceptical about the sincerity of human relationships but considers them inevitable since the 'area' of human ambience is so limited. Pavlos Matessis, Stratis Karras, and Loula Anagnostaki view the human bond as the only comfort in man's struggle to face the daily dread of his existence.

In an almost psychoanalytical method, other playwrights (e.g. Margarita Lyberaki) drag the hidden facts of post-war Greek society up to the surface or the light of day and coerce the audience into looking at whatever the mirror reflects. *The Other Alexander*, by Margarita Lyberaki, is a study of the disintegration of the old 'order' of the destructive hatred between opposing political systems, of the disgusting nature of an informer society, of disorienting eroticism, and of the search for a new identity; it is a most powerful picture of a divided society, confused about the direction in which the next step should be taken. Alexander is one of four legitimate children of the land and mine owner of Lavrio, the ancient mining area of Attica. The other three are Gregoris, the intellectual activist, Phokion, married to Dorothea, a character reminiscent of Maggie in Williams's *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* and Ruth in Pinter's *The Homecoming*, and Aglaia, married to the lawyer of the business which supports the whole family. Actually the business supports two families, because the father has a second family with four more children who have the same names as the legitimate ones. Of the illegitimate children Phokion is a foreman in the mines, Gregoris is an informer who runs the local taverna, Aglaia is her half-brother, Phokion's mistress, while the other Alexander's voice is rarely heard except on two occasions. The father is a despot who rules everybody with a mailed fist and knows how to manipulate the workers he exploits by appealing to their desire for quick gain. His children and their spouses are dependent on him, and the only one who works in the mines is Phokion. Gregoris is finishing a dissertation and involving himself in political activities. Alexander, an ex-pilot, and Aglaia are the dreamers and those most concerned about their identity. Alexander goes outside the house of the illegitimate family every evening hoping to see the other Alexander's face, and Aglaia suffers labour pains when her half-sister gives birth to Phokion's child. The house of the bastards is fenced off with a double fence the inner one of which is made of sharp stakes on which one could impale oneself if one tried to climb over it. Lyberaki obviously intends to imply the insurmountable barriers between the two groups, even if there exists a blood relationship, for after all they are brothers and sisters.

The image of a world divided in two, and in a state of demolition, is

sustained throughout the play in various ways. Aglaia, talking to her brother's friend, whom she loves, for example, says '... There are many half houses in our town, cut in two with the precision with which you cut a water-melon. There were slices of houses too, even peelings, a wall left standing, hardly supported by the next-door buildings. I saw the interior with the half rooms, the pipes, the nails on the walls and a guilded frame without a picture'. Alexander voices the despair in the situation when he repeatedly says, 'The devastation is thorough and general, and the discord is forever increasing...'. In a dream Aglaia expresses the guilt of those who have remained outside in the struggle for change and have, therefore, no identity to show, nothing that might enable their beloved to recognize them in a crisis. Both Gregoris and Alexander are bitterly disillusioned by the lost opportunity for a great, meaninful change after the national adventure of the German occupation and the heroic resistance against it. At the end of the play, however, the household has collapsed, the father moans like a trapped animal and the mother distractedly repeats, 'Where are my children? I want my children'. Phokion has announced his intention to live with his mistress, making a new home where he will be master of himself, so he demands his share from the mines. He is killed by his namesake who cuts the cables of the cage in which Phokion plans to go down the mine. Gregoris sets the informer's taverna on fire, thus causing the death of working people who are inside, drunk after the trade union dance. He is chased by both sides, and his end is inevitable. Aglaia puts an end to her meaningless marriage and Alexander decides to abandon his deliberate laziness to get a job as a commercial pilot.

One might think that Lyberaki paints too black a picture. She does not. Her thesis, I believe, is what Gregoris tells Alexander as they discuss what they have each done with their lives and what the stance of their generation is in general: 'You see the value of our generation is the fact that we kill ourselves for something which we know beforehand will not remain the same, because we believe in destruction and regeneration... We have a lot more (faith) than the idiots of the previous generation, the misers who expected a reward and said, we kill, gentlemen, but for something certain and for stable values. We give away our lives; nobody promised us a reward or security... This generosity of our generation is as if they've sucked the blood out of us, suddenly... There is no fulfilment, *there is only motion and mutation, and destruction that brings regeneration*' (emphasis mine).

The paradoxical hope enfolded in destruction is to be found surrealistically floating in Vassilis Ziogas's *Easter Revels* or *The Bourgeois Mythology*. And yet it is not so paradoxical in the light of the existential philosophy which post-modern playwrights have assimilated through Kazandzakis and other sources and which claims that possibilities exist for man when he has reached the nadir of despair. Ziogas described the three acts of the play as Crucifixion, Epitaph, Resurrection. And whatever conclusion we reach about the end of the *Revels*, he claims that Resurrection offers hope for a better life, better than the one man is given at birth.

Man, however, has to elect to destroy the old world before he can inhabit the new one. He also has to work towards this destruction and risk being discovered before he has completed his 'preparations'. In Lyberaki's *The Other Alexander* we observe the collapse of a system, hints at dynamic new beginnings, suggestion of methods for a new start. In *Easter Revels* the plans are carried out and chaos ensues, leaving those who had been unwittingly excluded perplexed and unprepared to accept it. The critic who reads *Easter Revels* may gloat over the wealth of material to be expounded, the average audience will probably feel overburdened by the amount they have to take in in a single dose, but the play is, nevertheless, extremely significant because, as its other title suggests, it attempts to blow sky-high the bourgeois mythology of a nation nearly thirty centuries old, and that is some task.

But Orestes, the young student of the Polytechnic, whose experience (technical knowledge of explosives, etc.) enables him to act dynamically does just that, he blows everything around him up. The world is upside down in the final act of the play. Orestes is 'lying' on the ceiling from which grow wild flowers, daisies, poppies and camomile. The complete reversal is insinuated by a parody of a verse by Solomos who, exalting a fair lady, says, 'This is a beautiful, moral world, created by angels'. Instead, Paschalia, who is trying to create some order out of the debris created by the explosion (it is impossible to change one's own or second nature) exclaims, 'A rotten world, a fake world', condemning her own past. She and her husband will be divested of all the 'crutches' they have used to assist them in this journey through life. Paschalis, more realistic than his wife, admits that people feed on fairy tales, visions and hallucinations, and advises apathy while they are waiting for the police (authority) to give them instructions as to what they are to do next. Paschalia is realistic on a different level. She knows that it takes some time for authority to establish itself. 'They'll be very late', she says, 'They must first learn how to swim in chaos'. And when the anonymous representative takes stock of their possessions and asks if they have forgotten anything she tells him: 'And AN UNHAPPY LIFE; it is the heaviest piece of furniture'. Neither of them understands the new order of things. The husband falters as he is reading the Kafkaesque 'new tale' and the wife can only think of it in terms of a romance in a soap opera. The Man, like Pozzo in *Waiting for Godot*, is going to train them to live in the new way, but they will have to move. 'You are emigrating', he tells them, and to Paschalia's questions as to where they are going he answers curtly, 'On an excursion'. 'Excursion' was a euphemism the communists used for exile, and the implication is that wherever the couple does go, they will be in exile. The imagery in the 'new tale' corroborates this because the traveller of the story reaches the same 'scorched threshing-floor' that Orestes found himself on. The son is, in fact, reading a book called *The Second Mythology* (i.e. a new 'tale' to sustain man in his alien environment) and his mother also refers to the Resurrection as a tale. Thus, in spite of Ziogas's claim, that resurrection is a promise for a better life, one is left at the end with an ambivalent

attitude towards this new 'spring world' as the Man calls it. One suspects that before long everybody will have conformed to another almighty system.

Ziogas calls his play 'an unpleasant comedy' probably after Bernard Shaw's *Plays Unpleasant*. My assumption is based on the fact that the Man, who propagates the 'new order' of things, is described as 'an old man who looks like Bernard Shaw'. The humour in the play is catalytic, like that in Shaw's works. The only relief Ziogas offers for the unpleasantness of his comedy is the highly imaginative and original imagery as, for example, the mantle of the mad king 'woven by Ismene and the Virgin Mary' or the Wolf, the basket of flowers, the 'blood forest' and the unsuspecting Red Ridinghoods. Even these, however, contribute to the general uncanny feeling that what we see on stage is at least a detail of the 'image of that horror' that Edgar speaks of in *King Lear*. The word 'Revels' in the title and the word 'comedy' in the subtitle point to Ziogas's ironic conception of life as a mad game. A deranged King (authority outside man) establishes the rules only because most people (Ismene, the Virgin Mary, etc.) do not dare assume the responsibility of their existential prerogative to choose for themselves, but obey unquestioningly. The same idea, that is, the need people have for a 'mythology' or a 'king' that will organize their lives and take their freedom away (as the Grand Inquisitor in Dostoyevsky's *The Brothers Karamazov*), is expressed in Costas Varnalis's poem 'The Fool' in which the communist poet ironically wishes for a king with all his regalia to keep the people happy.

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# ANTHONY POWELL: THE REVERSALS AND RENEWALS OF TIME: PART TWO

## by Donald Williams Bruce

ANTHONY Powell is more divided than his narrator on the subject of the occult. He draws attention to the first volume of his autobiography, *To Keep the Ball Rolling:*

> I do deal with the Occultism question in my Memoirs somewhere (Aunt and Grandmother on different sides of the family very keen, brought up with it)... With regard to fortune-telling, I take the view that some people can foretell the possibility of certain things through telepathy or some such sensibility. I have often encountered it, and to deny it is like denying electricity, i.e. Mrs. Erdleigh *et al* are sometimes right, sometimes wrong.[1]

It must be admitted that Nick professes a half-facetious awe of Mrs. Erdleigh; as when Mrs. Erdleigh claims, wrongly, that she has foretold Nick's marriage to Lady Isobel Tolland:

> If my acknowledgement fell short of absolute agreement that Mrs. Erdleigh had seen so far ahead, it also fell much farther short of truthful denial that she had said anything of the sort. Sorceresses, more than most, are safer allowed their professional *amour propre* (*T.K.*, 243).

Moreland is alarmed by Mrs. Erdleigh's smile:

> The Sorceress seemed to know Lady Widmerpool already. At least she gave her extraordinary smile — one I would rather not have played on myself (*T.K.*, 256).

Nick is likewise disconcerted by Canon Fenneau's stare and his smile of 'ogreish proportions':

> His stare was preferably not to be endured for too long. He may have been aware of that himself, because he immediately dropped this disturbing inspection (*H.S.H.*, 129).

When Fenneau explains to Nick that his bishop has agreed that Fenneau's study of the Black Arts could be valuable in combatting them, Nick reflects that the bishop might have agreed 'not least from trepidation at the prospect of being turned into a toad, or confined for a thousand years within a hollow oak' (*H.S.H.*, 131).

But these remarks are hardly more than drolleries on Nick's part. Nick regards Myra Erdleigh's fellow occultists as tricksters like herself. Dr. Trelawney, who is neither a doctor nor rightly called Trelawney, gathers a band of flimsily clad nymphs and ephebes around him, and pays for a life of drug-addiction and perverted revelry out of the gullible benevolence of his admirers. Scorpio Murtlock's sullen stare replaces the intimidating smile of Dr. Trelawney and Mrs. Erdleigh. Murtlock smiles only in derision (*H.S.H.*, 13). His pretentious jargon, presumably culled from Fenneau ('I do not kill, unless killed') and his use of gnomic salutations in imitation of Trelawney — and Crowley — debase the erudite mysticism of Mrs. Erdleigh (*H.S.H.*, 14 & 235). Murtlock, born soon after Trelawney's death in about 1944 and believing himself to be Trelawney's reincarnation rather than his *revived self*, has the crudity of the Age of Plastic. His eyes are 'pale, cold, unblinking', not dreamily moist like Mrs. Erdleigh's or Canon Fenneau's (*H.S.H.*, 4). A delinquent now glorified as a mage, he knifes his rival, Widmerpool. He has emerged from W. H. Auden's *The Shield of*

*Achilles:*

> That girls are raped, that two boys knife a third,
> Were axioms to him, who'd never heard
> Of any world where promises were kept,
> Or one could weep because another wept.[2]

Murtlock's spiritual father, Canon Fenneau, helps him out of his criminal difficulties, to which he contributes by bringing Widmerpool and Murtlock together. At the Royal Academy Banquet, Fenneau presses his conversation on Nick Jenkins, loudly enough for Widmerpool to hear at a distance, then cuts it off once Widmerpool has been lured to his side. He contrives a meeting between Widmerpool and Murtlock, although with a seeming reluctance which disowns any damaging consequences (*H.S.H.*, 139-140). In doing so, he provides Murtlock with a financier and, later, a slave.

Having heard something of Murtlock's past, Nick wonders aloud, 'Mightn't he use sex to gain moral authority?' Fenneau gives him 'an odd look' (*H.S.H.*, 133). It may be assumed that Fenneau, like several other characters in *Hearing Secret Harmonies*, is dominated by Murtlock because of a homoerotic fascination with him:

> That he had been a pretty little boy might be a straight-forward explanation for extending patronage to him, but, anyway as a clergyman, it seemed up to Fenneau to provide a less sensuous basis for their early association together (*H.S.H.*, 130).

Fenneau is eager to elaborate, but little more emerges beyond the facts that Fenneau persuaded Murtlock's nonconformist parents to allow Murtlock to sing in his church choir and that, before Murtlock won a scholarship to a choir-school (presumably at the age of thirteen or so), Fenneau encouraged his spontaneous interest in 'what can only be called, in many cases, the Black Arts' (*H.S.H.*, 131). Fenneau's excuse for doing so has already been given; but one does not help burglars in order to train the police.

Whether Murtlock is consistently homosexual or not, he exploits the homosexuality of others. Whilst still at school he accuses two men in succession of pederastic advances. Both are acquitted in the courts, but the second, his choirmaster, is driven (only by the scandal, according to Fenneau, an unreliable witness) to kill himself (*H.S.H.*, 132-3). After leaving school at about the time of Mrs. Erdleigh's death he selects homosexuals as his victims; first unnerving a pair of dealers in antiques and veteran motor cars by his compliance with one of them when he is under the age of consent (*H.S.H.*, 9). This, presumably, was the period of his blackmail of his flat-mate, Quentin Shuckerley, who is forced, as a result, into temporary exile in France (*H.S.H.*, 78-9). To the antique dealers' relief, Murtlock leaves them for a new protector, an elderly man more interested, according to Hugo Tolland, in 'Murtlock's spooky side than in his sex appeal'. Tolland adds that they met during some business deal.

As he returns smiling from the funeral of his old adversary Stripling, Sunny Farebrother tells Nick:

> When that fortune-telling lady of Jimmy's was gathered in, he took up with a *boy*. Would you believe it? Jimmy may have behaved like a crackpot at

> times, but no one ever guessed he had *those* tastes. This bloke I talked to told me that a lot of undesirables used to live off Jimmy in the end . . . Jimmy's boy was there . . . Good-looking lad in his way, if you'd cleaned him up a bit (*H.S.H.*, 82).

Stripling spends his money wildly on the veteran cars in which Murtlock was at that time dealing. Stripling, a feeble personality and mindlessly superstitious, is lost without a substitute for the recently deceased Myra Erdleigh. Later, his funeral is organised by mourners in the coloured smocks which are the uniform of Murtlock's cult. There is every sign that Murtlock's new patron was Stripling, who, with minor contributions from such disciples as Henderson, paid for the cult. After the death of Stripling, Fenneau finds Murtlock a new sponsor in Widmerpool. Swiftly perceiving Widmerpool's voyeurism, Murtlock introduces runs in the woods with runners not half-clad, in Dr. Trelawney's style, but frankly naked. He saps Widmerpool's will.

Just as Gwinnett tries to repeat Trapnel's experiences in his own person, Murtlock seeks to relive those of Trelawney, in whose doctrines he, like Mrs. Erdleigh, unconditionally believes. He is trying to raise Trelawney's ghost at the ceremony which he knifes Widmerpool for spoiling. He deploys his cult as Trelawney did his, dresses them in imitation, uses the same ponderous locutions and practises the same ritual exercises. Also like Trelawney, he supports his cult with the money of the credulous. There are the same hints of drugs and sexual deviation. As Nick reflects:

> It was Dr. Trelawney's view — also that of his old friend and fellow occultist — that death was no more than transition, blending, synthesis, mutation. To be fair to them both, they seemed to some extent to have made their point (*H.S.H.*, 35).

Allowing for the mutations of time, the greater brutality of our own age, and Murtlock's youthful fierceness, Murtlock may be regarded as Trelawney's *revived self*.

In the same way the proclivities of the painter, Edgar Deacon, are renewed in Barnabas Henderson, the art-dealer whose centenary exhibition of Deacon's paintings makes Deacon, for the first time, well-known: not only a shared ardour for handsome proletarian youths, but also a spirit of contradiction, a financial rapacity and a fussy authoritarianism (products, perhaps, of an outsider's resentment).

Deacon, thus commemorated in 1971, was a classicising Henry Scott Tuke, animated only by male nudity. 'Are they going bathing?' Eleanor Walpole-Wilson asks about his *Boyhood of Cyrus* (*B.M.*, 24). His hero was Swinburne's crony. Simeon Solomon, convicted of homosexual offences in the year of Deacon's birth (*B.M.*, 5). Less discreet than Deacon, Solomon, 'the greatest artist of us all' according to Burne-Jones, became a drunkard, failed to earn a living even as a pavement artist, and died in a workhouse.[8] Like Oscar Wilde, Deacon adored youth; and like Wilde he stepped outside the limits of *'l'art pour l'art'* in his pursuit of his chosen beauty. From Wilde's trials when Deacon was twenty-four years old he learned some caution, but not enough to forego a rash adventure in Battersea Park in about 1914. To avoid its consequences he escaped to Paris for twenty years or so, after which, extinguished as a painter, he set up shop in Fitzrovia

as a dealer in antiques, specialising in copies of Hellenistic statues of gods and earthlings equally unclad, as well as works of mild homosexual pornography. Belonging to the generation of Wells and Shaw, he is full of reforming zeal. He is an Esperantist, sandal-wearing, vegetarian, left-wing, pacifist Uranian. In spite of that, he never lapses from the late nineteenth-century habitudes of his youth: 'The revolutionary bent of his political opinions had never modified the formality of Mr. Deacon's manners' (*C.C.R.*, 4). Like Dr. Trelawney he preserves an Edwardian decorum.

When he chooses a female companion, it is the tomboy Gypsy Jones, whose exterior (short-skirted, bare-kneed, Eton-cropped) is 'undeniably boyish' (*B.M.*, 84). 'She looked like a thoroughly ill-conditioned errand-boy' (*B.M.*, 88). With 'a deep giggle' Deacon calls her his chaperon when they visit a coffee-stall in Hyde Park notorious for its assemblage of male prostitutes (*B.M.*, 89). Some drunken freak has brought Nick's friend, Charles Stringham there on his way to Mrs. Andriadis's party in Hill Street, to which he invites Deacon and his companions. Deacon responds amiably to the trace of *fin de siècle* in Stringham's idiom: 'He had taken a great fancy to Stringham' (*B.M.*, 93). At the party Deacon gives one of the waiters 'a somewhat roguish glance', although what happens during the long interval when Gypsy Jones cannot locate him one can only surmise (*B.M.*, 108). Mrs. Andriadis turns him out: 'You awful old creature, get out of my house' (*B.M.*, 151). But that is probably only because of his brawl with Max Pilgrim, an entertainer resembling Noel Coward.

Deacon's fracas with Max Pilgrim is prompted by the ribaldry with which Pilgrim's songs treat their common orientation (*B.M.*, 115). 'Your songs', Deacon protests, 'put a weapon in the hands of the puritans' (*B.M.*, 149). Deacon is circumspect even with his cronies at the public house called *The Mortimer*: 'Mr. Deacon was inclined to conceal from his acquaintances such indiscretions in which he might still, in this his later life, indulge' (*C.C.R.*, 21). At the same time, he chuckles archly at any hints or revelations of what he chooses to call his *petites folies* (*C.C.R.*, 14, 17-18 & 21). Norman Chandler, the 'young friend' he meets at *The Mortimer*, exemplifies the outward propriety of Deacon's pursuits. Deacon encountered Chandler's mother at a vegetarian conference (*C.C.R.*, 14).

Chandler is a mild pathic without malevolence, unlike the venomous Murtlock, who exploits Shuckerley's taste for ruffians (*H.S.H.*, 58, 78 & 244). Having subdued his cockney accent, during the evenings Chandler attracts attention as an actor in the obscurer 'artistic' theatres of the period, whilst foraging for antiques in street-markets by day. He is a discerning purchaser, since he is able to sell at least one of his acquisitions, a scaled-down ceramic copy of Bernini's *Truth Unveiled by Time*, to Deacon (*C.C.R.*, 22). Chuck, the male lover whom Henderson flaunts during the more permissive nineteen-sixties, is as gentle as Chandler, although a beefy young sailor who addresses Widmerpool in 'scathing cockney' (*H.S.H.*, 232-3). In a society which is more egalitarian as well as more lenient, Chuck does not trouble to modify his accent. He adapts his 'hurly-burly working-class geniality' to the business of selling pictures for

Henderson (*H.S.H.*, 251). Henderson has every reason to be grateful to Chuck, who (in spite of Henderson's desertion of Chuck when he 'falls in love' with Murtlock) rescues him trembling from that fraud as curt as a flick-knife (*H.S.H.*, 237).

In rediscovering Deacon's paintings, Henderson discovers himself, hitherto 'a dim figure' in Murtlock's entourage; although, however bashful and unventuresome he was at that time, he already showed signs of resenting Murtlock's severity (*H.S.H.*, 248-9 & 28). Before the exhibition Nick had thought that Deacon's paintings bore 'the hallmark of Time' and could not have been conceived at any epoch other than their own (*B.M.*, 3). Humourlessly, one critic of the exhibition compares them to the pretentious Symbolist grotesqueries of Fernand Knopff and Max Klinger (*H.S.H.*, 244). Deacon, it is true, saw himself as the victim of Time, which he called 'a heartless quality' (*C.C.R.*, 13 & 19-20). Henderson rescues him from Time. As E. M. Forster (a Deacon-like character in another art) once said, 'History develops, but Art stands still'.[4]

At the exhibition Nick discovers that Henderson 'had done a stupendous rescue job' for Deacon's paintings which leaves Nick 'more impressed than I should have been prepared to admit'. Henderson himself is 'no less renovated than the Deacon pictures on the walls' (*H.S.H.*, 247-8). His 'general air of rebirth' is easily discerned: 'There was a newly acquired briskness, even firmness of manner, sense of self-confidence amply restored' (*H.S.H.*, 248). In him Deacon's rationality defeats Trelawney's obscurantism. He emulates Deacon's enterprise in his obtaining Pamela Flitton's drawing by Modigliani, which otherwise would have been destroyed by Murtlock. He mildly takes the ascendancy over the ignorant Chuck, as Deacon had taken it over Chandler and Gypsy Jones, without alienating him:

> Towards Chuck, too, his manner had changed ... Henderson had become something not short of Mr. Deacon's benign slave-owner. No doubt mutual relationship was carefully worked out in that connection, Chuck showing no resentment at the readjustment. On the contrary, they seemed on the best of terms (*H.S.H.* 251).

Earlier Nick had noticed that in Deacon's picture of 'a boy slave reproved by his toga-enveloped master', the master resembled 'Deacon himself in his palmier days' (*H.S.H.*, 247). Chandler, now in his sixties and a theatrical director, meets Nick at the exhibition. He comments on how the paintings bring Edgar Deacon back. In how many senses he does not know.

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NOTES

1. Letter to the author, 15.9.1988. Cf. Anthony Powell. *To Keep the Ball Rolling*, vol. I (*Infants of the Spring*), pp.30 & 34.
2. W. H. Auden. *Collected Shorter Poems, 1927-1957*, London, 1969, p.295.
3. John Christian. *Symbolists and Decadents*, New York, 1978, No. 25.
4. E. M. Forster. *Aspects of the Novel*, London, 1974, p.14.

# QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

## by David Shipman

IF you have been breathless for my opinion of such well-discussed films as *My Left Foot* and *Dead Poets Society* I shall have to ask you to wait until my next review. Just as I decided to see them, they became available on Videocassette, so I'll see them before long — and no arguments from anyone that films were meant to be seen in cinemas. It was in my own home that I watched *Bagdad Cafe*. I had discovered that no matter how often this is programmed at the National Film Theatre it plays to capacity audiences. Since very many of the greatest movies in cinema history can no longer do that I sat down to watch it in sceptical mood. It's not that I dislike popular cinema, but I am wary of cult movies. This began in the worst art-house manner, with coloured filters over the lens, which seldom looked at anything straight-on. Nor was the plot too taking: a middle-aged German couple quarrel in the middle of the Arizona desert, and the wife, left at the roadside with her case, goes to stay at the only place she can find — a run-down cafe-motel run by some squabbling black people. It is in the middle of nowhere, and nowhere is what it deserves.

It is run by the bad-tempered Brenda (C. C. H. Pounder), who decides that she doesn't like the German lady, Jasmine Muenchgstettner (Marianne Saegebrecht) any more than Jasmine likes her. Jasmine is shy, introverted, a stranger in a strange land; she looks awful in every way, with her pot hat and shapeless clothes — but she responds to gestures of friendship with a *mou* of pleasure, in a voice as small and feminine as her figure is not. She finds that she has taken the wrong suitcase, but then she has been doing the wrong thing all her life — when, that is, she has had to take any decision herself. But she is, after all, German, and to assert her superiority she cleans her own room. Sitting alone and forlorn in it, she doesn't ask for pity — and I fell in love with her. Now, she blossoms and 'how' I'm not going to tell you, beyond saying that a line of the dialogue, 'It's magic time', may be taken literally. The German director, Percy Adler, who wrote the screenplay with his wife, is clearly enchanted with the vastness of America — and with Fräulein Saegebrecht, quite rightly, because she is one of the most astonishing talents now working in films. Her effects are as vast as her body, but her gestures are minimal. The film itself is quite mysterious — and beautifully acted by everyone — but it is soon clear that Jasmine is the Ugly Duckling, an unlikely person to bring beauty and happiness. To that extent it has the same theme as *Babette's Feast*, and I had thought it would be a long time before I enjoyed a film as much as that.

Herr Adler had a newer film in town, also with Fräulein Saegebrecht and also set in the United States, *Rosalie Goes Shopping*. The setting this time is Arkansas, and the star is married to a pilot (Brad Davis), with a large family, most of them grown up. As we meet them, with their elaborate meals, their rituals, we think we might enjoy them. Rosalie goes shopping mainly on credit or with complex schemes with credit cards, most of which

go unexplained. She goes to Confession about these, and her priest (Judge Reinhold) listens in disbelief. And that's about it. More loose ends are left dangling than you can possibly imagine and the result is a dog's dinner of little nourishment. Adler has explained that he put together many observations on American life while constructing the script, but they haven't meshed, perhaps because what he wanted most was a star vehicle. I share his fascination with the lady, but in this case the National Film Theatre was empty, and quite deservedly.

Another oddity I enjoyed — and another movie which has developed a following after mixed notices — is *Apartment Zero*, directed by the Argentinian, Martin Donovan, in his native land after working in Britain and Italy. Adrian LeDuc (Colin Firth) is a movie nut above all else; when his mother is taken to hospital he advertises for a lodger, perhaps to assuage his loneliness. What he gets is someone who is the antithesis of himself — a laid-back, hunky American (Hart Bochner) whom we suspect, because the clues have been laid, of being a mass murderer. It does not take long for Adrian to realise that his lodger is not all that he seems, nor for the lodger to realise that Adrian is so fixated on him that he will turn a blind eye to murder — indeed, more than that, but if I say more than that I shall be giving too much away. The American is irritated by Adrian's old-maid fussiness, but he basks in the adoration — which both we and he suppose to be sexual, and certainly the American uses young men sexually when he wants something. The result is like a pastiche of *Psycho*, *Repulsion* and *The Servant* welded together, but since Adrian is so unconcerned with anything except movies it may be all a scenario he is writing in his head. The last twenty minutes are fairly grizzly, but you wouldn't want to miss them, blood-bolter'd bodies or not. The director shows a welcome sense of humour, not least with the other inhabitants of the boarding house, who include Liz Smith and Dora Bryan; and he is blessed in his two leading actors, especially Mr. Firth, whom I think can be ranked with Daniel Day-Lewis as the two best young actors we have.

Another debuting director, Steven Soderbergh, had a much more admired and popular film with *Sex, Lies and Videotape*, which is also about obsessions, and which also has many a twist before it is told. So once again I cannot reveal too much of the plot. It is a chamber piece for four players, set almost wholly in the homes of three of them, including John (Peter Gallagher) and his wife Ann (Andie MacDowell), whose frigidity causes him to seek relief elsewhere, but he's the sort who probably would anyway. Both Ann and his mischievous mistress, Cynthia (Laura San Giacomo) get caught in the toils of an old chum of his, Graham (James Spader), inasmuch as he declares himself impotent and therefore only clinically interested in the most intimate details of their sex-lives, which they are encouraged to act out before his video camera. The film is not a satire on voyeurism, but merely a thriller which is voyeuristic itself — and at the end, foolishly like the old Hollywood, where perverts must reform and adulterers must be punished. I had a little trouble with this since I thought Mr. Gallagher and Miss San Giacomo infinitely the more

interesting players, with better characters to play, but that is not how the script or the billing will have it. But it is ingenious, and the fact that it won the Grand Prix at the Cannes Film Festival gives the grubby goings-on some respectability.

Made on a minute budget, it took over $10 million at the American box-office. *A Dry White Season* cost $14 million and took only just over one million. Here is a movie about a blazingly urgent subject, Apartheid, from a good, important novel, by André Brink, and directed by Euzhan Palcy, the Martinique-born black woman director whose *Rue Cases Nègres* was such an accomplished debut. It may be that Americans are not interested in Apartheid, as they proved with *Cry Freedom!*, whose director, Richard Attenborough, told me that if it were not for polemic cinema he would not wish to be part of the film industry. And I am at one with him. My greatest satisfactions over the years have not been provided by thrillers with people playing sex-games, but those films — from *Z* to *The Human Condition* — which have asked us to consider injustice and what may be done about it. Watching black people being tortured in *A Dry White Season* I thought it my duty to tell everyone to go and see this film, and then to write to Thatcher to explain to her why so many of us were angry by her speedy relaxation of sanctions when Nelson Mandela was released. But the film is chiefly about a white family and that is where it has come unstuck — and I think the fault lies with the director, who reworked Colin Welland's original script, which more closely followed the original book.

Ben du Toit (Donald Sutherland) is a schoolteacher of no particular liberal bent; when his gardener's son is tortured he does nothing and he makes only a token gesture when the boy is killed. When the gardener himself is killed he persuades a noted activist lawyer (Marlon Brando) to take the family's case and in so doing (again, I'm simplifying for those who haven't seen the film) breaks up his marriage and his family. Mr. Brando was so angry about the cuts made in the film by MGM that he went on television to say so — and if these include the elimination of Ben's romantic involvement with a Civil Rights journalist (Susan Sarandon) they may be crucial. Brando didn't specify, but what we have now is poor Ben being rejected by wife and daughter without his even bothering to explain why he has been converted to the anti-Apartheid cause. All he had to say was 'Didn't you like old Gerald, after all he worked for us for years...?' or something like that. In simple-minded fashion it's shown that Ben's young son will carry on his good work, while his daughter betrays him to the Secret Police. I don't think that families caught up in trouble drift apart so quickly and completely — and nothing that happens to this one bears much relation to what I've heard from my white South African friends over the years. Perhaps because Donald Woods was more closely involved than Mr. Brink, Attenborough's film was much more involving, true and, dammit, noble rather than just right-minded; and that is ironic because Ms. Palcy should in theory feel much more strongly than he about Apartheid.

It is still much more worthwhile than our own home-grown study of race-relations, *Sammy and Rosie Get Laid*, which I caught for the first time recently on television. I should not draw it to your attention did I not read so much about Hanif Kureishi, who wrote the screenplay after his success with *My Beautiful Laundrette*. On that occasion the director, Stephen Frears, imposed some discipline, but he can do nothing with this scatter-shot thunderbox, which piles on the agony on every aspect of Thatcher's Britain, from race riots to those who disapprove of sexual irregularity. The two protagonists are a middle-aged Indian (Shashi Kapoor), returning to this country after many years, and his son, who to dad's bewilderment calls it home. But then he's shocked or bewildered by many things, including homosexuality, though he warms to an impish young man who follows him about and likes wearing picture hats and being called Veronica. Frears and Kureishi should team up with Merchant-Ivory and not just because of the Asian connection: they take major, underused talents — here, Claire Bloom — and throw them willy-nilly into serious situations. To them they are serious: to most of us they are merely platitudinous.

Another uninspired director, Philip Saville, did much better with *Fellow Traveller*, also designed for television after some cinema screenings — in this case not Channel 4 but the BBC, who have got a much better deal. That is because it has a much better writer, Michael Eaton, who with pungency and wit examines the McCarthy blacklistings of the 50s as they affected one Hollywood writer, Asa Kaufman (Ron Silver), who manages to find a humble job scripting a television 'Robin Hood', (re)created here in all its spirited fustian ghastliness. The piece shuttles forth between a Britain just recovering from austerity and Hollywood as it was in the 40s when left-wing fund-raising was not banned and a Hollywood riddled with 'red' fear. At its heart is a character based on fact, a psychiatrist (Daniel J. Travanti) who welcomed left-wingers by pretending to share their views and then shopped them to the FBI; he turns up in Britain for a rousing climax and if there are flaws along the way (the female lead, Imogen Stubbs, doesn't convince as an activist and I never did figure out the something nasty happening to mother in the flashbacks in the attic) there is much to be said for a movie about those who want to believe in both Freud and Marx and which has a great deal of fun about those people, then, who swallowed any evil slur on America while wallowing from afar in the joys of Soviet Russia. If Mr. Eaton can do as well next time round, he might well become our leading screenwriter.

# Literary Supplement

## EXILES FROM THE EVIL EMPIRE

*The Other Russia: The Experience of Exile.* Michael Glenny and Norman Stone. Faber and Faber. £14.99.

This is a fascinating book which repels as much as it attracts. It is a collection of sixty-one reminiscences by people who emigrated from Russia and consists mainly in hitherto unpublished oral accounts, normally recorded by Michael Glenny or someone working for him. No country in modern history has seen so many of her people flee, whether they were Jews escaping the *pogroms* or Tsarist supporters seeking shelter in 'the West' as their world collapsed. The book begins with a compelling story by Slava Kurilov who jumped off a Soviet ship in the Pacific Ocean in 1975. His miraculous survival in the ocean is told in his own words and serves as an introduction.

The book is then divided into three parts. The first, which contains twenty-two sections, is devoted to those who fled Communism after the defeat of Tsarist forces in the civil war which followed the Bolshevik *coup d'état*. These are the people who saw their country, with its distinctive culture, religion and history destroyed at the hands of the most barbarous dictatorship ever suffered by a civilised nation.

The second part, which likewise has twenty-two chapters, is concerned with the life of refugees between 1922 and 1945. Their stories are, naturally, more diverse: there is a chapter by Metropolitan Anthony Bloom on the religious life of Russian exiles; pitiful tales of men who fought with Germany against Communism only to be turned over to sure death by the Allies, and three chapters on that fascinating Manchurian town, Harbin. This was a de facto Russian city-state in exile in Manchuria. All the chapters contribute to the book's sub-title, *The Experience of Exile*, because they show the dilemma faced by exiles in their attempts to keep alive the culture and religion for whose sake they fled the country that had been their home. (Rather curiously this sub-title does not appear on the title page but only on the dust jacket.)

The final section, which covers the years 1946 to 1986, contains sixteen chapters and tells the stories of those people who fled for a variety of reasons. The very diversity of the stories shows how the world had changed, how Russians had accommodated themselves to life in a Communist paradise. The tales of suffering under Stalin — the hunger and the massacres — make harrowing reading. Toward the end of the period covered one finds that the lofty motives and heroic experiences of the first wave of emigres is missing and in its place is the careful calculation of those who want more money, fame or professional resources. A large number of those who fled are Jewish and it is ironic that in so many cases they flee to a land which in its turn has forced thousands of Palestinians to become emigres in foreign lands or to be confined to 'camps' remarkably similar to those endured by the opponents of Stalin.

There are, however, some criticisms that should be made: the editing is sometimes less than could be desired. Rather curiously there is a selection from Galina von Meck's memoirs about the tragic assassination of Nicholas II's famous Prime Minister, Pyotr Stolypin. It is a moving tale but has little to do with the theme of the book. Yet there is no mention of the noble work done by Nicolas and Militza Zernov and the Fellowship of St Alban and St

Sergius, a moving example of how the forced emigration was turned to good. One is at a loss to know the source of the contributions: von Meck's contribution is never stipulated as coming from a published source and we never are told whether a contribution is from a published book or article or from a recorded interview. In Pytor Karpushko's recollection the introduction says that he was the only one in his family to survive the Communists but in the text he says two of his brothers had escaped to America.

Even with these criticisms, we must be extremely grateful to Michael Glenny for his work in preserving for history so many first-hand accounts of the effects of life in what has truly been an evil empire.

JAMES MUNSON

## A FIFTY-YEAR COMMENTARY

*A Tory Seer: the selected journalism of T. E. Utley.* (ed.) Charles Moore and Simon Heffer. Hamish Hamilton. 1989. £15.95.

It was an inspiration to collect in one cover this evidence of Peter Utley's catholic range: some 45 years' writing, mainly for *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Spectator*. In it he reduced to limpid prose the chaos of the world around him that, as a blind man from childhood, he no longer saw except as it was described for him by a succession of secretary-researchers, and by his devoted wife Brigid, to whom the book is dedicated.

The editors have given shape to their collection by organising it under arbitrary heads, such as: What is a Tory?; Liberty and Licence; the Anglican Establishment — still valuable reading for 1990 — and Ulster, a central preoccupation in much of Utley's writing, and where he once fought a by-election. He writes movingly: on being blind, on crime and punishment, on the use of the Tory code-words — 'Disraeli', 'Salisbury' — on the stage-craft and sleight-of-hand of Harold Macmillan, and, not least, on the peculiar and fascinating career of Enoch Powell. Indeed, apart from its prose and its standpoint, thoroughly Burkeian but without the master's orotundities, this is a useful — but disturbing — commentary on the 50 years we have lived through since the war began; and on the statist and near-collectivist politics shared by Tories and Labour alike — until the fresh air came in 1979, and strong winds blew. He recognised then that what he saw was 'a radical policy of economic liberalism'. The Prime Minister, in a Foreword, is right to salute Peter Utley as 'the most distinguished Tory thinker of our time'.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## THINKER, POLITICIAN, STATESMAN & CULTURAL FORCE

*P. G. Masaryk (1850-1937). Vol. 1* edited by Professor Stanley Winters, £45. *Vol. 2* edited by Robert B. Pynsent, £35. *Vol. 3* edited by Harry Hanak, Macmillan. *The Spirit of Masaryk* edited by George K. Kovtun, Macmillan, £55.

Thomas Masaryk was born in 1850, two years after a wave of national and liberal upheaval. His death in 1937 coincided with the rise of the darker forces of nationalism and revolution personified by Hitler and Stalin, already making their plans to snuff out the newly created States that had emerged between Russia and Germany following the 1919 settlement.

In three volumes, appropriately presented by Lord Stockton to playwright and President Havel, the reader will find a remarkable series of essays by a variety of experts on the many facets of an even more remarkable President

of the Czechoslovak State. They are supplemented by a separate volume that permits one to digest more of Masaryk's thoughts at first hand.

It is unfortunate for the average student of history that Masaryk came from and was instrumental in creating a country that was 'far away' and of which Neville Chamberlain and most others of his time knew so little. The mantle of this philosopher statesman has fallen on appropriate if rather less willing shoulders but it says much for the maturity of a small nation and of its spiritual founder Masaryk that there is no dichotomy between art, literature, music and the liberal nationalism that Masaryk saw as a step to Internationalism.

The contrast with Dmowski in Poland is in this respect particularly interesting. For Masaryk the new states of Poland, Yugoslavia, a separate Hungary and his beloved Czechoslovakia were to be the antithesis of pangermanism. This he saw as exclusive, militaristic, expansionist and contemptuous of the rights of small nations and minorities. Certainly the fourth volume which independently contains a selection of his own writings displays a keen mind and, if a sometimes emotive approach, a great deal of intuition. His discussion of Marxism which is somewhat difficult to follow in part is an example as are his proposals for a postwar settlement espoused largely by President Wilson.

A generous and magnanimous man who refers to 'our Germans', he would have been more far sighted if he had sacrificed land to exclude the three million disaffected German minority. On the other hand, it was not his fault that mistrust of Germans and Hungarians played into the hands of Hitler when the solidly Social Democratic Sudetenland was swept by Nazi sentiment. He underrated the pangermanism of his Germans.

Masaryk, almost alone among Eastern European statesmen understood the need for a secular, liberal and pluralistic democracy where, even after fifty years of repression, the national rivalries and prejudices that we have sought to overcome by new institutions in Western Europe have surfaced, as the lid has been taken off that seething cauldron of ethnic division. Hungarians in Romania, Albanians in Yugoslavia are but two of the legacies of the dynastic and theocratic regimes that preceded the growing consciousness of linguistic and cultural identity that can prove a liberating or a demonic force.

The music of Janacec, Dvorjak or Smetana, the writings of Capel may not be unique, but Masaryk is in his analysis of music, language and writers, such as Tolstoy and Dostoyevski. What I find remarkable as I explore the life and thinking of a clever politician and statesman is his ability to overcome the prejudices of his time. True he looked upon the Turks of the Ottoman Empire as the heirs of Genghis Khan, and barely conceals resentment at the dominance of Magyars over Slovaks since Hungary had its nationist revolt in 1848. He had the support of nationalist Czech Jews and yet he sympathised with the aspirations of Zionist Jews, not in order to rid himself of a minority but because he saw a reflection of his own aspirations for nationhood for his beloved Czechs and Slovaks that were devoted to Masaryk and Czechoslovakia.

Alone among the new inter-war regimes Czechoslovakia stood out as a beacon of democracy while Italy defected from the Allies under the heel of fascism. It is not surprising therefore that, in the Prague Spring and the bloodless revolution that re-established freedom, Czechoslovakia displayed a maturity and patience in transition which has been exemplary and without excesses. It will always be to our shame that we sacrificed the Czechs on the altar of appeasement.

Not only are these essays informative but they are eminently readable individually and cover diverse aspects of a Statesman who, had he been born further to the West, would have been a household name in our parochial patch where Europe seems to end somewhere between Strasbourg and Berlin and the glories of Empire overshadow our knowledge of our European neighbours a couple of hours' flight to the East.

Never were the works and the ideas of Thomas Masaryk more topical than in the wake of a year which, 200 years after the French Revolution, saw freedom spreading from Berlin, Budapest and Prague to Chile and even in part to South Africa. Freedom is infectious and so are the ideas of Thomas Masaryk.

PAUL ROSE

## A HERO OF SPAIN

*The Quest for El Cid.* Richard Fletcher. Hutchinson. 1989. £18.95.

Richard Fletcher of the University of York follows up his study of Diego Gelmiriz, the twelfth-century archbishop of Santiago de Compostela, with this near-biography of Spain's greatest mediaeval (and modern?) hero, known to history, legend and film-makers as El Cid — the boss. Rodrigo Diaz was a Castilian nobleman who made himself the independent ruler of Valencia, and became the subject of Spain's greatest epic, the *Poema de Mio Cid.* He was not an Arthur, a professional soldier dedicated — it seems — to the dying cause of Roman Britain against its invaders from a barbarian Europe, but a mercenary equally at home in the emerging feudal Christian Kingdoms of Northern Spain and the Moorish principalities of the South, and not strongly moved by any faith except that he reposed in his own strong right arm. If not a biography in the straight sense, since he is the prisoner of the records, Dr. Fletcher provides a brilliant evocation of mediaeval and exotic Spain, of a campeador and his life-style in Castile, Catalonia, the Ebro Valley and among the Almoravides. It is as well-written as it is researched. The author apologises for the length of time it has taken him to complete; given its compression, its scholarly apparatus, and its vividness, it requires no such apologies.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## AFRICAN ADVENTURES HIGH AND LOW

*The Mighty Nimrod: A Life of Frederick Courteney Selous African Hunter and Adventurer 1851-1917.* Stephen Taylor, with a foreword by Wilfred Thesiger. Collins. £17.50. *The Toe-Rags: A Memoir.* Daphne Anderson. Andre Deutsch. £14.95.

Frederick Selous seems too good to be true — a Harggard Henty hero made flesh. But except for a discreet African liaison before his late marriage to a parsons daughter, he was true. He just lived within the time limit for African hunters and explorers, making himself the greatest name of all as the 'Mighty Nimrod'. He remained untainted by religion and politics, unlike Livingstone and Rhodes.

He was admired by the great, from George V to Theodore Roosevelt and finally died as he would have wished, in 1917, fighting in the East African campaign. Typically, he carried a butterfly net in his kitbag. Selous was ahead of his time as a conservationist. Where he lies buried is now a Tanzanian wild game reserve, named after him.

Without deliberate wart hunting, is it possible to make Selous human? His despairing parents thought him so, when at 19, after Rugby and three years in Europe, they finally despatched him to Africa in 1871 to play out his wildness. Another boy, the delicate Cecil Rhodes, a year younger was sent out at about the same time and later their paths in Mashonaland mingled.

The life of Selous falls fairly clearly into three parts. He saw the end of the elephant hunting era as the great beasts retreated north into tetseland areas. Following them, he explored the unknown territories from the Limpopo to the Zambesi. He wrote up his adventures in *A Hunter's Wanderings in Africa*, used four years later by Rider Haggard for *King Solomon's Mines*, with Selous as Alan Quartermain.

Ten years later his knowledge of Mashonaland guided Rhodes's pioneers to Fort Salisbury and Rhodesia was born. Selous wrote optimistically: 'the Mashona are few and scattered and a very harmless and peaceful lot. They all seem delighted to see us and say they will now be able to sleep no longer in perpetual fear of the Matabele and Gaza Zulus'. Selous had the same natural empathy as Rhodes with many Africans. But he was eventually shocked by the Matabele and Mashona risings, which he wrote up in *Sunshine and Storm in Rhodesia*. Sad and bewildered he left for England in 1896 never to return. He watched from the sidelines the Boer War too which he could not approve.

But in 1902 Selous took a new path to East Africa and was soon organising a safari for Theodore Roosevelt in this new country. It was his unique hunter's knowledge that gave him the chance at 65 to play a part in the 1914-18 war, and finally 'lie where he longed to be . . . the hunter home from the hill'.

Yet Selous could equally be remembered as a naturalist. He was a steady supplier of specimens to the Natural History Museum and bequeathed his own collection, the largest in private hands, to the museum which set aside a Selous Room for its display. Oddly, his bronze bust in the main hall is the only official monument to his memory. Whether he would have approved of Ian Smith's Selous Scouts is for history to decide.

Nothing could be more remote from the high heroics of Selous than the Toe-rags, so called because their only clothes were made up of flour bags. Their story, told by the eldest of the three children in the family, belongs to the next generation of Rhodesian immigrants of the twenties. They might have belonged to another species on another planet. The horrid fascination of Daphne's unspeakable family grips one for the whole 300 pages of the book and leaves only admiration for the resilience of children.

White life in Rhodesia might have been all swimming pools and servants at the top but not for the bottom of the pile; and some of the poor whites were very poor indeed. We first meet the Toe-rags at five four and three, parked on marginally farming European grandparents. In despair at trying to feed three extra from ill chosen crops ravaged by monkey, locust and drought, the grandparents return the children to their unwilling parents in Salisbury, courtesy of a free and unofficial ride by Rhodesian Railways. The railway chugs right through the book like a benevolent *leit motif*. Father fails to hold his rail job and mother works as a waitress in the station hotel. Father, a depressing cockney, cannot hold any job and his every enterprise fails, some totally bizarre. Mum, left with the children in a dusty bungalow at Hatfield, soon takes off with an 'uncle' leaving the children alone with the kindly Mashona 'boy', Jim, who acts as their nurse and carer.

After sharing his last mealies with them, Jim takes the children down to the ubiquitous Rhodesian Railway Station and hands them over to the care

of the rail police. These eventually trace their illiterate Aunt Betty who runs a successful brickworks down by the river. Father is also there recovering from malaria.

The rest of the book is concerned with Daphne's successful struggle to reach some kind of normal life and her wartime marriage to a young officer who becomes a General in the Southern Rhodesian Army. Somehow, the shining light of normality and humour comes through this gruesome story of not so white life in Africa.

MOLLY MORTIMER

## MANAGEMENT IN STYLE

*Marcus Sieff on Management*. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £15.00

Needless to say Lord Marcus Sieff is the son of Lord Israel Sieff and therefore nephew of his partner, Lord Simon Marks; they Sieff and Marks married each other's sisters. They all three became Life Peers under different Prime Ministers. As Marcus says succinctly: 'My father had the gift of teaching by precept and my uncle by example; they were my chief mentors'.

Marcus himself has not only carried on the spirit and practice of his elders, but also made some special contributions, especially in the topically important and popular merchandise known by everybody as *Food*. Thanks largely to Marcus M & S is now better known for its eatables than for its wearables. The marvellous clothing revolutionized the style of ordinary men and women but the eatables have worn as well as the shirts, the raincoats and much else. Of course there are now competitors, but Marcus continues for 180 pages to explain why the firm M & S is a continuing success. He tells some good stories from his own experience, but also about the early days of his elders and ancestors in Leeds, Manchester and Russian Lithuania; the links with Chaim Weizmann, Israel and the outstanding Weizmann Institute, founded in memory of Marcus' younger brother

In the course of the book Marcus makes it quite clear that he and his forbears have had nothing to do with party politics nor with anti Trade Unionism. The Directors have always been more concerned with management which involves the whole field of working conditions, staff welfare, frank relations with suppliers, the shopper and consumer and also with the locality and neighbourhood of the *stores*. The key words are social responsibility and public service. Of course Marcus, like his father and uncle, knows that these high sounding words must be translated into good working conditions for the staff, quality, including design and colour for the consumer. What is more all these considerations affect prices and profits — the mainstay of success.

One minor criticism. On page four. Marcus writes a short paragraph about his father's connection with an organisation called PEP (Political and Economic Planning). In his father's Memoirs there is a whole chapter devoted to PEP and he wrote: 'Next to my service to Weizmann I am prouder of my being an original member of the Council of PEP than anything in my life'. PEP was the original 'Think Tank'. Through a mutual friend, Sir Wyndham Deedes, I introduced Israel Sieff to PEP, as Marcus mentions on page four. But his father continues to mention the names of the other personalities, above all Max Nicholson, but also Gerald Barry, Leonard and Dorothy Elmhirst of Dartington, ex-civil servants such as Sir Henry Bunbury, Sir Arthur Salter and Sir Geoffrey Whiskard, and Oliver Roskill, the first Industrial Consultant

and many others including two economists Sir Noel Hall and Sir Alec Cairncross.

The big names mentioned by Marcus, Keynes, Beveridge, Citrine and Harold Macmillan at a later stage affirmed our publications but the real work was done by voluntary pioneers who gave their time and produced the reports and broadsheets. This fact appealed to Israel Sieff, as he then was.

I often heard the question put to Lord Sieff in the thirties and forties, 'Why should not M & S principles and practice be observed in industries and services other than retailing?'; a difficult question to answer. The only honest reply his father could give was 'Why not try in your own business or industry?'. Marcus, anyway, makes some new suggestions and approaches in this book and I hope it will have a wide response.

KENNETH LINDSAY

# SHORTER REVIEWS

**Katherine Mansfield: Selected Letters.** (Oxford University Press. £17.50 hardback, £6.95 paperback.) The full five volumes of Katherine Mansfield's letters, dating from her childhood in New Zealand to her death in France, is currently being published by the Clarendon Press, Oxford. The present volume of selected letters is drawn without abridgement or textual change from this larger work by Vincent O'Sullivan, one of the Editors. He has produced a most illuminating collection, one which can only whet the appetite for the longer and fuller version. The letters are amongst the most entertaining and the saddest of those written and kept in recent times: they reveal the writer's feelings about her life-long struggle against tuberculosis and its effect on her stories and on her marriage to Middleton Murray.

**Life by Other Means. Essays on D. J. Enright.** (Oxford University Press. £15.00). This collection of essays by a distinguished group of writers, edited by Jacqueline Simms, comes near Enright's seventieth birthday and the issue of a paperback edition of his Collected Poems. Reminiscences of people who met him during his academic career abroad and when he worked for a London publishing firm leave only a vague impression of an enigmatic personality. Derwent May briefly commends his qualities as a book reviewer. William Walsh describes the development of his style. Both he and Shirley Chew illustrate how living in the Far East has affected him beyond providing the material for several novels. He has always had considerable empathy with the people among whom he has lived. Donald Davie says, 'Enright... is deeply humane, indeed humanitarian, too much so for his own good, for the good of his art.' The 'irony, the idiom of implication and double-talk' which Walsh finds 'pervasive in Enright' may mask a frustration at the powerlessness of art to do anything about the human conditions that concern him. Increasingly the concern has been universalised from the world to-day to take in humanity everywhere at all times. Davie detects a development 'from the aesthete to the moralist, yes, but then from the moralist into something else — from secular humanism into religion.' Engagement with Goethe and Milton is the manifestation of it. Enright would certainly

deny any claim that he is religious, but A. S. Byatt does show his persistent and growing involvement with problems that have always troubled Christians. He is rather too complex for summary treatment.

**This Idle Trade: On Doctors Who Were Writers.** (Dragonfly Press. £10.95.) Sir David Waldron Smithers, for many years the Director of the Radiotherapy Department at the Royal Marsden Hospital, has turned to good account in this volume his extensive knowledge of 'literary' medical men. The list includes John Locke the philosopher, Oliver Goldsmith the poet and playwright, John Keats, Arthur Conan Doyle and Somerset Maugham. It should, however, be remembered that until the late nineteenth century it was extremely difficult to obtain any kind of scientific education in England without attending a medical school so that many who had no intention of becoming doctors used the facility for quite other ends. The account of lives and works is immensely informative and highly readable.

**In the Red Kitchen.** (Methuen. £11.99.) In Michèle Roberts's novel four main characters narrate episodes in their respective stories. They range from an ancient Egyptian woman to one who lives in present day Hackney. By various devices their stories interrelate in unexpected, not to say contrived, ways until the final complication involves the question of whether the connections related by Hattie, the 'king pin' of the sequence, is inventing relationships or telling what she sees as the truth about the various plots. Flora, a working class London girl, is used by a distinguished scientist for amorous experiments of his own as well as for his genuine research. A pharaoh's daughter in Egypt becomes the wife, and eventually the successor, of her demi-god father. A Victorian wife, Minnie, hints in letters to her mother a discontent to which she will not openly own. Hattie, a modern writer of cookery books and part-time prostitute, buys a dilapidated house in Hackney. However, Minnie is the wife of the scientist patron of Flora; Hattie's house is Flora's former home, as Hattie sees when Flora appears as a ghost at a seance. Ultimately the reader is invited to choose which voice to believe and which to doubt. In spite of the deconstruction required to disentangle these ramifications Michèle Roberts's novel is richly descriptive, observant and revealing of a variety of possible perspectives on apparently transparent characters.

**The Case of the Cottingley Fairies.** (Robert Hale, £11.95.) The affair of the sighting of fairies by two small girls living in a suburb of Bradford has often been told. But Joe Cooper, a social scientist and teacher whose earlier book entitled *Modern Psychic Experience* aroused considerable interest, has now described his research on the case of the Cottingley Fairies. It should be said that its chief interest is in the detailed story told both at the time and when questioned years later. It varies surprisingly little: but this fact proves only a well-accustomed recounting of events as they saw them and does not constitute proof. The author believes, however, not so much in the existence of those fairies or any others as in the need to establish what he calls 'theory' as opposed to 'sensitive' accounts of such episodes. His story is an entertaining one and his discussion of the paranormal, 'Facts Need Theories', shows that the existing wealth of phychic material might repay scrutiny and generate a grounded theory. He cannot, of course, prove this, either.

# Contemporary Review

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## AUGUST 1990

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© 1990 Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc, 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N J. 07001 Second Class postage paid at Rahway N J Annual subscription (including postage); U K £24 00, U.S A and Canada $100 00. Rates for all other countries on application Copies can be sent by airmail outside U S. and Canada: extra costs given on request U S Postmaster. please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc, 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review (ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 incorporating The Fortnightly

August 1990 Vol. 257 No. 1495

# IN CENTRAL EUROPE: OLD AND NEW UNCERTAINTIES

## by Leo Murray

THE period of uncertain disintegration which the Soviet Union has entered since last month's Soviet Communist Party Congress makes a realistic assessment of the role and possible functions of the Warsaw Pact members in Central and Eastern Europe particularly urgent. This is because the NATO powers have now taken on some serious commitments. In May, a Warsaw Pact Summit — with the heads of four of its six non-Soviet Russia members, non-Communists — decided to change the structure and character of the Alliance at another Summit in the winter while Soviet leaders — civilians like Gorbachov — suggest that the Pact, and NATO, should be scrapped. At the same time the Defence Minister, Marshal Yazov, warned the Pact governments that they could not sever the military links fixed in the Pact with the Soviet Union. He did not bother to mention how this would apply to Eastern Germany within the enlarged German Federal Republic.

Ever since the removal of the Berlin Wall, the real symbol of the Warsaw Pact, the Kremlin has been trying to trade the disintegrated Warsaw Pact for measures that would lead to the disintegration of NATO by pretending that the Pact is still a diplomatic ace. It is not even a knave.

This means that the Western countries must treat every member of the Warsaw Pact individually and not as a member of an alliance, despite the presence of Soviet troops. The Moscow Communist Party Congress has shown that there is no Marxist-Leninist, or even Marxist, political authority left. It means that the Communist Party leaders — and ideologians — in the Pact countries have nobody to look to for guidance. Under Gorbachov, in his struggle for survival, the images first of Stalin and then of Lenin have been demolished. No other leader or group of leaders has emerged with anything like genuine political — or theoretical — authority. The Warsaw Pact Communist leaders are therefore on their own. This, of course, gives far more freedom of action to the non-Communist and anti-Communist leaders inside and outside governments. It also produces dramatically different situations in the Warsaw Pact countries as shown in Romania, for example, where a crypto-Communist government is taking actions that embarrass Moscow.

In terms of home politics in the 'liberated' Warsaw Pact countries, the leaders have to create their own authorities in each country which is a new

and stressful experience. They therefore have to fall back on, and proclaim, historical national differences and experiences. Leaving out East Germany, this is where the differences come out between Czechoslovakia and Hungary, and to a smaller degree Poland, and Romania and Bulgaria. Poland is in a specially difficult position having completely new borders and essential parts of it having been ruled by Russia directly and indirectly for more than two centuries. A key factor is the presence, and survival, of an educated middle class. Its members are essential for that change to a more or less controlled market economy. That has been the real issue in this year's elections. They have shown that the non-Communist parties are deeply, and sometimes vehemently, split over the degree of control. Where the middle classes are weak and not so well established, as in Romania and Bulgaria, crypto-Communist establishments survived. In Romania in particular, there is a stronger middle class presence among the Hungarian and German minorities than among the genuine Romanians who have few survivors of their French educated middle classes.

There is another vital factor. The governments, like those in Prague and Budapest even, who are anxious to set up a market enconomy with its Stock Exchange, advanced 24 hour banking, electronic information networks, public relations and hectic road, rail and air traffic, have very few in the middle ranks of administration, civil service, personnel of the nationalized and soon de-nationalized industries, with experience. And it is here that the Communist Party establishment comes in and also the formal Party members who did not belong to that Establishment but joined, as millions did, to get a job.

The figures of Party membership before the collapse show the size of the problem: —

Bulgaria: population 9,840,000, party membership 984,000
Czechoslovakia: population 5,658,000, membership 400,000
East Germany: population 16,580,000, membership 1 million
Hungary: population 10,566,000, membership 82,000
Poland: population 38,169,000, membership 1 million
Romania: population 23,153,000, membership 3,183,000.

Romania and Bulgaria — with East Germany — have the highest percentage of the population as members and Hungary the lowest, a membership that could possibly be regarded as normal in a democratic Western country. Hundreds of thousands have left the Party, as they have in the Soviet Union, but membership is linked to the Secret Political Police. What percentage of membership was, and probably is, active in political intelligence information is not really known but there were certainly some at least, in every place of residence and in every office and enterprise.

Again, the radical changes in the economy with spectacular price rises, the closing down of out-dated pollution making industries, cuts in social security, appear to force the reforming governments to use some of these services. It means also, inevitably, that membership of the Party, formal or in some cases genuine, has to be ignored. But this makes the change more difficult and hazardous, as events in Romania have shown. Brought up on outdated economic, social and political theories, the 'left-over' Establishment is now determined to stick together and save positions where

it can, hoping to profit from the difficulties and inevitable failures of the new regime. Where the crypto-Communist regimes have survived, the Establishment feels more safe. But the leaders appreciate it that at best their safety is for a few years only.

There is no ideological authority any longer. Marx's thinking was based on his interpretation of an economic structure of 150 years ago. This is why the leaders of the once Soviet Bloc built up today's environment with out of date 'rust' industries. The new leaders, like Mladenov in Bulgaria, know that they must now change everything and need the West to help change the structure. Only the survival and interests of the Party Establishment must be preserved and for that, as Romania has shown, they are willing to take risks.

Both the non-Communist governments and the crypto-Communist ones are now interested in seeing a moderate revival of the Trade Unions as a protection, although this will not be easy. The Trade Unions are discredited as an instrument of a Communist regime that has proved unsuccessful in ensuring an acceptable standard of living. Even in Czechoslovakia, better off than the others, people see the living standard in the West, and they think that they can judge it from TV, as their right. There is also a curious historical root in a Central Command Economy — security. An old Hapsburg saying is sometimes recalled: 'the Civil Servant has nothing. But that he has is secure'.

The six once 'Satellite' countries are in entirely different situations. East Germany is a special case for its people are certain that they can now abandon a false identity and return to an older historical one.

Of the others, the Czechs and Hungarians are more confident that they will succeed in getting the democratically controlled market economy than the others are. The Czechs have an experienced industrial work force, modest foreign debts and an efficient road and rail system, having been the industrial centre of the Hapsburg Empire. Their middle class has remained highly educated. But the Slovaks in the other joint republic are different. The Slovaks have never been independent except for a few disgraceful years under Hitler. For centuries Slovakia was part of the kingdom of Hungary, under feudal Lords, many of them Slovaks assimilated to the Hungarians. They feel strongly about their faith, both Roman Catholic and Protestant, and resent being what they feel, wrongly, the underdogs of the Czechs. Curiously enough the leader of the 1968 Prague Spring and the last President in Stalinist-Breshnevite Czechoslovakia, Dubcek and Husak, are Slovaks. Czechoslovakia is the only one of the Six that had a genuine democracy before the Second World War.

The Hungarians feel confident that the West owes them a lot, firstly because they rose against Soviet Russia in 1956 under reform Communist leaders who were hanged. Then they reformed their system and relaxed Communist Party and Police control as shown by the small number of Party members. They have a long tradition of being a natural ruling nation whether the others are Slovaks, Croats, Jews, Romanians or Gypsies. They are particularly pleased that they are now members of a group formed

by Italy, along with Austrians and Yugoslavs. They are confident that they will arrange their heavy foreign debts and get at least Association with the EEC. They feel that the Germans are in their debt for it was they who started the collapse by allowing thousands of East Germans to cross to Austria.

The Poles feel most strongly that they have the most justified claim to Western assistance. They suffered most under German occupation. The death camps were in their country and thousands of their officers were killed when Stalinist Russia took over. They lost large lumps of their inter-war territory to the Russians at Yalta and one of their memoranda 30 years ago argues forcefully that a country that had been the subject of aggression, as Poland had been in 1939, when Germany attacked, was entitled to annex territory of the aggressor country — see Silesia and Pomerania. The Poles feel hemmed in and uneasy between a new powerful United Germany and a dangerously unsure Russia. As long as Soviet troops remain in East Germany, at least 40,000 Russians will remain in Poland to secure supplies and communications. The Poles point to the fact that they were the first to have proper elections, a strong Trade Union movement and a government led by anti-Communists, namely the present premier. More than any of the others the Poles rely on the active support of their traditional Communities in the USA. They also rely on support by the French, ancient allies since Napoleon, and by the British because the Polish army fought a good fight in the Second World War. More than the others the Poles are keen on being in the front rank of European politics.

In Romania a crypto-Communist regime is surviving. The upheavals that have been taking place in a Communist Party with over three million formal members and a 100,000 strong Security Political Police, revolts, and coups against leaders are nothing strange when one recalls the earlier history of the Soviet Communist Party. After Stalin only the last three, Breshnev, Andropov and Chernenko died in office a natural death. The Western governments, and those of the East, will have to deal with an erratic regime for some time. This will apply to Bulgaria as well where the crypto-Communist regime is likely to be more open to gradual changes unless, of course, disruptions in Yugoslavia cause active intervention.

The role of the Armed Forces in these countries has to be looked at. In Poland it was the Communist General, President Jaruzelski, who saved his country from direct and bloody Soviet intervention when he proclaimed Martial Law in 1981. He, and the Army are held in respect therefore and remain in the background as an unspoken stabilizing force.

In Hungary the Army is also respected because its leader was hanged after the 1956 uprising. In Czechoslovakia it has always been a non-political factor. This applies to Bulgaria as well. In Romania the Army has distanced itself from the crypto-Communist regime, as shown by the setting up of the regime's National Guard designed to play the role of the Interior Ministry military force in the Soviet Union. Its job is to interfere in troubles at home, especially in political and ethnic ones. The East

German Army is, of course, being absorbed in that of the Federal Republic with real enthusiasm on both sides. The other Armies are from now on facing the real problem of maintaining their equipment and getting new ones. The Soviets equipped them in the past and as of now they rely entirely on Soviet supply. It is now unlikely that it will be available without payments in hard Western currencies.

All the Warsaw Pact countries, including the Soviet Union, indeed, in particular the Soviet Union, are to get new constitutions within the next 12 months. However, none of the former 'Satellite' countries will model its new constitution on that of the Soviet Union except that all will confirm the dropping of the monopoly of power of the Communist Party. The key issues in the new constitutions will be how much control of a market economy and how much security for Social Services will be laid down. A loose, or apparently loose, confederation of Soviet Union republics can be expected to produce extremely sensitive and possibly dangerous issues for Warsaw Pact neighbours. Czechoslovakia is now a dual Federal Republic. In Romania there will be the natural temptation to step in and help neighbouring Romanian-speaking Moldavia to achieve real independence with the aim of joining the two republics, while at the same time the strong Hungarian two million minority in the west of the country will demand at least self-rule.

The most delicate situation is likely to arise in Poland. Two of its neighbours, Byelo-Russia and the Ukraine were given vast stretches of Eastern Poland in 1945. Lvov, for instance, in what is called the Western Ukraine, was a Polish centre under the Hapsburgs and under the Poles. On the Lithuanian border too stretches of land under Polish control were given to Lithuania and there is also the dangerously sensitive issue of the Soviet Russian enclave of Kaliningrad, once Prussian Königsberg, that can only be reached by land through Poland or parts of Lithuania that were once Polish.

Nationalism in varying degrees of intensity including anti-Semitism — in Poland, it is said, anti-Semitism without Jews — has replaced the ideology of Soviet style Marxism-Leninism as taught to two generations. This and the keen, sometimes pathetic, desire of young people (and in all these countries except East Germany the Under Thirties are in the majority) to live the style of life of the young in Western Europe and the US whatever has to be done to obtain such a standard, will be the main issues in what was once the Warsaw Pact region.

One new issue directly affecting relations with those countries has already arisen — pollution with the Chernobyl explosion as the symbol. Moscow is only now reluctantly, and unreliably, beginning to admit what has really happened. The pollution ridden whole energy supply of the Warsaw Pact countries with its effect on the Western countries is beginning to look like having to come under the control of the West to protect, if not outright to save, the common environment.

# THE BALTIC'S EASTERN SEABOARD

## by Eric Glasgow

EVER since Peter the Great of Russia, in 1721, gained from Sweden most of the Baltic's eastern seaboard — including Estonia, Latvia, and part of Lithuania — this region has been regarded by Russia as necessary for its 'window on the West'. The Baltic Sea as a whole thus became a bone of contention between the rival power-structures always threatening to divide Europe, as between East and West. Historically, it has never been easy to attain political harmony and unity, for the entirety of the Baltic Basin. At the height of the 'Cold War' of course, Russia controlled all the three Baltic Republics of Lithuania, Latvia and Estonia: seized by Stalin as part of his infamous Pact with Nazi Germany in 1940. Finland itself — Russian between 1807 and 1917, and an unhappy ally of Germany during the war of 1939-45 — lost most of Karelia to the Russians in the defeat of 1945, and only its stubborn resolution prevented its extinction as a sovereign power. Since then the tensions between East and West in this northern part of Europe have greatly diminished; but ever since 1945 Finland has protruded as a sort of bastion of Western ideas and thinking into the Communist world.

Inevitably, therefore, the people of Finland since 1945 have observed with a mixture of pity and relief society and politics in their southern neighbours, the three very similar Baltic Republics, just across the Gulf of Finland from Helsinki. 'There but for the Grace of God might we have gone', summarizes Finnish sentiments regarding its less fortunate neighbours along the Baltic's eastern seaboard. Proud and defiant in their own sustained opposition to any sort of Russian absorption, Finland has often watched happenings across those short, sharp Baltic waters, as if they were a prototype of what would have occurred in their own land, had they not been able to link themselves with Sweden and the West, thanks chiefly to their own size, patriotic determination, and the personal leadership and example of the famous Marshal Mannerheim.

'Fortress Russia', however, is at the moment dissolving before our very eyes. It has always been a monolithic State, with power firmly concentrated in the capital, whether that be Moscow or St. Petersburg. Such autocracy the Bolsheviks in 1917 took over from the Czars, if anything intensifying it. Geography and history alike have conspired to make Russia very difficult to govern, save as a centralized and unchallenged autocracy; and now we must still await the ultimate verdict on whether it can be done on Western terms, and without the disintegration of the whole Russian State.

That is a risky if valiant experiment in democracy, the basis and the outcome of which must always be a Russian choice and responsibility. Ethnic problems of course abound within the vast diversity of the Communist Empire of Russia. Separatist movements have lately sprung up along all its fringes; although the 'separatism' of the Caucasian Republics

— Azerbaijan, Georgia and Armenia — is historically and politically very different from that of the three contiguous Baltic Republics, acquired by military occupation as recently as 1945. We are in Britain bound, therefore, to see the current strife for independence in these three Baltic Republics in rather a different light from what is happening elsewhere, and more distantly, in the Soviet Union. For one thing, they are much nearer to the West, in both geography and psychology. For another thing, they were added to Russia by military force, without a shred of political consent or self-determination.

Now that the 'Cold War' in Europe has virtually gone, Russia itself has very little reason to regard the Baltic Republics as strategically invaluable for its own defence. There is thus a fair measure of support for the view that today Moscow could countenance without too much loss or misgiving the campaigns for self-government, currently happening in Tallinn and Riga, as well as in the Lithuanian capital of Vilnius. What may well be more dangerous and politically hazardous, however, is the bad effect of the examples of such successful movements for independence upon outlying fringes of the Soviet Union: not only in the Caucasus region, but also in Soviet Asia (Uzbekistan, Turkmenistan and elsewhere). It is obviously necessary for Moscow to hold in tight reins the disruptive consequences upon the rest of Russia (especially beyond the Urals), of the infection of successful revolt on the part of any of the Baltic States.

For us in the West, however, the immediate prospect and issue is that of the three relatively small States, on the Baltic's eastern seaboard, forming the eastern frontier of the Soviet Union, and so a primary objective for any coming removal of the remaining barriers as between East and West in Europe. At all such points of close contact and proximity — as at the Berlin Wall, the frontiers between the two divisions of Germany, and the frontiers between Hungary and Austria — human exchange in itself has already done much to promote unity and to render even frontiers means of access rather than points of closure or of prohibition.

With this far greater will towards unity and the free passage of both people and ideas throughout Europe, so that soon we may no longer be able to define precisely a gulf between East and West, it can be very readily understood why the Baltic Republics should at this time have seized the occasion to go for their independence. Moreover, with Finland so close at hand, and Sweden not far off across the Baltic waters, they must be conscious of the examples of Western ideas, attitudes, and economies. The Baltic itself has now become an avenue to the West rather than any sort of bastion against it.

The drive on the Baltic's eastern seaboard towards political independence is perhaps economic even before it is sentimental or patriotic. Life under Communism has been drab, poor and singularly unprogressive. People there envy the far greater 'creature comforts' of life in the West, particularly in Finland. The bright lights of Helsinki regularly beam across to Tallinn over the narrow sea of the Gulf of Finland, and Estonians are left to wonder why they should remain in economic stagnation under

Russian Communism. It is a contrast and a comparison wielding just the same logical imperatives — for separation and for independence — as the East Germans found when looking at West Germany, during the innovatory summer of 1989.

In Finland during the summer of 1990 there appears to be a concerted movement to expose the fragility of frontiers, the theme of borders as avenues to better lives rather than barriers against them. The small town of Joensuu, with some 40,000 inhabitants, has organized for Midsummer's day in June, 1990, a 'Festival of Light', dedicated to the theme of 'Borders as Avenues to the West'. Open air readings in both poetry and prose, including some in English, are to be held, throughout that day. Since I have long-standing associations with the Finnish Province of Karelia, where Joensuu lies, I have been invited to contribute a paper (in English) on 'Finland from Afar', in harmony with the general theme of the breaking down of barriers, as between East and West. This I have done; although alas, my age will prevent me from making the journey to Eastern Finland in order to read out this paper in person.

However, this year's 'Festival of Light' in Eastern Finland is evidently to be a very special occasion which I am rather sorry to have to miss. Part of the celebrations of Finland's short and brilliant summer is being organized at Sortavala, which is across the once-ominous Russian frontier, and in the part of Karelia which was ceded to Russia in 1945. So, in 1990, we may notice here a definitive step towards an easing of relations between East and West, and across the particular reaches of the Karelian frontiers, between Finland and Russia. This has never happened previously; and when I encountered my friends there — it was as long ago as 1952 — the closeness of the 'Russian Bear' gaunt and formidable, constituted a very serious and overshadowing source of anxiety.

Finland, therefore, has used the occasion of its familiar Midsummer Festival in 1990, in order to do what it can to facilitate an improvement in its relations with Russia, which must be all to the good. The main issue of the struggle for political independence on the part of the three Baltic Republics is obviously a bigger and more perplexing matter: not least of all for the Russian leaders in the Kremlin itself. Good intentions alone clearly cannot and will not be sufficient to solve this issue (although the least we may hope for is neither bloodshed nor military oppression). This is not merely a Baltic matter: its implications extend deeply into the very integrity of the Soviet Union, even across the Urals; and there is the rub.

Writing early in May, 1990, my Finnish friend — he lives, a retired teacher, in the rural village of Liperi, in the Finnish part of Karelia — informs me that Finns have every sympathy with the Baltic Republics in their current efforts to break away from Russian control. In that, of course, they must share generally with the West (although like all of us in the West it is difficult to see how the three small communities involved can gain more than moral or token support from the West). Estonians from Tallinn have even travelled in Northern England (Manchester and

Liverpool) in recent months; protesting — at any rate to me — that it is not Russian but Estonian that they speak (the two languages have sounded remarkably similar to me). Certainly, there can be no harm in it; and it is a curious experience to have them in our midst, after all these years. At one time, not so very long ago, we Britons would have dreaded to say, 'The Russians are coming'. It is not so now; evidence of the improvement in East-West relations throughout Europe.

However, the more such excellent visitors experience of Western economies, the less they are likely to accept low living standards once they return home. It is not all good that they see here: my recent Estonian visitors complained validly about untidy litter in the streets of Liverpool ('the young can be sent to jail for doing that sort of thing back home', they told me). Nevertheless, living standards are generally far higher in the West; and almost everywhere, under Communism, there is now a longing for the material benefits of the Western types of Capitalism. As in Germany, so also in Russia, that is a craving that cannot merely be suppressed; and it is a far stronger motivation, mostly among the young, than the froth of patriotism or communal sentimentality.

My Finnish correspondent, writing in this spring of 1990, informs me that the bulk of his fellow-countrymen wish the three Baltic Republics success in their several ventures for political independence. So, of course, do we also in Britain; but we are much more distant, and so we have much less chance of influencing directly or substantially either opinion or destiny there. Tallinn, after all, is only just across the water from Helsinki. My friend adds as follows (and his remarks come first-hand and authentic with his own personal experience of life and society throughout the whole of the Baltic's eastern seaboard): 'Of course, it is the fate of the Estonians that interests us most. Finnish TV is visible in the northern half of Estonia and already in Brezhnev's time it was their only window to the Western world. Very many Estonians have learned Finnish by watching programmes on Finnish TV, the two languages being fairly closely related. I can well imagine the bitterness they feel in watching the commercials for food and other things that are very scarce in their country nowadays. If it had not been for the Russian occupation, we would now be living like the Finns, they say.'

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[Dr. Eric Glasgow, a long-serving teacher, has global research interests in history and literature. He has written about stamps and postal history since 1940; and on Anglo-Greek subjects for *The Greek Gazette* of London.]

# THE FORGOTTEN SOCIAL SERVICE

## by Stanley Alderson

HOUSING, not the National Health Service, is the most neglected of the social services. Gillian Darley wrote of the irrelevance of the 1989 Housing Awards when 'we are experiencing a housing crisis unparalleled since the end of the war.'[1] Government expenditure on housing has declined steadily over the past decade. In 1988 the public sector completed 31,000 new houses and flats in Great Britain compared with 131,000 in 1978. Even when allowance is made for the increase in the private sector, total completions fell by 64,000 during a period when the number of separate households was increasing rapidly. More public money has now been found for housing, including £250 million for homelessness in the Autumn Statement. That it was too little and too late is made clear by the local realities behind the national figures.

In Cornwall, where I happen to live, property prices are forcing more and more people to seek council homes that do not exist. The 1980 Housing Act (consolidated in the 1985 Housing Act) gave council tenants the right to buy their homes, yet local authorities may spend only 20% of the sale proceeds on building new houses, despite the fact that houses sold for £10,000 cost £30,000 to replace. Carrick Council has been selling an average of 145 houses a year and building only 45. Up to December 1989, its waiting list had risen to 1,200 yet in six months only two houses became available to new tenants. Its bill for housing 39 homeless families in bed-and-breakfast accommodation is about £15,000 a month. Carrick's chief housing officer, Geoff Gibson, says: 'I've been in Cornwall for ten years and I've never known it so bad. It gets worse and worse. It's just frightening.'[2]

Even as I write, a father who is a single parent has to walk the streets of Liskeard during the day with a two-year-old son who has twice undergone surgery for cancer and who has an obvious need for security. Father and son have bed-and-breakfast accommodation provided but must be out of it between 8.30 am and 6 pm. When the Homeless Persons Act came into operation in 1977, Caradon Council could get the homeless into council homes almost straight away. Now there are 2,500 on its waiting list and some of them could be on it for ever. Caradon's housing allocation committee has been disbanded because there is nothing for it to allocate. A change in the rules is desperately needed to allow local authorities to build more new homes.

Last year's Audit Commission report[3] showed that homelessness had been growing nationally and that in many areas the increasing use of bed-and-breakfast accommodation had resulted in a reduced standard of living at a higher cost. This merely made it official. Patrick Nuttgens was among those who had already made the point: 'To rehouse everyone living in hotels, 12,500 more decent rented homes would be needed by 1989. Government rules prevent local authorities from investing in such badly

needed homes. The councils must pick up the £100 million a year hotel bill, when £56 million would provide new homes for the people now in bed and breakfast accommodation.'[4]

The Government argues that its restriction on building by local authorities is necessary to prevent inflation.[5] But the national housing stock is indivisible. Failure to provide enough housing for the less well off created a middle-class housing shortage and a rise in prices which strained the resources of first-time buyers. Their financial plight was exacerbated by Nigel Lawson's 1988 tax cuts, which predictably resulted in a consumer boom that increased imports and necessitated higher interest rates, and hence higher mortgage interest rates, to protect the pound.

The Government's housing policy or lack of it has contributed even more to inflation than we had realised. Professor Alan Evans showed last year that the measure of the cost of housing to owner-occupiers used in the calculation of the general index of retail prices (RPI) is seriously deficient.[6] Nationwide Anglia figures show that until 1983 the average household with a mortgage committed just over 20% of its main income to payments on it; since then the figure has risen to 33.3%. In 1978 the average ratio of house price to borrower's income was 3.17; by 1988 the figure was 4.48. The well publicised increase in owner-occupation, from 57% of households in 1979 to 68% in 1989, may suggest that ever younger couples are the main beneficiaries. In fact the average age of owner-occupiers has been increasing, which is attributable only partly to the purchase of council homes by their tenants.

Higher housing costs have caused many owner-occupiers to default on their payments, to lose their homes and to join the forlorn queue for council homes. Under the Thatcher Government the rate of foreclosures has increased eightfold. This is the sadder because some of the mortgages have been raised not to buy or improve houses but to buy everything from cars to holidays. It is part of the process whereby, for want of adequate Government expenditure, the economy has been kept going by cynical private lending. The banks have lent money to people, particularly young people, they would not have dreamed of lending it to in the past, writing off bad debts (and ruined lives) against extortionate interest rates and charges. This degeneration has occurred under a Prime Minister preaching 'grocer economics' about not spending money you do not have.

In 1988, instead of giving tax cuts that would stimulate expenditure on consumer imports, Lawson should, for financial as well as social reasons, have devoted the money to housing. It is true that, as a result of the damage suffered by our manufacturing industry under the Thatcher Government, an increasing proportion of housing components is imported. Nonetheless money apportioned to housing is largely spent in Britain. As well as the avoidance of a balance-of-payments crisis, there would have been the advantage that, despite technological progress, the construction of houses remains labour-intensive and reduces unemployment.

During the latest recession in the housing market the chains of potential purchasers waiting to sell their own homes have become ludicrous. It is

time we instituted a general right of compulsory sale, the obverse of compulsory purchase. Whereas compulsory purchase is the right of the State (or a local authority) to buy property from its owner, compulsory sale would be the right of an owner-occupier to sell to the State — the right to make the State buy. A very limited right of compulsory sale already exists in areas blighted by State plans, notably for new roads.

Houses would have to be valued for the purpose of compulsory sale. The valuations would be, and would be intended to be, below the prices in a healthy housing market. They would be at or just above the prices owners could expect to get during a recession if they waited long enough, except that falls in value in real terms attributable to causes specific to the district would be discounted.

By selling to the State, an owner-occupier could avoid waiting a long time to find a purchaser. The State would sell the houses it was compelled to buy when it could. If it had to wait for the next housing boom, it would sell them at a profit. This would be Keynesianism applied specifically to the housing market. In practice the existence of compulsory sale and the valuations associated with it would create floor prices: many houses would be bought and sold privately at the floor prices without the involvement of the State. In depressed areas, however, the State would be left with houses on its hands.

The State would be providing owner-occupiers with insurance against catastrophic loss due to recession, whether national or local, due to structural decay or to any other cause. This is as it should be. When citizens are encouraged to buy shares, they are warned against putting all their eggs in one basket. Yet investments by ordinary citizens in shares are negligible by comparison with their investments in their own homes. When the State encourages citizens to become owner-occupiers, it tells them to put all, or virtually all, their eggs in one basket. That being bad policy, the State should provide them with insurance. The National House-Building Council has a useful insurance scheme against major structural defects but it is not comprehensive.

The State could effectively claim insurance premiums from owner-occupiers by increasing the poll tax or whatever tax replaces it. Rather than restore rates, we should impose a local land tax. Whereas rates discourage improvement and development, a land tax would encourage them. It would deter speculators from keeping land unused while prices went up. Again to deter speculation, but also out of social justice, a higher tax should be imposed on land that has risen in value more than the national average, for such rises have little to do with the effort or enterprise of the owner. The same valuers could be used for the purposes of compulsory sale and of the land tax.

Compulsory sale would have other advantages. It would reduce owner-occupiers' opposition to having prisons, mental hospitals, new roads and Channel Tunnels built in their districts and would do away with arguments about compensation. It would greatly increase mobility of labour. A National Mobility Scheme and a Tenants' Exchange Scheme have at least

improved council tenants' mobility of labour, but nothing has been done about that of owner-occupiers during a recession. The importance of mobility of labour is underrated in this country or Michael Heseltine could not have proposed that tax relief on mortgage interest be confined to existing mortgages and those of first-time buyers.

We must be concerned about the quality as well as the quantity of housing. Amenities have been improving. Larger proportions of dwellings now have everything from indoor loos to central heating. The bye-laws lay down fairly high standards for thermal insulation of new buildings and grants are available, particularly to those in the greatest need, for thermal insulation of old ones. But failure to do more is wasteful when the cost of double glazing is recouped in about 2.6 years and the cost of improving the insulation of a typical house wall from 50 to 150mm in about eighteen months.[7]

Let the State insulate all buildings free. The work is labour-intensive and we know that the unemployed cost the State more than wages. The previously unemployed already work on environmental improvements under community refurbishment schemes. The saving on unemployment from general thermal insulation would be a boon over and above the conservation of energy resources, which is the only way Britain can get its carbon-dioxide emissions down to the level necessary to control the greenhouse effect.

The Parker Morris standards on public-housing size, intended to be a minimum, were from the outset treated as a maximum. Made mandatory in 1969, they were abandoned in 1981. The result is that two flats may now be built where one was before. Dwellings are also getting smaller in the private sector. The chairman of one London borough's planning committee says, 'We are giving permissions for rabbit hutches for yuppies.'

Size is of course related to density, a subject that has been confused by the reaction against tower-blocks. In the first place, tower-blocks were not as bad as they have been made out to be. Early ones at Sheffield and Roehampton were successful. Later ones went wrong because of cost cutting, which meant that they were built of inadequate materials and were not provided with caretakers, so that they looked shabby and were treated accordingly. The proof of this thesis is that in recent years Wandsworth, instead of pulling down all its blocks of 'sink' flats, did some of them up, even converting 'mug alleys' into flats, and sold them to grateful yuppies. That is Thatcherism at its best.

We are, however, all agreed that low-rise housing is desirable for families. Unfortunately there is now a prevalent belief that without tower-blocks we must have not only low-rise but low-density housing. This view fails to take account of the vast spaces left between the tower-blocks. Tower-block density is no higher than that of the much admired Georgian and Victorian terraces of three and four storeys which, even when converted into flats, more than satisfy Parker Morris standards. The implications of this for new housing are elaborated in *Cities Are Good for Us* by the architect Harley Sherlock, published by Transport 2000 in May.

Whether or not we build three and four-storey housing, we should learn

from our neighbours the French and use basement space for storing or garaging or both. This is a simple way to make better use of scarce land and keep down the prices of plots. Where the basement space is used for garaging, it reduces the slope if the ground floor is slightly raised, affording better light, a better view and even more certain freedom from damp.

That housing sites should be suitable for housing needs to be said because of a sinister reference, in the official *Planning Policy Guidance: Housing*,[8] to the release for low-cost housing of 'small sites within or adjoining existing villages which would not otherwise be allocated for housing.'

Lastly we must consider aesthetic standards. Those who are old enough welcomed the post-war planning powers unthinkingly: planning connoted Bath, non-planning urban sprawl and ribbon development. A proposal to give local councillors a veto — a right of censorship — over modern painting, literature or music would have been treated with derision. Yet we casually gave them a veto over modern architecture. To realise the risk we took, we need think only of Peter Simple's Alderman Foodbotham, 'the 25-stone, crag-visaged, iron-watch-chained, grim-booted perpetual chairman of the Bradford City Tramway and Fine Arts Committee'.

Our real-life planners have done better by us than might have been expected. Their saving grace is that they lack Foodbotham's self-confidence. They readily take advice from the usually competent and informed reports of their officials, from those of their members with special knowledge and in some cases from co-opted members. Planning committees have resisted, even if forlornly, the Government directive to favour development more or less regardless of environmental considerations. When all their worthiness is acknowledged, however, the fact remains that planning committees are conservative and limited in their expertise.

Ideally the country would have elected regional authorities with an overriding responsibility for planning and housing. In practice there are various agencies, more important in Scotland and Wales than in England, with certain responsibilities for areas greater than those of the planning authorities, there are *ad hoc* bodies and there are the regional offices of the Central Government, which is ultimately responsible for regional planning.

The minimum reform should be the establishment of unelected regional authorities for planning and housing, perhaps between eight and twelve including one each for Scotland and Wales. Each should have its own architects' department to which the housing authorities may (but do not have to) go as clients and to which the planning authorities may turn for advice. Housing management is conducted better than anecdotal reports suggest,[9] but the calibre of people who could be employed in regional authorities would raise standards in every way.

Such unelected regional authorities would be extensions of the Central Government. They are desirable on administrative grounds alone: at present, the next planning tier below Central Government has 125 authorities and the next housing tier has 460; the insertion of regional authorities would make a more sensible management chart. They would be large enough for strategic planning, including that of transport, and few

enough to co-operate with one another effectively.

There is an exception to the inefficiency of Government housing policy in those of the homeless who, instead of being given bed-and-breakfast accommodation, sleep in the streets with or without cardboard boxes. The official figures show an increase in England's homeless from 53,000 during 1978 to 122,280 during the year ending September 1989. As the Department of the Environment emphasises, these figures include only those whom local authorities accepted as homeless and agreed to house. The housing charity Crisis estimates there are 4,000 homeless people sleeping rough in London alone. They include patients released from mental hospitals into 'community care' and youngsters deprived of benefit under recent changes. None of them is a charge on the State.

The increasing numbers sleeping and begging in the streets are, however, a threat to the tourist industry. Like Mother Theresa, foreign tourists, particularly Americans, think it worse that people should sleep in the streets of London than in those in Calcutta: for one thing it is colder; for another, given the British standard of living, it is unnecessary. If foreign tourists decide to avoid the shock and embarrassment of walking over bodies and being persistently begged from, our balance-of-payments will suffer further and even those sleeping rough will be no exception to the inefficiency of Government housing policy.

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NOTES

1. *The Independent*, November 22, 1989.
2. *The West Briton*, November 9, 1989.
3. The Audit Commission for Local Authorities in England and Wales, *Housing the Homeless: The Local Authority Role*, HMSO, London, 1989.
4. *The Home Front: Housing the People 1840-1990*, BBC, London, 1989, p.111.
5. See, for example, Michael Howard, QC, then Minister for Housing and Planning, *Hansard*, House of Commons, 13 December 1989, 6th ser., vol. 163, No. 17, col. 1020.
6. Alan W. Evans, 'Housing Costs and the Retail Price Index', *National Westminster Bank Quarterly Review*, August 1989.
7. See speech by Max Hutchinson, President of the RIBA, quoted in *National Builder*, November 1989.
8. Department of the Environment, PPG3, paragraph 25.
9. See *The Nature and Effectiveness of Housing Management in England: A Report to the Department of the Environment by the Centre for Housing Research, University of Glasgow*, HMSO, London, 1989.

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[Stanley Alderson is the author of the Penguin Special, *Britain in the Sixties: Housing.*]

# MODERN GREEK THEATRE: COMING OF AGE: PART TWO

## by Aliki Bacopoulou-Halls

THE decade 1965-1975 is particularly important in the development of Modern Greek theatre because it is the period during which various forces (the palace with its devoted generals, the colonels who imagined themselves national Saviours, and others) created an anomalous political situation (1963-67) and brought about the military regime which lasted for seven years (1967-74). During this decade the playwrights felt an increasingly urgent need to probe deeply, discover and reveal the true character of the people around them, not only as Greeks of the late 20th century but as denizens of the modern world. The restrictions of freedom of speech acted both negatively and positively. It encouraged dramatists to write plays of political propaganda, since political awareness was essential for the survival of society as a thinking organism. The trend had actually started earlier, probably because the artists, with their sharpened sensitivity, had already received messages which had passed unheard by the dulled senses of the average man. The emergency of the situation is evinced by the fact that not only dramatists but also a wider circle of theatre people and theatregoers concerned themselves actively with what was being written and produced at the time. The little *boites* in Plaka, the old part of the city of Athens, which later became noisy discotheques or dubious clubs, were the meeting places for poetry readings, critical analyses of literary works, discussions on contemporary Greek theatre and actual productions. One of them, the *boite Apologia* (Defence), where discussions were held on Sunday mornings and performances throughout the week, was closed down by the authorities on the pretext of lack of ventilation. Ironically, 'lack of air' became the cryptic expression for the oppression of the colonels' junta in contemporary plays.

Most of the playwrights who aimed at sensitizing their audiences to the political situation soon realized that to reach the wider public they had to use easily recognizable 'props' from the cultural background of the people, or obvious foreign symbolism. 'In our attempt to convey something, we searched for the means which would make the idea accessible to the crowds. The artist seeks to build a bridge between him and the masses', Kostas Mourselas says and he refers to his play *Oh, Dad, What a World!* where, he explains, he has used features from *epitheorisi*, the Greek equivalent of a review with a difference. Influenced by variety shows and the Spanish *zarzouela*, *epitheorisi* always depends heavily on political satire. Kambanellis used Kafka's *The Penal Colony* as the basis for his play of the same title (1970), and George Skourtis, perhaps the most openly didactic of the younger generation, appealed to the *Karagiozis* stock room for his implements. A few days before the publication of Skourtis's first play, *The Nannies*, he said in an interview to the Athens newspaper *To Vema* (12/4/1970, p.2): 'In any place and time, art is

regenerated only by going back to the people, to the folk elements, to tradition, to history, to the collective conscience.' This statement and the general effort to return to the roots by research, study and presentation of what has been worthwhile since 1453, indicate the desire to find out and convey recognizable patterns through which the 'lesson' will be taught. For Skourtis and to some extent, Mourselas, Kehaidis, Karras and other playwrights, the need to acquire self-knowledge within one's defined 'space' (i.e. the social environment of contemporary Greece) demands first priority. In this respect their work is different from the work of Anagnostaki, Matessis, and Ziogas who consider the individual's commitment to freedom the impetus which will demolish authority in its social form as well.

However, Skourtis asserted in his interview to *Vema*, that 'People today desperately need a logical answer. They do not lack the tragic view but the critical one. Tragedy is inspired by slavery, criticism by freedom. I consider it more human, and socially more profitable to be preoccupied with the anguish of survival rather than with the anguish of death. The theatre today has become anti-heroic. It gets its satisfaction out of epitaphs and requiems, and forgets the tomtoms and the trumpets.' In urging the theatre to employ 'the tomtoms and the trumpets' rather than the 'epitaphs or requiems' he is obviously adopting a martial attitude, an attitude implicitly and very much in line with the ever-present love of life of the Greek people. He makes this explicit by contrasting his commitment with that of much absurdist drama: 'Ionesco's subject is death — the superior force which governs man's life — ... My subject is death too, but not the death we suffer at the end of our lives ... He talks about natural death, I talk about social death.'

*The Nannies*, first performed by Coun's Art Theater in 1970 is a play fashioned according to the principles Skourtis has espoused. 'My subject is not my "existential anguish",' he says 'but man's position in contemporary society ... I have described this position in three stages. The first — *The Nannies* — is that during which man acts and reacts unconsciously; that is, he lives, dreams and dies not knowing who he is, why he is the way he is, what he can become and how ... Because he is ignorant ... his contribution to society is haphazard, determined by primitive, instinctive forces. I can define this stage with a quote from the Bible — since it is that we are taught and not History — i.e., "Blessed are the poor in spirit".'

Any audience will certainly be reminded of Beckett's tramps in *Waiting for Godot* as they watch Peter and Paul (two of the three characters in *The Nannies*) in the opening of the play, sipping their *ouzo*, trying to solve the problem of Peter's loosely-hanging last button, while at the same time desperately looking around for anyone who will give them a job — the means, if not the reason, to survive. Their names, however, which might have Biblical overtones for a European or American audience, would evoke the same kind of response from a Greek spectator that *Tom*, *Dick* and *Harry* might elicit from an Anglo-Saxon. They thus transcend the superficial, realistic part of themselves and become symbols; they become

*Everyman*. The symbolic aspect of these characters is skilfully sustained by constant allusions to easily recognizable Shadow Theatre types. Like these latter, the tramps do a burlesque skit to express their joy at the assurance of food, drink and shelter. They run and jump and turn somersaults; they even make actual references to two Shadow Theatre characters, Karagiozis and Hadziavatis, whom they used to impersonate in amateur performances in their neighbourhoods when they were young. The clothes they change into, when they are offered a job, are first of all gaudy, and then mourning clothes, neither type of dress being close to what they would normally wear. That, too, is very much like Karagiozis who will *put on* anything and assume any role which will help him survive in a literal sense.

Skourtis's characters, Peter and Paul, are the ignorant types, with all their weaknesses, their intense imaginative powers and their innate love of freedom, who either conform and become moronic puppets, or struggle for 'breath' at the cost of their lives. These people have been enticed into a moribund environment, pressed by necessity. In this respect Skourtis endorses what seems to be a common attitude among contemporary Greek writers. Anagnostaki in *Social Occasion* (1969), Terzakis in *The Step-Son* (1969), Matessis in *The Ceremony* (1977), Kambanellis in *The Four Legs of the Table* (1978), to mention only a few, portray the dead or dying old world, the vicious circle of deception and corruption that man today *has* to break out of, if he is to *live*. With the self-knowledge man acquires by looking at his own image, these dramatists imply, he will become fearless and will dare to live in spite of imminent death.

Minor or simply different issues have been the concerns of other playwrights, Manolis Korres, for example, who castigates social complacency with regard to old age and illness. Marios Pondicas delves in the dark regions of individual or communal guilt while Constandina Vergou optimistically examines the possibilities after guilt is taken to extremes. George Maniotis examines oppression within the family and/or by social structures. Maria Lambatharidou-Pothou admits she is influenced by Beckett and has written about existential issues but also about the Civil War. George Christofilakis has examined relationships between man and woman, old and young, in the austere agrarian environment of mountainous Greece and has scratched the painful wounds of the Civil War, but his plays are more than that. *To Telos* (The End) in particular, is again about human dignity, compassion and deep affection beneath the rough treatment and behaviour. Andonis Doriadis, among others, is inspired by the oppression of the recent junta regime. George Dialegmenos has given us a number of 'photographs' of great 'definition' of the neighbourhood family or character, by which I mean that he has depicted characters and situations of the small-time salesman, the small-time adulterous wife (who will go to bed with the salesman for a few items of fine underwear), of the small-time torturer. His plays, however, also serve to point a finger at the tendency towards obsequiousness, informing, sadism, maternal oppression; at the desire to get rid of guilt for crimes past, underhandedness, self-complacency, the attempt to cut the umbilical cord (that sometimes seems to be strangling) between the

individual and the family or tradition, and finally to the potential sadist in all of us.

Marietta Rialdi's *Experimental Theatre* was in the past a unit and a *platform* where, especially during the junta, many artists found room to express themselves. She directed most of the plays performed by her group (she usually also played the lead) and most of the plays were written by her. Her long monologue entitled 'The Coat', performed in 1984, is one of the most moving accounts of people growing old and being unwanted and feeling useless.

Although *Eleftherο Theatro* (Free Theatre) was a group that started with Greek and foreign plays it soon concentrated on *epitheorisi*. Their work was, more or less, unique in that it was one of the few examples of serious theatre, written collectively. Also, their kind of *epitheorisi* was actually a commentary on the genre itself, of political, social and other issues, not least of which was the aesthetics of theatre itself as it had been experienced before the group's inception. The members of *Eleftherο Theatro* (with the inevitable withdrawals and additions) worked as a group from 1970 to 1978.

Demitris Kehaidis, one of the less productive but highly significant playwrights (because of the poetry inherent in his theatre) of this generation says: 'I was not interested in the middle-class or the farmers, I was preoccupied with the traveller, the small businessman who is here today, somewhere else tomorrow, the people who have not put their roots down yet, the pariahs, those who make do with next to nothing. I watch these people because they represent a flight of the soul for me, they open a window, they are or they do what you would like to be or do. They are also the counter-balance to the red-cheeked lass or the wonderful people.' Kehaidis sees his people 'travelling' to some place, carrying all their possessions, literally and figuratively, on their backs. Some of these possessions are endowments of national upheavals, others are simply human. The cycle of the journey will be completed by two other playwrights, Ziogas and Anagnostaki, in their most recent plays.

*To Panegyri* (The Festival), in which a mother marries off her very young daughter to a much older person, to save her from the wretchedness of a life spent as the itinerant participant in *panegyria*, is Kehaidis's most significant play so far. The title is, of course, ironical and the play makes it clear that the playwright views life as a *panegyri*, which is supposed to be a festive occasion, a place of entertainment, a bright fun fair, but behind which the reality of wretchedness and misery grimaces sardonically. In the play this is visually conveyed by means of the rough blanket which hangs from a branch to 'cover' the make-shift household where self-deception, laziness and conniving thrive, only a few yards away from the bright lights and the dressed up people.

Ziogas shares Kehaidis's concept of life as a deceptive *panegyri* in his play *The Bottle* (1973). He also views life as an enticing whore who tempts man into living by the occasional 'sweet hour'. The two images, the *panegyri* and the whore, have something in common; they both offer

ephemeral entertainment and they are both a show which distracts man from the treadmill of bondage. Moreover, life or existence, conceptualized as 'space' is both a threshing-floor (*orchestra* or dancing floor) and a cylinder or bottle from which there is no escape. The playwright explains how he came upon this latter image in a short note prefacing the play:

> At the theatre of Epidaurus, when you stand in the middle of the threshing-floor — which according to the ritual represents human fate — your voice surrounds you, as if you are enclosed in a bottle. You speak and it is as if you have your mouth next to your ear. I had this experience one evening, forlorn visitor at this unique theatre, and it was so overwhelming that I reconsidered many things about human fate. The orchestra of the theatre not only contained the circle but the cylinder as well. And this sensation was so clear that there was no doubt that the theatre must also have been built on the basis of this symbolism. Man, that is, does not only go around in a circle, he is also its prisoner. Condemned to listen to himself without an answer, suffused with his doubts, in a transparent cylinder; captive of himself. I experienced this sensation for a long time. I could see the beautiful landscape stretching before me; then the night came with the nightingales. There was everything and myself stuck to me like a leather uniform perfectly tailored and starched. This fenced-in existence of mine suddenly became unbearable. I leapt out of the orchestra. I left. But that sensation of being in a bottle has remained indelible.

Ziogas relates the story of this play to the exodus from Mesolongi and thus adds another dimension, that of the supreme struggle for survival. Life, he seems to imply, is like the battle the people of Mesolongi fight, during which man may be heroic or cowardly, pure or calculating, betrayed or betraying. The factual aspect of the story enables the playwright to blend into the play myths, songs, images and other features from traditional Greek sources, but these features now acquire a new identity to express the new selfhood which Ziogas perceives to be emerging. So, for example, the archetypal image of the threshing-floor is transmuted to that of the confining cylinder where any effort towards freedom seems doomed. Digenis is not the hero who dares Charon, but a tired, wounded, dying man on the threshing-floor. The take-offs of folk songs become lyrical, surrealist passages about the absurdity of existence, the collapse of faith and ideals, the black chaos on which man feeds.

In the first act Ziogas parades all the reasons man puts forward to glorify his existence: the homeland, human dignity, freedom. In the second act he strips the pretentious fighters of their proclaimed concerns and we see them trapped in the cylinder, miserable beings, 'jumping' to catch what is thrown to them. The more idealistic one has been, the better one is treated by the inscrutable despot who uncorks the bottle from time to time to throw food down to the bottom. There is only one way, Ziogas seems to suggest, in which one can possibly avoid compromising and that is by dying in the act of resistance, as does the virgin who is being raped when the bullets go through both the Turk and her.

Ziogas's *The Bottle* ends with two messenger angels unfolding a kind of a scroll in the shape of a Japanese fan which reveals an atomic mushroom. At the same time a child who has been stabbed to death by a Turk says:

> I am the child the Turk killed.
> My parents desired to win freedom.
> They have been lost and so have their children;

And still people are lost, and still they are lost,
And still people are lost, and still they are lost.

Those in the bottle can do nothing but see the scroll and hear the voice of the child, both of which remind them of the ineluctable end which renders any struggle futile.

Nearly forty years since Kambanellis's *The Court of Miracles* then, Greek playwrights appear to be seeking to forge a strong link with the Greek psyche of the past (through imagery, myth, tradition in general, and even history) without any false respect for their ancestry, while enriching contemporary sensibility by creating a new frame of reference, powerfully exercising their prerogative to exist. At the same time they articulate the poetry and the beauty, ultimately the healing effect, within human relationships.

This discussion would, however, be incomplete if I did not mention a few plays or recent productions of either particular relevance to points I have made so far or of special interest for other reasons.

Pavlos Matessis's *Exile* is a play where, apart from the theme of personal, cruel revenge in an unjust, uncaring world, a recent production at the National Theatre has created a pair of unforgettable characters out of the two latent homosexual youths the playwright (tongue-in-cheek) portrayed as minor characters. There is probably something darkly subversive in the relationship of the two youths but that would necessitate a long discussion which is not of the present.

One final word about Matessis: his as yet unperformed one-act *The Battle of Marathon* (1985) is a brilliant surrealistic exercise by an artist in complete control of his medium. It is a piece that offers spectacular opportunities for a multi-media production because its visual aspects could become extremely powerful images of either total theatre or even theatre of cruelty while the sound components would be the appropriate vehicles for the conveyance of the issue the author is dealing with. The issue is nothing else but the destruction or defilement of everything sacred, that is, of the past as it relates to the glory that was (in man's history), of beauty as it always surrounds human beings (even when they have no 'eyes' to see it), and ultimately of life itself.

Ziogas is a playwright who, I believe, was always ahead of his times. Plays like *Coloured Women*, *The Weddings*, *The Mountain* which were written quite a few years ago, but only recently performed (1984, 1987 and 1986 respectively), indicate his progress in a much wider frame of reference than any of his colleagues. Beyond establishing an ethos of co-operation within a human relationship and while rejecting any attempts at a form of 'logic' to restrict the individual's freedom, he proceeds to an exciting, poetic adventure where man, divested of cumbersome external paraphernalia, journeys through and into cosmic space.

One playwright who has perhaps worked most deliberately towards providing the links in the chain of continuity between artistic creation in Modern Greece (the sovereign state re-established after the 1821 war of independence against the Ottoman Empire) and the present, is Loula

Anagnostaki, although her plays show no outward signs of belabouring any such effort. Of course, her ultimate goal is not to pedantically offer proof of that continuity. She 'fights' for the right of her characters primarily to exist and for the prerogative of the individual to commit a decisive act — even if negative — which will justify that existence. The recognition of one's claim to this unique characteristic or act is a great step towards self-knowledge, and this in turn leads towards a state where man can scorn his fate which cannot deprive him of his freedom if he is not willing to relinquish it.

One of Anagnostaki's major plays — *Victory* — was described nonchalantly by herself as 'the chronicle of a family who set out from northern Macedonia, moved to a neighbourhood in Piraeus and ended up in Germany... It is about immigration and the experiences of an ongoing misery.' Well, there is certainly that ostensibly realistic background for a first 'photographic' look, but against it and as an integral part of it there is also the drama — in every sense of that word — of human existence.

*Victory* is the peregrination of people, inadvertently Greeks, who travel the road (with or without being conscious of the fact) to a 'place' which they will attempt, unsuccessfully, to make their own. It is about the efforts of a *group* of people (this is of paramount importance) to complete the 'ceremony' of life, to 'perform' the 'marriage' which will justify and guarantee the continuation of their existence. It is finally about the demolition of prefabricated visions of 'victory' and the revelation of hard but necessary truths to people of honesty, integrity and dignity. For anyone even remotely familiar with the poetry of Dionysios Solomos, the Greek national poet, and that of Constantine Cavafis, the resonances in Anagnostaki's plays are subtly ever-present. 'We are through — we are through', says Vaso, the forty-year-old daughter to her old mother and makes her promise that they will not move again, realizing the futility of trying to not be a *stranger*. Her eldest brother, a prisoner in Athens for the murder of Vaso's lover, voices the same feeling, in what is probably one of the starkest but most poetic texts in Modern Greek literature, his letter that the old mother reads to Vaso at the end of the play.

> ... what you are going through, *away from home*, but I'm sort of away from home, too. We are all in the same boat; Kandzios, too, feels the same he writes, although he is having a good time. I stop and think and it seems *that our house in the village and the one in Piraeus were both in a black exile*...

All this, it seems to me, is true of human beings anywhere. Ultimate self-knowledge or the reference point of the journey, necessary for the establishment of identity, is naturally equated with the pursuit of freedom; for only a free person has characteristics that single him out in a crowd. The special and comforting note in Anagnostaki's plays is what I mentioned earlier, namely, that her characters usually act as a group. They are not even Beckett's couples that can be interpreted as two sides of the same character, or Pirandellian or Pinteresque intruders, viewed as hidden aspects of the multi-faceted self. Within relationships or dependency, protectiveness, love and hatred, presence and absence Anagnostaki's people are 'together'.

And so, 'victory', the true, human victory will be the 'borderline, tragic experience of this world' but in the warmth of the presence of others.

It is perhaps premature to conclude in a dogmatic way as to the achievements of Modern Greek dramaturgy since most of the playwrights are in their fifties, and there is, consequently, still time for them to change or develop. However, we cannot ignore their development, in comparison with most of their colleagues before World War II. Modern Greek playwrights have defined their 'space'. 'I live in chaos', says one of Ziogas's characters in *The Bottle*, but it is a chaos containing everything. They have also acquired some degree, at least, of self-knowledge which enables them to see that they, too, are like any other traveller in this world. They, too, have striven to free themselves from the restrictive shackles of superimposed systems institutions or authority in general. The braver have accepted the fact that Cavafis's Ithaca *did* deceive them, that Ithaca gave them no 'beautiful journey', that the Medes will finally pass and that our only possible 'guide' is the warm touch of another human being.

# THE KIROV BALLET

## by Laurence Green

THE crowds that thronged the pavement outside the Coliseum Theatre in London could signify only one thing. The world's foremost ballet company was back in town after a two year absence. The highlight of the Kirov Ballet's five week season was undoubtedly *Swan Lake*, a work which displays the beautifully trained classical style of this great Russian company.

It would, I suppose, have been almost impossible to believe one hundred years ago that a ballet about a girl who falls under the power of a wicked magician and is transformed into a swan whose spell can only be broken by a dashing young prince could have such an enduring quality and be in the repertoire of almost every major ballet company in the world. But then what other work can blend such a memorable Tchaikovsky score with a fairy-tale world of enchantment, sadness and joy expressed through the medium of dance? (Although, ironically, the first production by the Bolshoi Theatre in Moscow in 1877 was a failure and two subsequent productions there in 1880 and 1882 knew little more success.)

No matter, though, how many times you see this work, which Tchaikovsky wrote 'partly because I want the money, and partly because I have long wanted to try my hand at this type of music', there is a freshness, delicacy and renewed sense of discovery about the Kirov's staging that no Western company can approach, let alone equal. It is as if this work was being performed after it had just been written and choreographed.

The dancing itself was of a quality dreams are made of — breathtaking precision coupled with disarming sincerity, never more so than in the enchanting moonlight *corps de ballet* sequences which serve as a chaste and poetic comment on the story of love found, lost and regained.

Tatiana Terekhova as Odette/Odile gave a rare display of bravura virtuosity and was perfectly matched by Yevgeny Neff, who seemed to express the essence of the Russian soul, as Prince Siegfried. With all the authority, grace and elegance we have come to expect from the Kirov, these were two performances to set the town alight! I should add, however, that the whole company performed sublimely together. It was a pity then that the painted sets were so lacking in imagination. Nevertheless this was a production brimming with vigour and vitality, to which full compliments must go to artistic director and chief choreographer, Oleg Vinogradov.

The history of the Leningrad State Kirov Ballet is in itself fascinating. Ballet in Russia dates back to 1738, to the founding of a dancing school in St. Petersburg by the French dancing-master, Jean Baptiste Lande, for the children of palace servants. In fact the great Vaganova School in Leningrad, direct heir to this first academy, recently celebrated 250 years of existence.

It was Empress Catherine II who called into being the first lyric theatre in St. Petersburg, when she decreed the creation of the Grand (Bolshoi)

Theatre as home for the developing arts of opera and ballet in the capital of her Empire. It was here that the influence of outstanding ballet-masters from Western Europe was to help the creation of the Russian ballet. Charles Louis Didelot is the first of these, the real architect of the Petersburg ballet during the early decades of the 19th century; later, with the great age of the Romantic ballet, the star ballerinas of the epoch came to Russia and triumphed — led by that spirit of the air, Marie Taglioni, and the passionately dramatic Fanny Elssler. *Giselle* was produced in St. Petersburg only a year after its Paris première — albeit in a pirated and inadequate version — but it was not until Jules Perrot, a genius of the Romantic ballet, arrived in Petersburg as a choreographer in 1848 that the repertoire of the Bolshoi Theatre would be enhanced by several of his greatest masterpieces — works which the company treasured thereafter and which still linger in performance today.

Not until the arrival of Marius Petipa as first ballet-master to His Imperial Majesty the Tsar was the final grand flowering of the Petersburg ballet achieved, with the creation of ballets which still delight the public today. Petipa came to Petersburg in 1847, in his 29th year as a dancer and choreographer. He worked with Perrot, learning much about the creation of dramatic ballets; then in 1869 he gained his heart's desire when appointed as first ballet-master, a post he was to retain until 1903. With the inspiration of visiting Italian virtuoso ballerinas and a succession of grand spectacular ballets which Petipa produced each season, the Petersburg ballet — installed in 1886 in the Mariinsky Theatre which is still its home — attained its dominant greatness as the century drew to its close.

Russian dancers now rivalled and outshone the Italian virtuosi. When the art of choreography had become debased elsewhere in Europe, and ballet itself was considered a trivial accessory to opera and a mindless display of cohorts of female dancers, the ballet in St. Petersburg was of rare distinction. Such Petipa masterpieces as *The Sleeping Beauty* or *La Bayadère* served to remind us that ballet was still capable of great beauty. Of course, Petipa's art was of its time and its surroundings, a manifestation of a court's attitude and code of behaviour, remote from the real world. Nevertheless, with political revolution in the air as the 20th century dawned, innovation and change emerged from the Petersburg ballet. They were seen in the work and theories of Mikhail Fokine, and eventually in the endeavours of Sergei Diaghilev and his associates to show the newest aspects of choreography and production with the Ballets Russes which conquered the West in 1909 and brought about the rebirth of ballet for European audiences.

Radical changes were now happening inside Petersburg's ballet. The new society emerging from the revolutions of 1917 needed a new art, and it was when Petersburg became Leningrad and the Mariinsky Theatre renamed the Academic Theatre (taking the name of the assassinated politician Kirov after 1935), that the ballet faced the challenge of its new identity and tasks.

The Kirov Theatre and its ballet remain a vital force in the nation.

# D. H. LAWRENCE AND EUROPE

## by Bibhu Padhi

D. H. LAWRENCE's angry reaction to the American who had casually remarked, 'I am not very keen on Europe, but should like to see it, and have done with it', is plainly evident in his very decision to write the essay 'Europe versus America', first published in the magazine *Laughing Horse* in April of 1926 and later incorporated in the posthumous volume of *Phoenix* (1936). Notwithstanding Lawrence's own feeling of disgust against the war-time Europe, particularly against England (so obviously fictionalized in the intense, journalistic-confessional chapter called 'The Nightmare' in his Australian novel *Kangaroo*), and not withstanding the strange fluctuations of his mood, one does find in his essays, travel books and letters deeply affectionate references to the continent and her people. As in the case of his other real-life experiences, so his relationship with Europe was coloured by a passionate and ambiguous drama of love and hate; it was, simply speaking, as complex a relationship as any to be met with in his fiction. There is a dark, indefinable aspect to it and, as it appears, Lawrence intended it to remain so — dark, inexplicable, distant.

For Lawrence, the 'spirit of the place' always remained a strange something that could not be seized by means of mere description or ratiocination; it was something which one either felt 'in the blood' or simply did not feel. And, it had something rather compulsive and unavoidable about it. Perhaps this was one reason why Lawrence felt restless when he stayed in any one place for a long time. The 'spirit' became too oppressive and demanding and, as he felt, started invading his being's dark and secret depths. And yet, for all this, he would never have said, 'I have seen Europe and have done with it'. For him Europe, like Australia, New Mexico or Ceylon, represented a 'presence' that was non-personal, even non-human; it was a lot more complex than merely a summary of particular places or individuals. It was an overwhelmingly impersonal 'consciousness'.

As he wrote in his essay 'Europe versus America', if one 'doesn't want to see the moon, he doesn't look. And if he doesn't want to see Europe, he doesn't look either. But neither of 'em will go away because he's not looking'. Lawrence did not like the 'American trick' of saying one is 'through with a thing'; for him the 'thing' was always 'a good deal better than oneself' and continued to stay on and exert an invisible but continuous influence over sensitive individuals who are prepared to 'look'. Lawrence recognized the European's keen awareness of the greatness of a place and a continent when compared with separate individuals or groups: 'One may be sick of certain aspects of European civilization. But they're in themselves, rather than in Europe'. When in 1925 he finally returned to Europe after travelling through Ceylon, India, Australia and America, he probably realized for the first time how different Europe and the Europeans were

from other continents and their people, reminding himself as it were how, for all his personal and ideological differences with the European policy makers, he had remained essentially a European. 'As a matter of fact', he writes, 'coming back to Europe, I realize how much more *tense* the European civilization is, in the Americans, than in the Europeans. The Europeans still have a vague idea that the universe is greater than they are, and isn't going to change very radically, not for all the telling of all men put together. But the Americans are tense, somewhere inside themselves, as if they felt that once they slackened, the world would collapse. It wouldn't. If the American tension snapped tomorrow, only that bit of the world which is tense and American would come to an end. Nothing more... [But] Some part of me will always be conscious of America. But probably some part greater still in me will always be conscious of Europe, since I am a European'.

In a 1922-letter to Catherine Carswell, written from New Mexico, Lawrence had already made his feeling clear. While he conceded that the New Mexico ranch life was 'ideal, according to one's ideas', he also felt that in America there was never any 'inside life', there was 'just blank nothing': 'All this outside life — and marvellous country — and it means so little to one. I don't quite know what it is one wants because the ordinary society and "talk" in Europe are weary enough. But there is no inside life-throb here — none — all empty — people inside dead, outside bustling... Anyhow, dead and always on the move. Truly, I prefer Europe ...I know how I don't want to live anywhere very long. But I belong to Europe'.

Without forgetting to take note of the fact the origin of the American civilization lay in Europe, Lawrence goes on to contrast the two civilizations in their present states. While the American 'grips himself, at the very sources of his consciousness, in a grip of care' and hence is hopelessly indifferent to much of the rest of life, the European 'hasn't got so much care in him, and so he cares much more for life and living'. It is this spontaneous, instinctual quality of the European, his childlike ability to keep himself vulnerable to varied influences — to 'life and living' — that found a sympathetic echo in Lawrence and drew him back to Europe time and again. He explains what this quality of spontaneity means: 'In the people here there is still, at the bottom, the old, young insouciance. It isn't that the young *don't care*: it is merely that, at the bottom of them there *isn't* care. Instead there is a sort of bubbling-in of life. It isn't till we grow old that we grip the very sources of our life with care, and strangle them... It is a relief to be by the Mediterranean, and gradually let the tight coils inside oneself come slack. There is much more life in a deep insouciance, which really is the clue to faith, than in this frenzied, keyed-up care, which is characteristic of our civilization, but which is at its worst, or at least its intensest, in America'. This could be Lawrence's final comment on twentieth century civilization in general, but it is also an exaltation of Europe and the European way of life — an exaltation of the feeling of 'deep insouciance' which provided the European with a stable centre of

silence and trust and thus supported and reinforced his inherent faith in the essential goodness of all forms of 'life and living'. Lawrence's own faith in a feeling of 'deep insouciance' — something which he wove into the texture of many of his novels and stories — gave his fiction and travel books a quality of tentativeness and openness which is rare among his contemporaries. So that, when he writes about Europe or some particular part of it, he is not so much concerned with writing about a place as with enacting, in a verbal medium, the continuous interaction between the spirit of the place and his own primitive, childlike, intuitive self. He is concerned, in other words, with the essential Europe.

His love for Europe is prominent in his letters and essays. It is rather strange that his feeling of disgust for Europe while he was inside it should dissolve as he moved away from it; although the phenomenon can be explained in terms of his generally true love-and-hate relationships. This tendency and the feeling of desperation that it produced in him, are comprehensively embodied in that crucial question he asked in one of his letters to Enid Hilton: 'Where does one really want to live?' In a letter to Mrs. A. L. Jenkins written in May of 1922 from Australia, Lawrence wrote: 'I've got a bitter burning nostalgia for Europe, for Sicily, for old civilization and for real human understanding'. In his 'Autobiographical Sketch', he attempts to unravel and explain the complex mystery of his relationship with other human beings and with Europe:

> People, *personally*, have nearly always been friendly... And I have *wanted* to feel truly friendly with some...
>
> Yet I have never quite succeeded. Whether I get on *in* the world is a question; but I certainly don't get on very well *with* the world...
>
> By which I mean that I don't feel there is any very cordial or fundamental contact between me and society, or me and other people. There is a breach. And my contact is with something that is non-human, non-vocal.
>
> I used to think that it had something to do with the oldness and the worn-outness of Europe. Having tried other places, I know that is not so. Europe is, perhaps, the least worn-out of the continents, because it is the most lived in. A place that is lived in lives.

What was really important for him, therefore, was not the geographical Europe placed neatly on a page in the atlas but the 'living' Europe, with its roots going back centuries, drawing its vital life as much from memory and history as from the active present.

Lawrence contrasts this Europe — a continent of 'possibilities' — with the 'closed' continent of America, which would not allow itself to look into the beauty and the terror that the past holds for every person and place. While the American consciousness is 'pot-bound' — 'It doesn't even have that little hole in the bottom of the pot through which desperate roots struggle' — the European consciousness 'still has cracks in its vessel and a hole in the bottom of absoluteness' through which 'strange roots of memory' grope down to 'the heart of the world'. It is the American's refusal to receive the unknown 'dangers' offered by the past, the refusal to look into the centre and thus create an 'inner life', that turned Lawrence away from America. The American consciousness is free of the 'dangers' of the past, from 'all loop-holes and crevices of escape', and hence is 'absolutely safe inside a solid and ornamental concept of life'. And, as Lawrence writes

elsewhere, nothing is 'wonderful unless it is dangerous'. Europe, in contrast, is animated by 'the flow from the heart', by the 'warmth of fellow-feeling . . . flowing in thousands of little passionate currents often conflicting'.

It was the European's willingness and ability to open himself to these 'thousands of passionate currents' that made him different from the rest of humanity. Some of this willingness and ability is clearly felt in the passionate evocation of the Sardinian spirit in the opening pages of Lawrence's *Sea and Sardinia*. It is present in the writer's almost preternatural recognition of Mount Etna's current of 'demon magnetism' effecting 'a storm in the living plasm and a new adjustment':

> Where then? Spain or Sardinia. Spain or Sardinia. Sardinia, which is like nowhere. Sardinia which has no history, no date, no race, no offering. Let it be Sardinia . . . Sardinia then. Let it be Sardinia.
> Let us go, then. Away from abhorred Etna, and the Ionian Sea, and these great stars in the water, and the almond trees in bud, and the orange trees heavy with red fruit, and these maddening, exasperating, impossible Sicilians, who never knew what truth was and have long lost all notion of what a human being is. A sort of sulphureous demons. *Andiamo!*
> But let me confess, in parenthesis, that I am not at all sure whether I don't really prefer these demons to our sanctified humanity.

The repetitive, rhythmic prose reflects the rich and healthy ambiguities of Lawrence's complex response to the spirit of the place, but it also records the ebb and flow of Lawrence's passion. It is only through a kind of impossible madness and exasperation, through paths of torture and danger, that one must locate the shapes of essential life. But here is enthusiasm also, a bubbling-in of the soul in the very midst of its own indecisions and questionings in the face of the 'unknown':

For Lawrence, every familiar and ordinary object or place possessed an esoteric life: the Sardinian sun is like 'the great burning stigma of the sacred flower of day', while the Mediterranean sailing ships are 'curious odd-winged insects of the flower'. The fluency of the prose in which his European travel books are written, the metaphoric exuberance in the descriptions of the landscape, the many interrogations and exclamations, the repeated references to 'you' and 'your', are all indications of Lawrence's wholehearted, unmediated participation in the essential organicity of places and things. The energetic prose is like an intimate mirror which both reflects and holds the sense of freedom and liberation which Europe offered him; it is an indication of the total abandon that his soul, until now bound by 'English' chains, enjoyed among European plenty. Even his letters written to his friends during his European travel years — from Sicily, France, Germany, Switzerland — reflect this new-found liberty, this joy at the possibility of extending the world, as it were, and the feeling of wonder.

It is interesting to note how Lawrence uses the mainland Europe as the setting for two of his most significant novellas. While in *The Captain's Doll* the action shifts from the plains of occupied Germany to the solemn, even terrifying heights of the Austrian Tyrol and back, in *The Man Who Died* it revolves around the half-mythic, half-fabular landscape of the Mediterranean. In each of these novellas Lawrence displays his special faith in the importance of a fabular remoteness in solving significant personal and aesthetic problems; it seems as though this moving-away from the English

midlands of much of his fiction toward a fictionalized Europe was a fulfilment of his own personal aspirations. Even in his *Women in Love* Lawrence, it seems, must take his central characters out of England in order that he may be able to offer some recognizable shape, however tentative, to its ending. Their journey through Europe into the white wastes of Alpine snow is a half-realistic, half-fabular journey that ends in the much-awaited self-recognition. Gerald's death in the midst of snow and isolation is 'a rising above the dreariness of actuality, the monotony of contingencies', and hence is as far from being tragic and as close to being symbolic as any single death can be: it is like a long sleep for someone who had been suffering for a long time from the loneliness of 'freezing from the inside'. It is only after Gerald dies that Birkin confidently declares his own longing for an 'eternal union with a man', thus asserting, within fiction, what to Lawrence was a significant aspect of a 'complete relationship'. One wonders if Lawrence's own death inside Europe — and far outside his native England — at the end of his extensive journeys through several continents, didn't have something to do with his own fabular intentions, whether it wasn't really a fulfilment in practice of his long-cherished dream of a Rananimistic adventure.

## D. H. LAWRENCE AT ZENNOR

When you exchanged your *villino*, near Lerici,
for Cornwall,
the Ligurian Sea for cold Atlantic waves,
the certain sequence of near-tropical sun,
the 'shining grey' olive-trees, lively with lizards,
for Padstow in winter,
the great winds, the sea 'smoking white above the cliffs',
the pre-Arthurian Celtic flicker of Cornwall;
did some residual puritan guilt
reconcile you to leaving lemon and fig-tree,
wild rosemary and oleander of Fiascherino?

Then, Zennor, the Tinners' Arms.
What were your thoughts as you beheld the great boulder
from which John Wesley preached salvation
to grim-faced miners, grey as granite?
You, with your memories of pink Briassa rock,
the silhouette of Portvenere
against unforgettable sunsets,
you, author of the *Rainbow*
whose spreading radiance
no magistrate could quench.

Walter J. Strachan

# FAKES, MISTAKES AND IMITATIONS

## by Francis Edwards

THE current exhibition at the British Museum needs more than one visit to take it all in, and a second visit highlights a number of interesting questions. Those who mounted the exhibition did not conceal the difficulty themselves of deciding at times when a fake is a fake or the fact that the problem goes back at least 3,000 years. Did it occur to someone in 630 B.C. or thereabouts to 'fake' the priest Tjayasclima based on the statue of another, Nenkheftka, dating from about 2400 B.C.? The motive was probably the nobler one of trying to imitate the best from an earlier generation. But it is sometimes only inscriptions that enable separation in time and true identification to be attempted (9a and 9b).

Most of the exhibits and perhaps the less interesting, though by no means uninteresting, are those which are obviously falsifications. Those of us who remember a similar exhibition mounted in the same place some twenty years or so ago will welcome like an old friend the celebrated — I hate to use the word notorious — Etruscan sarcophagus which was supposed to have been excavated in fragments at Cervetri (No. 1). It was bought by the museum from Alessandro Castellani in 1873. I can sympathise with the museum authorities who were reluctant to give up their masterpiece although it was soon noticed that the inscription resembled that on a brooch in the Louvre. It was also known not long afterwards that Enrico Penelli, brother of the 'finder', boasted publicly that he made it. I remember seeing it as a small boy on my visits to the museum since not until 1935 was it withdrawn from view.

One is not surprised by the fact, if a little by the presence, of Johnny Walker Black Label brewed in the Lebanon, or of Johnny Hawker Old Scotch Whisky brewed in Indonesia, nor yet by 'Yarley's English Lavender... By appointment to H.M. Queen, B.S.P., and the Queen Daughter' seized in Bombay in 1986 and 1989 (266). But one expects a little better from the world of science even when it is applied and influenced by commerce. What shall we make of exhibit number 94, a replica of the 'transmitting portion of the original experimental Baird television apparatus'? This was presented to the Science Museum by John Logie Baird himself in 1926, accompanied by a photograph in which he is smiling broadly, and no doubt mischievously. In fact it could never have worked and was truth to tell 'a recreation put together as part of the Baird Company's publicity campaign': yet another youthful illusion shattered since this too I remember seeing on my early trips to the museum. Is the original sin compounded by the fact that what we see in the present exhibition is not the original fake but only a copy of the fake?

Undoubtedly the most fascinating — one could well say 'intriguing' — objects are those which are probably not fakes at all, or which contain large elements of authenticity. We meet one early in the display. 'Clytie'

(No. 3) we are told was Charles Towneley's favourite sculpture and accepted by him as a masterpiece of the first century A.D. It was taken to be a portrait bust of Antonia Augusta (36 B.C. to A.D. 38), daughter of Mark Antony and mother of Claudius. However it was thought to be spurious owing to the 'revealing drapery' coyly leaving one breast almost bare. This was not considered to be consonant with imperial portraits and so the bust, beautiful and elegant enough to rank with the best in antiquity, was relegated to the rank of an 18th-century fake. Fairly recently, however, a similar figure was found at Aphrodisias in Asia Minor although of workmanship much inferior. This is taken to represent one of the subject peoples conquered by Augustus and this presumably is what the present bust may be assumed to be. The present bust: but once again we are dealing with the fake of a fake, or the copy of a fake, or the copy of a genuine original. A label somewhat bashfully attached to the side of the plinth assures us that 'what is displayed here is not in fact the original marble bust, which has been lent for exhibition in Australia, but a specially commissioned coloured cast'. It all grows more complicated as one proceeds.

The future must decide, if and when it can, on the marble relief of a girl before a round temple (No. 147) which J. J. Winckelmann considered 'one of the most beautiful works surviving from antiquity'. As such Henry Blundell acquired it for his collection at Ince. In the 1920s, alas, Bernard Ashmole concluded otherwise, attributing it to the 18th century; and because of so many breaks and repairs dismissed it as a forgery into the bargain. A question remains as to whether he was right or not. Little doubt now remains, on the other hand, concerning the 'Blau Monuments' (322). Presented to the museum in 1899, nothing like them had previously come to light and they were dismissed as forgeries. Looking at these rather crudely carved, vaguely Babylonian objects in phyllite or slaty schist, resembling a dull bluish-green jade or nephrite, it is easy to understand why the experts were suspicious. Nevertheless time proved them wrong. Subsequent excavations showed them to be genuine early Sumerian objects dating from about 2,900 B.C. and containing the earliest examples of cuneiform script.

A puzzle from the Far East is a representation of the Bhodisattva Maitreya (332). Seventh century as regards style, it has long been considered an early Japanese bronze, one of the very few outside Japan. Its provenance seems to be convincing. All the same, some of the applied gold appears to be electroplated, there is no fitment for the nimbus usually attached to such figures, the fingers of the right hand are wrongly flexed and the drapery shows no remarkable understanding of what happens to folded cloth. Could it be a copy made at a time difficult or impossible to define?

Most will agree that the more arresting puzzles are those which touch our own interests historical or cultural more nearly. I have thought for a long time that a curious object on display in the Horniman Museum at Forest Hill was altogether other than it seemed to be. This is now in

the exhibition as item 51. It is offered as a torture chair from the 'Spanish Inquisition'. It was acquired by F. J. Horniman (1835-1906) as coming from 'cell 23, a dungeon of the Spanish Inquisition' at Cuenca. Along with 'whips, flails and bridles' and other items to titillate sadistic imagination, it formed part of the original museum display which opened in 1901. The caption at present on view tells us that the chair was 'made up of genuine 17th-century instruments of torture and restraint' including a Spanish garotte and an early 19th-century workbench. The caption warns us fairly that 'this torture chair and others like it reflect the vivid 19th-century image of the horrors of the Spanish Inquisition'. Anyone acquainted, in the course of ordinary historical studies on the 16th and 17th centuries, with apparatus used for forcing the human will must be aware that even a hotchpotch contrivance such as that before us does not correspond even vaguely with the sort of thing that was in use anywhere in Europe at all events. Instruments of torture, and we may see in Amsterdam examples in a museum devoted to the subject as well as illustrations nearer home and a model of the rack which used at all events to be on view in the Tower of London, were fairly crude devices: massive beams and rough hempen ropes with nothing reminiscent of fine joinery or engineering. The device from Forest Hill, however, is substantially a piece of precision engineering in steel. It seems likely that it was some kind of surgical apparatus designed for keeping the patient, not to say the victim, inert while whatever operation it was was being performed. True, one would have to admit that the distinction between torture and a surgical operation in earlier centuries was a fine one and presumably not much appreciated by whoever was undergoing either. Nevertheless the intention of the operator is, or was, not without importance. Admittedly, there is nothing resembling this object in the two galleries devoted to medical history in the Science Museum but research in the Burroughs Welcome medical library in the Euston Road might well turn up something resembling the present object. Certainly, the dioramas in the Science Museum display make it clear that the Spaniards were remarkably in advance of their times in some aspects at least of therapeutical practice. The importance of light, air and space and the provision of privacy when the patient wanted it were fully recognised, and surgical methodology was certainly not behind anything known in its own generation.

Some of the most tantalising objects occur in a section right at the end devoted to matters uncertain and unresolved. In March, 1924, a lad of seventeen, Emile Fradin, was ploughing a field with his grandfather when he lighted suddenly on the entrance to a subterranean chamber. It proved to be full of objects — some 5,000 were collected eventually for the local museum — belonging to a culture so far completely unidentified. Dr. Morlet, an amateur archaeologist, was the first to make an investigation and offer his conclusions. There were clay tablets inscribed in an alphabet unknown, handprints in clay, figurines, urns and pottery, bone implements and tools (No. 334). News of the discovery soon attracted interest more

professional. Professor Salomon Reinach examined the find and in spite of the singularity of the artefacts concluded that whatever their provenance they could not be other than genuine. The larger world however refused to accept them. An international committee set up to look into the matter more closely concluded not merely that they were dubious but that the whole thing was an elaborate hoax. Young Emile was taken to court although the case was eventually dropped and he himself won a subsequent suit for defamation against one of his accusers. However by 1974 considerable progress had been made in methods of dating when Professor Vagn Mejdhal submitted some of the objects to the thermoluminescence process. He and scientists in Edinburgh concluded that the date of the objects must lie between 700 B.C. and A.D. 100. There was no further question, then, of contemporary fraud. Subsequent testing by the C.14 process on organic material put the bone objects even earlier. Nevertheless the archaeologists still proved difficult to convince, and one sympathises with them. Articles falling outside all the categories of classification should not exist. But sometimes they do. This seems to be true of what in some ways is the most interesting and challenging of all the exhibits on view.

The Turin Shroud will be for most the one relatively familiar object in the whole exhibition. Much publicity has been devoted to it in the popular press. True, one cannot of course see the original on display here but there is the next best thing, a full-scale transparency portraying it perfectly, even down to the herringbone pattern of the weave. It was lent by courtesy of Mr. Kevin Belmont of North Carolina, USA (No. 302). The caption informs us, 'The shroud is a linen cloth of which this is a full-sized transparency. It bears the remarkable image of the front and back of a man who appears to have been scourged and crucified, and it was believed by some to have been Christ's burial shoud. Its history is known with certainty from about A.D. 1350 when it was in the possession of the de Charny family in France. In 1989 three laboratories radiocarbon dated samples from the shroud and produced a calibrated date of A.D. 1260-1390 demonstrating that the linen is mediaeval, a date that corresponds well with first appearance of the shroud in France'.

In fact the celebrated finding of the three laboratories by no means clears up the difficulties or makes it possible to dismiss the shroud as a fabrication. Perhaps the first thing to be said is that it should make no difference to the religious belief of Catholics or of anybody else whether the shroud is a fake or not. While holy relics like other historical or even personal souvenirs can have their place in the general scheme of things, at best they only confirm and do not constitute an adequate basis in themselves for faith. What becomes clear from the transparency is that this was indeed the shroud or some sort of covering for someone who suffered the identical tortures and death inflicted on Christ. What we have before us is an apparently smudged and vague image, a negative not a positive, at once too large and too pallid for us to make very much out of it apart from its shadowy resemblance to the front and back of a human person with a number of mottled and discoloured stains which could be

interpreted by imagination in more ways than one. Only the invention of photography and the possibility of reducing in size and intensifying the image in quality made it possible to recognize it unmistakably for what it is.

One thing is certain, an image of this sort could not have been produced by the very limited technology in the field possessed by even the best artists or men of primitive science in the 13th or 14th century. If the laboratories had established the fact that the cloth was in fact late 19th-century the general conclusion that the thing was a fake would have been more plausible. It is worth remembering that the inventor of the C.14 test in the 1940s would not, as it appears, submit the shroud to this particular test for the simple reason that it had been exposed in the 18th century to a fire; incidentally a fire which might have proved disastrous. Indeed, the marks of this fire are still there and the evidence of repair in the burnt patches — which fortunately do not touch any of the crucial areas — are all too visible. This means that there must still be present a minute amount of more recent carbon; minute but sufficient nevertheless to obviate a completely reliable result by this method of dating. Other recent scientific examinations have provided us with an interesting and convincing third dimensional photograph and shown that pollen present must have come originally from the Near East. Certainly a fake executed in the mediæval period would have been a good deal less subtle and left us with a Christ more clearly reconcilable with the hagiographical iconography of its day. Paul Vignon's *The Shroud of Christ* . . ., translated from the French with nine photogravure and collotype plates, and 30 illustrations besides, made these and many other cogent points in a book published at Westminster in 1902. True, a criticism of the work was published by F. D. de Mely in French the same year. Vignon however returned to the charge with his *Le Saint Suaire de Turin devant la Science, l'Archéologie, l'Histoire, l'Iconographie, la Logique*, a substantial quarto of 216 pages published in Paris in 1938.

Perhaps the last word, one of commendable modesty, on the whole endeavour should be left to those who devised and executed this fascinating exhibition. 'The judgments behind the labels in this exhibition, though expert, are not infallible; objects confidently described as fake by one generation have, in the past, been shown to be genuine by the next'. I have to admit that making my way to the museum exit after my visit I was pursued by an uncomfortable urge to wonder how many of the wonderful things by which I was surrounded on the way out should rightly be in the display I had just left.

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[The Rev'd. Francis Edwards, S.J., archivist and historian of the British Province S.J., residing at Farm Street, London, 1959-86, was archivist of the Archivum Romanum S.J. in Rome, 1986-89. He retired from formal archival work in 1990 to join the parish staff of the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Farm Street, and also to continue writing and lecturing. His books, mainly on 16th and 17th century history, include *The Jesuits in England*, an overall history of the British Province.]

# POEMS

## MUCH HAPPY TRAVELLING

All destinations are the same.

Wherever we go
We arrive eventually at ourselves,
Weary, travel-stained and, almost certainly
No wiser than when we started out.

It is only in the going
That we preserve an element of freedom,

The illusion of escaping to an unknown,
Unattainable bright personality,
A new being whose every whim
Is catered for and whose long future
Is ripe with the promise
Of much happy travelling.

## SAD CALIBAN

His mother, 'SYCORAX,
(In Greek the name means Sow-crow)
Flew to the island,
Pregnant by some monster of the moon.

He was weaned on stagnant water
Among the dead trees of the island.

He grew up unbeautiful, unschooled,
Yet master of his habitat.

Until Prospero landed, shipwrecked, with Miranda.
Then he became a slave, unwilling, truculent,
Bearing a grudge of curses for his master.

Now he stumbles onstage daily
In one or other corner of the world:
A perennial character.

Pity him.

Michael O'Higgins

# REVAMPING CLASSICISM — EUROPEAN ART 1910-1930

## by Muriel Julius

ONE of the great fascinations for people like myself who enjoy museums is the seemingly endless ingenuity of art historians and curators to discover new areas of interest. Just as one thought oneself sated by a recent crop of excellent exhibitions, the Tate Gallery displays a marvellous cornucopia of unfamiliar works by rarely seen artists from Spain, Italy and France. How many people in Britain, I wonder, know the works of the Spanish sculptors Pablo Gargollo or Manolo: the compelling paintings of the Italians Achile Funi, Felice Casorati, Virgilio Guidi or the carvings of the Frenchman, Joseph Bernard? They have a pleasant surprise awaiting them.

Spurred perhaps by the fondness of Prince Charles for classic architecture, Elizabeth Cowling, Lecturer in History of Art at Edinburgh University, and Jennifer Mundy of the Tate Gallery's Modern Collection have co-ordinated 'On Classic Ground — Picasso, Léger, de Chirico and the new Classicism 1910-1930'. The formidable list of museum directors, private collectors and scholars who are thanked in the catalogue bears witness to the enormous amount of co-operation required to make this exhibition possible.

Classicism has been a peripheral topic in modern art histories. It is only in the last ten years that the classical works of Picasso and de Chirico have been studied seriously. I have two small cavils: how is it that among the forty-three artists represented here there is not one woman? And, like so many modern temporary exhibitions, it is too large.

The surge in European classicism came about as a reaction against Impressionism and the brutality of war. As war drew near Impressionism was condemned on all sides as too preoccupied with ephemeral effects; incapable of universal meaning. An archaic Greek statue, an African mask or a still life by Juan Gris were 'good': a sculpture by Rodin or a water-lily painting by Monet was 'bad'. In 1916, in a celebrated preface to an exhibition of paintings by André Derain, the poet and art critic Guillame Apollinaire urged artists to 'submit boldly to the disciplines of the Great Tradition' — the time for experiments, Cubism, Orphism and Fauvism however audacious is past — a return to classicism — 'the call to order', as it became known, was the right way forward.

Then as now Cézanne's reputation as the father of modern art was virtually unassailable. For the vanguard of young artists he was the modern incarnation of the Great Tradition. Two works by him pre-date 1910 — an unfamiliar contemplative portrait 'A Young Italian Girl leaning on her Elbow' from a private collection and 'Bathers', a rhythmic, frieze-like arrangement of nudes among trees. Once owned by Gertrude Stein, this small version of a theme repeated several times was admired and imitated by many younger artists. It comes now from the Baltimore Museum of Art.

In 1910 *The Architectural Record*, a New York magazine, published an interview with Georges Braque in which he stated: 'I couldn't portray a woman in all her natural loveliness... I haven't the skill. No one has. I must therefore create a new sort of beauty, the beauty that appears to me in terms of volume, of line, of mass, of weight, and through that beauty interpret my subjective impression.' In fact, only two years earlier he completed his first Cubist painting 'Grand Nu'. The two 'Basket Bearers' of 1922 are monumental semi-nudes with arms aloft like a pair of caryatids. His inhibition was practically unique.

This exhibition has more examples of the unclothed human form, in paint, pencil, stone and bronze than almost any I can recall. Certainly his partner in the creation of Cubism, Picasso, revelled in the female form divine — a phrase alas no longer used. With nineteen works Picasso dominates this show. He must tie with Renoir in having painted more nudes than any other artist. 'Maternity' — an imitation of the calm serenity of classic art but here massive hands encircle the infant and bold drapery makes its authorship unmistakable.

Picasso's women convey erotic energy even in repose, as in 'The Source', and ecstasy as conveyed by the two girls, each with a breast uncovered, rushing wildly along the shore in 'The Race'. These women typify Nietzsche's Dionysian concept of vital energy and procreative lust. Picasso was remarkable for his ability to switch style without effort from a classic composition to a cubist one. The meticulous pencil portrait of Ambroise Vollard, his early supporter and dealer, shows a quite other Picasso. So does the oil painting 'Harlequin' — a portrait of Léonide Massine, then principal dancer and choreographer in Diaghilev's Ballets Russes. At the time, 1917, Picasso was in Barcelona courting his first wife, Olga, a dancer in the Company. One cannot summarize Picasso.

The nudes of Fernand Léger, are monumental, solid in structure and precise in execution. His masterpiece, 'Le Grand Déjeuner' of 1921, has been lent by the Museum of Modern Art, New York. The authoritative American art critic, Clement Greenberg greatly admires this huge canvas, stating that it improves steadily with the passage of time. He continues:

> Later on, Léger will be able to secure unity only by elimination and drastic simplification, but here he achieves it by adding, varying and complicating elements simple in themselves. First, staccato stripings, checkerings, dottings, curvings, anglings — then a massive calm that always supervenes in great painting. The great tubular, nude forms, so limpid in colour, so evenly turgid, yet with their relief so firmly locked in place between busy foreground and even busier background, and their contours so expertly adjusted to still the clamour around them — these own the taut canvas as no projection of a more earnestly meant illusion could.

Giorgio de Chirico, the third catalyst of this exhibition, was one of the most original artists of this century. Part of but very different from the *mondaine* world in which Picasso and Léger existed, he expanded and transformed previous definitions of classicism in radically new ways. Born and brought up in Greece, where his father was a railway engineer, he studied in Munich with his Swiss painter hero, Arnold Böcklin, who initiated in him the juxtaposition of the commonplace and the fantastic.

Through voracious reading of Nietzsche and Schopenhauer he absorbed the German vision of the classical world. The Tate Gallery owns one of the early, 1913, metaphysical compositions. In 'The Uncertainty of the Poet' we see an empty sunlit, arcaded piazza, with in the foreground an armless, legless, headless classical torso alongside which lies a large bunch of bananas, one of which has somehow become detached from the rest. On the horizon, beneath a blue Mediterranean sky we glimpse the mast of a ship, and a train, its white steam streaming behind, a reference perhaps to his father's profession. The ambiguous quality of his work made him the darling of the Parisien Surrealists who cultivated dream imagery. In fact the Surrealist poet, Paul Eluard, bought this painting and later sold it to the British Surrealist painter, Roland Penrose. A year later another extraordinary composition — 'Song of Love' juxtaposes the most unlikely objects — a large plaster head of Apollo absurdly placed next to an outsize red rubber glove beneath which lies a green ball. It comes from M.O.M.A., New York.

The Pushkin Museum in Moscow has lent a rarity — de Chirico's strangely tinted monumental 'Roman Women' inspired by ancient statuary. At the time, 1926, his wife was studying archaeology at the Sorbonne and possibly images in her textbooks inspired him. De Chirico was an intellectual who wrote extensively and brilliantly. Above his dramatically posed self-portrait he painted the Latin tag which translated reads: 'I seek enduring fame in order to be celebrated the world over'.

Just as Naum Gabo changed his name so as not to be confused with his brother Antoine Pevsner, so de Chirico's younger brother called himself Alberto Savinio. A brilliant musician, his writings and poetry were encouraged by Apollinaire. Inexplicably his paintings, as amazing and enigmatic as those of his famous brother, have never achieved similar acclaim. They were among the most extraordinary in last year's 'Italian Art in the Twentieth Century' at the Royal Academy. In addition he is witty. In his painting of two over-sized nudes, 'Roger and Angelica', Roger is shown with an animal head, in this case a cock. Savinio was fascinated by the idea of using animals to represent a person's character.

There are two still lifes by the inimitable Giorgio Morandi. From the Hermitage Museum, Leningrad, a quartered pink mannequin head inside a magical box, and from Cologne a subtly toned ochre assemblage of four vessels. They radiate an uncanny stillness. A Bolognese critic, Riccardo Bacchelli wrote: 'His sensibility is not artificial or forced but restrained and disciplined... Morandi portrays each object with the impartiality of Chardin'. Painted in 1918 and 1920 they mark his emergence into the new Italian 'return to order' movement.

When I lived in Milan in the late 1950s the gaily stylized work of Massimo Campigli with its diabolo motif was seen constantly. Not so now. His sympathetic 'The Seamstresses' of 1925 has been lent by the Hermitage. It is of two women in undergarments and corsets, sewing. The intimacy of this scene was of special significance. As a child Campigli had been surrounded entirely by women. The hour-glass corset outline that

appears obsessively in his work was for him a symbol of femininity.

Felice Casorati is one of the most disturbing of all the Italian artists. 'Still Life with Mannequins' explores illusion and reality by means of mirrored reflections of baffling complexity. Even more remarkable is his famous portrait 'Silvana Cenni' painted in 1922 and now in a private collection in Turin. The extremely slender girl with downcast eyes is seated against a classic architectural background that includes a tower — a Freudian symbol. Her stillness recalls a Piero della Francesca Madonna except that the books and scrolls scattered at her feet are disturbingly modern. The use of tempera, the usual medium of Renaissance artists, gives this work an intense purity as if untouched by human hands. Casorati's magic realism is spellbinding.

Virgilio Guidi is an unfamiliar artist whose beautifully lighted single painting, 'The Visit', shows two large elderly ladies who remind one irresistibly of Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas. Ubaldo Oppi, another magic realist; Carlo Socrate, Antonio Donghi and Achille Funi all represented here are Italian artists whose names do not come readily to mind for most of us.

Spanish art was isolated until after the First World War. Picasso and Juan Gris went early to Paris as did Salvador Dali and Joan Miro a generation later. Among the most important and rarely seen works are Miro's two early, 1918 and 1919, meticulously observed landscapes painted at Montroig, his father's farm. That Salvador Dali's technique could rival Raphael's is demonstrated in his beautifully controlled pencil drawing of his sister and his father. But the names of painters Josep de Togores, Joaquim Sunyer and Mariano Andreu; and sculptors Enric Casanovas, Pablo Gargallo and José Clará are unfamiliar.

Julio Gonzalez we know as the father of metal sculpture, a technique he taught his friend, Picasso. An exhibition of these rigid pieces was seen recently in Glasgow and in London, but at the Tate we see another Gonzalez. A sensitive and dreamlike mask of a woman's face in gently pitted *repoussé* copper, an attractive technique he learned from his father, a goldsmith; and an extremely languorous bronze nude, the size of a man's hand. Two unexpected oil paintings by Gonzalez are exhibited — the simplified contours of 'Woman Sleeping on the Beach' of 1914 reflecting the influence of Puvis de Chavannes.

José Clará (1878-1958) was the most famous Catalan sculptor of his generation. 'Rhythm' of 1910, a group of two lightly draped Arcadian nymphs is one of his most celebrated works. It was partly inspired by his intimate friendship with Isadora Duncan which lasted from 1903 until her death in 1927. Four remarkably spontaneous drawings of her dancing are shown which capture something of her ecstatic response to music that enthralled audiences.

Pablo Gargallo (1881-1934) was the creator of 'Torso of a Young Gipsy' which is, in my opinion, the most beautiful sculpture in this exhibition.

One of the great delights of this exhibition is the sculpture. The flauntingly female works by Aristide Maillol dominate. His justly famous con-

templative nude 'The Mediterranean' is here. André Gide wrote of it: 'It is beautiful; it has no meaning; it is a silent work. One would have to go a long way back to find so complete a manifestation of beauty'. Once this lovely piece could be admired daily in the Tuileries Gardens. Ousted by a glass pyramid, it is now in the Musée d'Orsay. Maillol's sturoly 'Three Nymphs', owned by the Tate, make an interesting contrast to Canova's slender three Graces.

A stunningly beautiful black bronze head by Jacques Lipschitz is of Raymond Radiguet. In 1920 Radiguet was seventeen years old, the precociously gifted poet and author of the charming novel *Le Bal de Comte d'Orgel*. He was the lover and protégé of Jean Cocteau and the darling of the Parisian social world. In his autobiography Lipschitz wrote: 'The young man had an extremely beautiful skull structure, very crisp and clear-cut features, all of which I accentuated ... It is an extremely classical work with some of the qualities of idealism and repose that you find in Ancient Greek sculpture'. Three years later Radiguet died of typhoid.

Arturo Martini, died in Milan in 1947. He had been one of the favoured Fascist sculptors and after the war fell out of fashion. Recent reassessment of his importance results in seven of his works being shown. His terracotta torso of the human back of 1928 is beautiful; and his sleeping nude of 1930, 'Woman in the Sun', with her hat askew on her head is charming and witty.

As one goes through this beautfully hung and chosen exhibition one is stimulated and fascinated by the variety of interpretation artists bring to the theme of classicism. It remains at the Tate Gallery, London until 2nd September, 1990 and should not be missed.

# FRAGMENTS FROM THE PAST: A NOTEBOOK

## by A. L. Rowse

**Kashmir and Nehru**

ADMIRAL Nimitz told me the following story; now that he and Nehru are dead I contribute it to the record of history. At the Partition of India the British left Kashmir to decide for itself by a plebiscite; for, though the ruler and his government were Hindu, the majority of the population, some 70 per cent were Muslim. The United Nations invited Admiral Nimitz as an unprejudiced outsider, to supervise the plebiscite. He got together his team, which included a Swede. A careful, conscientious man, also very thorough, he collected all the relevant documents from India and Britain, then set to work.

When ready to proceed he found himself unaccountably held up. After a time he returned to the United Nations and proposed to hand in his assignment, since they weren't getting anywhere and charges were mounting. The United Nations besought him not to give up and persuaded him to continue his efforts. He resumed them, but still found himself impeded, he didn't know whence or how. The UN suggested that he discuss the matter with Nehru on his next visit to New York to address the world from the United Nations Building.

Closeted with Nehru, Nimitz found that he was the obstruction: Nehru had no intention of allowing a plebiscite to take place in Kashmir. Nimitz then gave up and handed in his cards; he concluded — he said to me with his usual moderation of statement — that 'Nehru was no statesman'.

He may not have known that Nehru was a Kashmiri Brahmin, belonging to the Hindu minority there and had no intention of seeing justice done. The result of this was two, if not three, wars between Pakistan and India, the exasperation of Muslims against Hindus, and this perpetual running sore between the two. Of course justice would see Kashmir partitioned — seven-tenths Muslim, three-tenths Hindu

I perfectly understand Nehru's attitude as *Realpolitik*. What I do not welcome is that this went along with a continual holier-than-thou preaching to the British, the intolerable assumption of moral superiority.

This should not be accepted, but given its real name: Hindu Humbug. Like Gandhi's. It doesn't wear with me.

**These are from pocket Notebooks — apart from longer Diaries — in which I hoped to catch life on the wing, moment by moment.**

March 13, 1930: In the train an old man sitting on his bag in the corridor reading a book — it looks like the Holy Bible, rusty black leather binding. He seemed a Nonconformist minister, gold-rimmed spectacles, the right kind of drooping moustache, venerable white hair. When I got him a seat in our compartment his book turned out to be *The Puzzle Book*.

A Cornish wood is more sparse as you go further west into Penwith: trees

smaller, mere copses in folds of valleys, bare hills above, a glimpse of water in sun through diminutive oaks.

In the field sloping to the sea,
the earth heels over
Seagulls turn white breasts to the sun
lambs cry with seagull bleat
blue tide running in.

I take up my book about Hawkins and Plymouth again at North Road station (Plymouth). Sun and a fresh breeze on the Hamoaze as we go over Saltash Bridge.

Easton Lodge, for G. D. H. Cole's new venture, the Society for Socialist Inquiry and Propaganda, in the presence of Ernest Bevin and Edward VII's old mistress, Lady Warwick: each so fat that they lap over their armchairs. W. A. Robson, of the L.S.E., says at the end of every sentence, 'And so on, and so forth'. Cole says at the beginning of each sentence, 'What I am thinking in terms of . . .'. Pugh, the Trade Unionist, says, 'It's a question of ta-ime'. Ernest Bevin says nothing, but occasionally exchanges a word with Lady Warwick, her capacious velvety bosom — on which Edward VII reposed — a haven of pneumatic bliss. I watch, and note the melancholy cry of peacocks, the incessant chatter of the room.

It was all futile: G. D. H. Cole's attempt to repair the damage he had done when young by leaving the Fabian Society. Beatrice Webb said to me that he had taken with him their whole younger generation. After a dozen or fifteen years he came back. O the hopelessness of intellectuals! He then, by getting out of step with Bevin, ran his new venture, SSIP, into the sands. With that I had had enough. Attlee described Cole as 'the perpetual undergraduate'.

In the noise and bustle of the refreshment room at Paddington — *cet éternel va-et-vient d'un petit port* — I suddenly think of Jane Lane and the hazel eyes she transmitted to poor little Cyril. [See *A Cornish Childhood* under the name Loam.]

At Euston the morning after the disaster to the Royal Scot the station has a subdued, sombre air, men standing about in groups discussing it. Outside the station the splendid portico announces the Gateway to the North. [The tremendous classic arch with its columns was subsequently destroyed, and the fine open space of Endsleigh Gardens half built over for the Quaker headquarters.]

At night — the nid-nodding of the pine tree
unmeaning between the lamp and me.

Mrs. R. 'Look at it! The sea is mountains-'igh, great white 'orses turnin' op. Black east wind. 'Tis terrible, iss, me dear life'. [Cornish dialect.] 'Shivering like a toad in stays'.

Carn Grey, Easter Saturday: clear light over all the leagues of land — so bright, every brick dark-red and crumbling with age is picked out at the top of the old stack; colouring dove-grey splashed with russet up to the

lip where brick begins. In the valley a new china-clay burrow with a sky-tip like a ship's mast tilted. Shadows skim over the brilliant land right up to Rowtor on the eastern skyline, the shadows themselves blue as they swim over the landface.
The hoarse animal note of a motor-car down the midnight road. A child outside cries like a seagull.
The blue Gribben plumed with feathery rain-clouds, snail-tracks on the level sea. Now the massed clouds roll back from the coast inland, gulls crying in the near coves. The momentary enchantment spoiled by a pushing woman with a pram. New-ploughed earth falls into the furrow — a fine pattern where the harrow has turned.
Would an industrial society find it hard to understand the Harrowing of Hell? — As primitive Melanesians, not connecting copulation with birth, could not understand the concept of the Fatherhood of God. This was the gospel according to Malinowski at the L.S.E.
A large bumble-bee goes noisily by: Aprill
The mild primrose hedges of spring.
Two black cormorants glitter and flap across the water, dive and are gone. Neap-tide so low, it has uncovered a rock off the Gribben I had never remarked before. Strange birds make a strange sweet noise at water's edge — oystercatchers. A man rows across from Ropehawn to Porthpean, the oars making a dull rhythmical sound against the rowlocks. Rame Head appears very distinct, beyond that Start Point and cliffs of Devon. From here the land appears hurrying down by leaps and folds to throw itself into the sea.

**Cornish speech.**
In the barber's shop.
Butcher Stephens in the chair: 'Mornin', Mr. Honey'.
Mr. Honey: 'Mr. Stephens in the chair. How is it then?'
Butcher Stephens: 'Just as belong to. No better an' no worse'.
Mr. Honey: 'Couldn't be no worse'.
Butcher Stephens: 'Which way do 'ee mean? In mind or body?'
Mr. Honey: 'Well, takin' a broad view, like'.
Butcher Stephens: "tis broad, an' 'tis a very good view'.
O the blessed relief of getting away from people's tongues. Here there's nothing but the clucking of chicken, mooing of cows, cocks crowing, and over the moors skylarks singing.
bluelight-velveted horses ploughing in distant haze.
Mrs. R.: 'I can't spell nothin'. I'm the wishtest poor speller that was ever creaated'.
To the cat: ' 'e mother's li'l sweet-'eart stuffed with treacle'.
The mute inglorious Mewton plays chess every evening, 8 to 10, with F. R. Pascoe, the buccaneer Secretary for Education at County Hall.

**Return to Oxford.**
Railway cuttings in spring sheeted with violets, starry with primroses; the

woods of Lantyne white with anemones; Lostwithiel smiling in the sun, a young chestnut shooting into leaf at the corner of the quay. At Restormel the light slants down the hillside through stripped trees; on higher, windier ground towards Liskeard golden gorse never more rich.

All Souls: a thrush scatters raindrop notes in the wet court.

Plan for a little book of Pictures in Prose [written but unpublished].

Oxford today full of country parsons; one of them in Mowbray's bookshop, with much clacking of teeth, reveals they are for the 'Diocesan Conference'. There they were on the crowded pavement outside Sainsbury's and the Home and Colonial Stores, fat and pursy, elbowing their way with their stomachs, gamp in hand. Then the lean and hungry ones, loose collar and scrannel neck; canon distinguished by the button in his hat, buttocks to balance. Imagine what rabbit holes they come out of: quiet rectories in the Cotswolds, garden round grey stone house; red-brick vicarages on the plain by Cholsey and Molesford; forbidding squires, spinster district visitors, emptying churches.

All Souls: A shower of rain and light in the garden. Colours! everything more perfectly itself than before: the roofs more purple-blue, Queen's Library windows more sepia-green; young chestnut shoots hold up fingers to the rain; a jewel of rainlight winks on the roofrim, water pours into the mouth of the spout; a rainbow over all.

May 29, 1930. Speaking in the Gyllingdune Gardens, Falmouth, here I am in the grotto overlooking the sea, tide running in, a motor-launch crossing, the long lifting and whispering of water. A bullfinch hammers away in the trees behind, old ladies walk the shaven lawn next door. The pinetree's upthrust needles are like some submarine plant. I start thinking: what a fascinating history Falmouth has had (and a record of bribery and corruption both Parliament — and borough-wise). Pendennis out there on the left, cliffs falling away — to think I know much more of its early days than now, and of its first Captain, John Killigrew. And of John Sterling and Caroline Fox who makes for me the life of Falmouth in the last century. Ugh: now time to start speaking.

The reflected waterlight under the leaves catches at the heart and fills the eyes with tears.

All Souls: I look up from the remains of tea on the tray, sheen of silver tea-pot that mirrors the high garden wall, chestnut tree and poplars, fleecy summer sky; sugar basin with tongs of the time of Pitt. Suddenly I find the garden alert with awareness, a miniature wall-fern nods to me from its cusp across the lawn to attract attention. The irises stretch out their tattered flags to the bells that fill the outer air. Tulips hold out their cups in flagrant desire. The garden no longer withholds its secret life: it waits. But for what?

Now it draws back from its open offering, the former reserve has stolen back: we keep our distances. Perhaps it was the bells that achieved that momentary, magical unity.

The river ponds where low forms of life huddle and congregate.

Judas trees in Roman gardens, purple in spring wind, on the Palatine

especially.
In chapel: the shadow of a bird crosses the pictured window.
Use the Last Judgment in medieval frescoes, and quote from Latin poems, *Urbs beata Jerusalem.* [I was obsessed by the idea of a poem on the End of the World, *Finis Mundi.*]
What *is* the relation between historical relativism and absolute standards — if any other than mathematical ones — or 'values'? Is it a difference of perspective, a looking at the same phenomena from two different planes? In the one.... [Here was another obsession that bothered my mind during those years. I tried to think the matter out in the central chapter of *The Use of History.*]
In the Sheldonian, the poet Yeats receiving an honorary degree. He advances up the aisle with a mixed expression of willed diffidence and ingenuous pleasure, evidently self-conscious and a bit hesitant. I am surprised to see so large a figure, heavy shoulders rounded by age, a shock of grey hair lifted back in two by a furrow from the wide brow. While the Public Orator's eunuchoid chaffering in Latin goes on the poet looks lost in embarrassment. He advances with firm slow steps to the Vice-Chancellor, and then takes his seat in the circle as a Doctor. I hadn't expected so masculine a figure, yet the expression of the face is old-womanly. Difficult to see the eyes, weak behind huge spectacles; this gives an owl-like appearance. At first rather dazed, he looks uncomprehendingly around. As he settles into repose, or into the mask arranged to face the world, I notice conflicting traits, drooping corners of the mouth give a look of petulance and melancholy, the large red mouth sensual and self-indulgent, puckered expression of a spoilt child, the weak eyes visionary, withdrawn. The conflict simultaneous, not confused, leading up to a wide brow composed and serene — as if he has achieved calm at last, above the war of passions, weakness and the world.
All Souls: the garden presents a despairing picture, rain unceasing, warm and vertical, drenches everything, trees and blooms bedraggled, unresisting; the chairs overturned. Evening: a bright, patterned picture; the trees like gigantic blooms, the shadow of the great chestnut notched edgeways down the sunlit wall.
The sort of person who begins by flattering is likely to end by patronising.
The deserted house lost in green fields. [This was the Jacobean house of Hampden Gay or Poyle, that belonged to Wadham, had been burned and never restored.]
C. R. Cruttwell on Nippy Williams, canon of Christ Church: 'Exuding not the grace, but the grease, of God'. Too true: he was oleaginous. 'Looking as if he had been shined up every morning by a prostitute'. 'Looking like a Roman emperor who took to debauchery in the intervals of his intellectual exercises. I don't doubt his ability, but he has an unfortunate Christian appearance'.

Wishes
Not for ever to stand in sight
of that promised land

Not ever from this unavailing height
To know the fields that lie there
full of birdsong and the break of day
Not ever to remain content with the shadow
to forego the substance
Living this life of inner misery
So many selves folded and put away
like old clothes in a forgotten drawer
So many forlorn images
latent upon the mirrors' surfaces —
To put away pride, to stand naked
before the eye of man
To run wild in the fields among streams
Tasting the forbidden fruit
Setting my heel upon the bruised serpent.

Subjects for articles: Socialism and Speculative Thought; Lenin and Jaurès; Arnold as Social Critic; Newman and Marx; The Inwardness of English Policy; Castlereagh; Russell and the Pursuit of Happiness; The Politics of Swift; To Stanton Harcourt; D. H. Lawrence and the Working Class; Marxism and Literature.

Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry: 32nd Light Infantry, 1st Battalion from 1702; 46th Regiment, 2nd Battalion, begun 1741.

Railway from Cambridge. Old North Road, valerian; Gamlingay, stocks, foxgloves, gilly-flowers; Sandy, pansies and carnations; Blunham, lupins and roses; Willingdon, snapdragons and geraniums.

If I found love
If I could find
Some comparable gladness of mind
That would redeem
The wastage of my days.

Falmouth: a sailing boat slow across the bay, a pair of gulls crying over the promenade (Shelley and boat), a little launch with white line curving away from the prow.

Truro embankment: foxgloves — long candles lit, leaning over.

Magpies over the golden charlock.

Sunday lunch: Archie Campbell, Eric Alport.

[A. H. Campbell, law Fellow, friend of Auden and Spender; their friend, Jewish exile from Germany, about whom Spender wrote his early novel — thought libellous, it reposed in Faber's cellars, to be resurrected as *The Temple*, 1987.]

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[An extract from A. L. Rowse's Diary 'The Eve of the War, 1939: A Notebook', was published in the *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 255, No. 1484.]

# Literary Supplement

## THE PRIVATE LIFE OF AN ARCHBISHOP

*Michael Ramsey A Portrait.* Michael De-la-Noy. Collins. £12.99.

'How odd of God to choose the Jews . . .' runs the old ditty. Equally odd is the manner in which He selects Bishops and Archbishops. At least one might so reason after finishing this biographical essay by Michael De-la-Noy, Press Officer to Archbishop Ramsey from 1967-1970. It is, as he himself claims, a 'portrait' rather than a biography. Like all portraits, the subject's likeness is dependent on the artist's skills. This likeness is very good as far as it goes: as a first-hand, affectionate yet not uncritical account it makes remarkably good reading. The stories of great men in private always amuse and sometimes inform. We are told that Archbishop Ramsey would grab at his morning post and tear open those letters he wished to see. Those which he feared would create problems were stuffed into the pockets of his purple cassock, later to be 'lost' and never answered. This tells us as much about Michael Ramsey's abilities at administration as it does about his attitude to people.

Those who met the Archbishop knew they were in the presence of a great and spiritual man. His intelligence was profound: as the Visitor to my Oxford College he once made an official visitation. After the elaborate service in Chapel, he sat in a drawing-room, hunched up, his massive head appearing to rest on top of his knees, surrounded by undergraduates who fired questions with a mixture of bravado and, occasionally, insight. To these rifle volleys he fired back artillery salvos — quickly, amusingly and with deadly accuracy. He loved every minute.

On another occasion I had reason to telephone him, after his retirement, concerning the marriage of Prince Michael of Kent to the Austrian baroness whose marriage had been annulled by the Roman Catholic Church: what was the Church of England's position? He gave me a brilliant intellectual discussion but at the end I was no nearer an answer than I had been at the beginning. Here was Ramsey the theologian, the disputant and above all, the intellectual. Like most intellectuals, however, he seemed incapable of reaching a definte solution: this is probably the key to his mixed views over the agitation to ordain women as priests.

While the book is weak on those areas of Ramsey's life of which De-la-Noy is ignorant, it does present a remarkable portrait not only of the man but of the little world which is the inner circle of the Established Church. This is the world Garry Bennett exposed in his fearless but fatal introduction to *Crockford's Clerical Directory* and it is a world in which both Ramsey and De-la-Noy were at home. Not surprisingly it was, and remains, a world almost thoroughly cut off from the realities of English life. To see it and its denizens at first hand will help historians to see, in part, the reasons behind the Church's decline. This is well illustrated in Ramsey's pronouncements on coloured immigration: his views were not just those of an essentially late Victorian liberal but the thoughts of a man who lived in splendid isolation from the mainstream of national life. By transforming what was and remains a profound national problem over which people may properly differ into a 'moral' question is a theologian's and intellectual's way of winning the argument without debating the issues. It announces with episcopal infallibility that 'good people' must think a certain way: it is moral blackmail.

In part the author is too chatty: to quote Ramsey's comments on the Queen or on Lord Coggan is tactless. These were meant for private hearing and were not necessarily balanced judgements. As such they should either not be quoted or set in context. Frequently the author is settling scores with those who have crossed him in the manoeuvrings historically associated with palaces. De-la-Noy's discussion of the decline in Sunday attendances is facile; the religious census associated with Horace Mann occurred in 1851, not 1857 and the Royal Victorian Chain is not an 'order of chivalry' but a personal honour from the Sovereign. The Queen's decision to award Ramsey this relatively minor distinction tells us volumes not only about her attitude towards Ramsey but, one suspects, towards liberal intellectuals in general.

This would be a better book if it were more balanced: one suspects Ramsey emerges as more 'liberal' on some questions than was the case and the author overlooks his one pronouncement that so shocked the swinging-sixties, namely that human sinfulness lay at the foundation of man's existence. A fair amount of attention is paid to Ramsey's desire to see the Methodists reunited to the Church while very little is paid to the somewhat more important question of reunion with Rome. This is due one suspects to the author's own prejudices as well as to the lack of personal information. Skirting round the divisive issue of women priests by saying that 'one day the Holy Spirit may will that Rome should have women priests' is trite. While the author is keen to expose the weaknesses of those in the religious establishment whom he dislikes, he skims over many extremely unpleasant incidents associated with Lord Ramsey's retirement, both at Cuddesdon and in Durham. However, the book will remain indispensable for anyone wishing to knew something about Michael Ramsey. Future biographers will thank Michael De-la-Noy for bringing to life such a fascinating man, warts and all.

JAMES MUNSON

## THE WINNING SIDE: DISRAELI AS PRIME MINISTER

*Disraeli.* John Vincent. Oxford University Press, Pastmasters series. £4.95.

As with a letter, so with a book: it is harder to write a short one than a long one. John Vincent has triumphed — in a way impossible to Monypenny and Buckle, who needed six volumes. His brevity (128 pages) allows him to bring out more dramatically than they do the salient features in a fascinating career. Disraeli was an ill-educated and comfortably-off dandy whose literary-minded father had been a convert; the son proud of his Anglicanism, stayed proud too of his race. An urban product, he became a country gentleman, thanks to other people's (and his wife's) money. As a backbencher his skills as a rhetorician and at party manoeuvres enabled him to become the spokesman in the House of Commons for Lord Derby, the Tory circus-master in the Lords: as such, the Toryism he adopted was that of the English gentry (neither Scotland nor Wales nor Ireland were his demesnes), of the Church of England, and of the anti-Irish working class — which did take political tricks in Glasgow and Liverpool. He opposed temperance reform. As Professor Vincent puts it, the three pillars of his Toryism were the Bible, beer and brawls. The reforms of 1874 to 1876 were not his doing, but those of his Home Secretary, Sir Richard Cross. But his England was Liberal — and Gladstone, the one-time Tory, whom Disraeli greatly admired, became its voice. Disraeli's political

reputation rests ironically on losing six general elections and winning one. But Toryism then was short of leaders, and especially of leaders with charisma. And Disraeli wanted to be on the winning side, whoever the winner. Lord Randolph's verdict on his career was: 'Failure, failure, failure, partial success, renewed failure, ultimate and complete victory.' And he did it, in Professor Vincent's view, because he was skilful at keeping his party together, and because he was devoid of doctrine: he was 'the Harold Wilson of Conservatism.' He did more: he became the inspiration of his party — but only posthumously. On the anniversary of his death it was for long the fashion to wear a primrose. As Vincent reminds us, only two other national figures have entered the calendar in this way: not Nelson or Wellington or Churchill, but Guy Fawkes and Charles I.

Disraeli was more than a master (if not often a successful) tactician. He was a novelist before, and while, he was a politician. Though Trollope thought his novels 'flashy-frippery', and Vincent agrees with this verdict on the early writing ('His seventeenth book was his first good one'), they have been admired by many, including those as different as Henry James and Michael Foot. It is not difficult to distinguish between the seventeen earlier novels — in fact heavily autobiographical, aware of a Jewish inheritance, and fascinated, however fancifully, by the romance of the Mediterranean — and the later, especially The Young England trio (*Coningsby, Sybil* and *Tancred*). These three reflect his involvement in politics, yet remain remarkably unspecific, exotic, romantic and ironic, as was the politician. Professor Vincent sees the man as immensely talented and proud of it, as much influenced by his Jewishness both as novelist and politician, and as devoid of illusion; 'he rejected the fetishism of words in politics'. His skill was in manoeuvre; social cohesion mattered, but people, politicians, voters were to be manipulated by a master magician. His politics were aristocratic and cynical, and as exotic as his fiction. As he told Lord Derby in 1849, 'I am Disraeli, the adventurer'.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## A DISTINGUISHED PHYSICIST

*Schrödinger: life and thought.* Walter Moore. Cambridge University Press. 1989. Hardback £25.00.

Schrödinger made outstanding contributions to theoretical physics, in that very fruitful period when Einstein, Bohr, Planck, Pauli and Dirac among others were also changing that subject, but his interests and influence were much wider. He was born in Vienna in 1887, an only child in a cultured family. His maternal grandmother was English and he became proficient in that language. He was very close to his father, who earned a living from the manufacture of linoleum but whose heart was in science, particularly botany, who accumulated an extensive library and collected scientific instruments. The son, Erwin, while mainly studying mathematics and physics at school developed a love for classics, poetry and the theatre which endured for the rest of his life. While a physics student at the University of Vienna he read widely in philosophy and was particularly attracted to the teachings of the Indian mystics. Surprisingly for a theoretical physicist, he was deaf to music. After graduation came military service followed by junior appointments on the staff of the university. His early publications were firmly based on classical physics, with extensions to X-ray diffraction, and he became an acknowledged

expert on the physics of colour and vision. Following brief appointments in Jena, Stuttgart and Breslau he was elected to a full professorship in Zurich in 1921. In 1926 he published in rapid succession the famous papers which established wave mechanics and which have influenced the physical sciences ever since. For this work he was awarded a Nobel Prize, jointly with Dirac, in 1933. In 1927 he had moved to Berlin to the chair of theoretical physics in succession to Planck and did important work there, but left in 1933 in disgust at the rise of the Nazi regime.

Through the initiative of Lindemann (later Lord Cherwell) and the generosity of ICI Schrödinger became a Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford, (where he found the absence of female company uncongenial). In 1936 he was attracted back to his homeland and became a professor in Graz but after the entry of Hitler in Vienna in 1938 he was dismissed. When De Valera, himself a mathematician, heard of this he immediately took the first steps to invite Schrödinger to become the first professor of theoretical physics in the Institute of Advanced Studies in Dublin which he was then planning. Schrödinger eventually accepted, arrived in Dublin in 1939 and was formally appointed in 1940. He spent 17 happy years (apart from dislike of the Irish climate) in Dublin. In February 1943 he gave a series of public lectures in Trinity College, Dublin, on the physics of the living cell and these were published by the Cambridge Press in 1944 in a slim book with the title *What is Life*? Few small books have been so influential. It contained the idea of a genetic code and attracted good physicists into molecular biology. In his later years in Dublin his main interest was general relativity and he spent much time, as did Einstein in Princeton, attempting to develop a unified field theory which would combine gravitational and electromagnetic fields. His health deteriorated and he moved to a personal chair in Vienna in 1956, where he died in 1961.

Professor Moore has written an excellent book which really does give an account of Schrödinger's life and thought, placing them in context. His relationships with people and places are well described. There is a summary of each of his major papers, of great interest to physicists but skippable by others, and also extracts from his poetry and writings on philosophical subjects. The book is well produced and, with 513 pages and good illustrations, the price is reasonable. This will become the standard work on Schrödinger and should attract a wide readership.

ARTHUR VICK

## TROLLOPE IN THE ROUND

*Anthony Trollope: A Victorian in his World.* Richard Mullen. Duckworth. 767pp. £25.00.

With this splendid biography — one of the best literary biographies of our time — we can at last see all round the huge, bulky figure of Trollope. Hitherto we have had to rely essentially on his *Autobiography*. That book is remarkably revealing of the psychology of a writer and his methods of writing, but is all the same deeply reticent. It is also incomplete — written some years before the end of his career — and naturally subjective.

Trollope was too modest about himself, and that was a mistake: people took him at his own valuation. He regarded himself as a whole class below Thackeray. But was that right? Thackeray was a more brilliant stylist and

perhaps more original; but he has not created such a whole substantial world as Trollope did, nor, except for a couple of masterpieces, has he lasted as well. Again Trollope thought Hawthorne a far better novelist than he was. That cannot be right. It is a mistake to be too modest: it misleads people.

Mr. Mullen puts the classic *Autobiography* in proper perspective for us. For all the strain of the family background, the ineffectiveness, failure and bad temper of the donnish father, the humiliations of being poor and ill-clothed at his public schools, Harrow and Winchester, Trollope's youth was not so entirely miserable as he recalled, though it left its scars. There was always his wonderful, courageous mother to keep things going, and that was where he got his genius from.

The *Autobiography* says nothing whatsoever about his wife, and such was the Victorian fixation on privacy that Mr. Mullen has had difficulty in resurrecting much about Rose Heseltine. Still he has been successful in finding how much Trollope owed to her, entire happiness at least, a firm framework for his prodigious activity in so many fields — he was a phenomenon, we all know — and the actual help she gave to his writing.

All that is new, and much else besides: the circumstances conditioning a Victorian literary career, the facts of publishing, the social rewards, the cash. Among many fresh points Mr. Mullen brings out the importance of the habit of reading aloud. I am old enough to be able to bear him out from old Victorian relics of my youth. Hence Trollope's infallible ear for dialogue and dialect. Queen Victoria read *Barchester Towers* aloud to the Prince Consort. Mr. Mullen knows that she not only had a subscription to Mudie's, but added the popular Apollinaris water to her specially blended whisky.

He brings out Trollope's intimate knowledge of Ireland, from ten years' service for the Post Office there, and the liking and affection that this Englishman, singularly without illusions, had for both land and people. No doubt his passion for fox-hunting helped, though the English public found the Irish novels rather a bore. Not so Barsetshire and its denizens of course. Trollope was quite clear that the county was Somerset, but that Barchester was Winchester. He insisted that his gift was for observation — where he was unrivalled — not imagination, as against Dickens, whose world, or whirlpool, of caricature, sentiment and exaggeration, he disliked. Still, his own creations of the imagination, Mrs. Proudie and her Bishop, were to him 'as real as life'. Of course: he *was* imaginative, in spite of what he said.

Trollope's dislikes are a resounding roll-call of the time: Disraeli, not a good word for him, nor for Napoleon III; Ruskin, Peel, Rowland Hill, Cobden and Bright; the dreadful Harriet Beecher Stowe; Quakers and Evangelicals; Jamaica and Washington, DC. In the USA what he liked was New England, especially Old Boston.

His likes and dislikes serve to define him. He detested falsity, the cant and humbug in which the Victorian age was so rich. He was the soul of candour and honesty himself, and so admired poor persecuted Bishop Colenso, without going all the way with him in his identifying with the Zulu cause. Trollope was intellectually a Liberal, his instincts and feelings Conservative: a good mix. A reformer in the Post Office — where he patented pillar-boxes, which we have as a memento of him — he actually called himself a Liberal-Conservative. We may say that he expressed the best of both worlds.

Fundamentally, he was a conformist, at ease with the society of his time, unlike so many of its writers, always on their hind-legs *against* something or other. Little did they know how lucky they were — as writers, no com-

petition from TV or radio, a stable progressive society for background, their country then safe and secure, on top of the world.

Trollope had the sense to realise that — indeed his surpassing common-sense stands out against so many of them, bilious Carlyle, neurotic Ruskin, querulous Arnold who thought they did everything better on the Continent! — 1848? 1871? He had the oddity to believe that Britain set a better model politically, a more successful society, and thought the United States, after all, the greatest creation of English-speaking people. England had a civilising mission — that was something original.

Mr. Mullen pursues this theme in Trollope's non-fiction, quite a number of books and a mass of good journalism — another distinguished feature of this biography. On top of everything else there are all the travels: no air-travel, often no railways to make things easier, but twice around the world, five times to America; Australia and New Zealand, then South Africa; not to mention Iceland, and regularly on the Continent, especially Italy.

We all know the phenomenon: a full-time attentive career as a Post Office official for ever on the go; hunting two or three days a week in the season; writing nearly a hundred books and innumerable articles. On Sundays he went to church. What fiends the Victorians were for work! Dickens was almost as bad; Mrs. Oliphant wore a hole in her hand writing; Trollope ended up with writer's cramp. He told people that he wrote for money, and they believed it; but that was not it, not it at all, though he made, and spent, a lot. (Fancy a writer keeping a stable of seven horses!) The truth was that he liked writing best of all — and he believed that people were happier if they worked.

Impossible to fault this biography, may I dare to make one suggestion? Mr. Mullen realises that Trollope's genius came from his mother — she was almost as prolific — and she was descended from the Dutch Meetkerkes. Trollope fancied Dutch art; he didn't like the fancy-world of Raphael, the *ne plus ultra* for Victorians, and couldn't bear Guercino. I regard his determined realism, his refusal to go beyond, his unsurpassed power of observation and rendering of detail, as very Dutch. Though his books were admired by such as Tolstoy, they were translated into Dutch more than any other language. These genetic affinities are beyond analysis, but the appreciation of their importance is not beyond an historian.

Mr. Mullen is an admirable historian; his knowledge of the Victorian age shows us what a faithful portrayer of it Trollope was. The book also offers a salutary example of what an historian can do to illuminate literature. It shows up the silliness of literary critics who think they have nothing to learn from the personal or the biographical — 'the Personal Heresy' as C. S. Lewis called it.

Trollope knew better. 'Every man to himself is the centre of the whole world, the axle upon which all turns', he wrote. 'All knowledge is but his own perception of the things around him.' Sheer common-sense, as one would expect from Trollope. He took a poor view of mere theory; he preferred the truth of observation, the facts of life, illuminated — as we now know — by uncommon sympathy of mind, compassion and human understanding.

I note that, at Mr. Mullen's university, the sillier members of the English Literature faculty are clamouring for yet more critical theory, and are totally ignorant that history and literature illuminate each other, even *necessitate* each other. Mr. Mullen's book should be made 'Required Reading' for them.

A. L. ROWSE

## 'DISTURB THE SPECTATOR'

*Artaud on Theatre.* Edited by Claude Schumaker. Methuen Drama. £25.00.

Antonin Artaud (1896-1948) was a seminal influence on European theatre and Claude Schumaker and his friends are to be congratulated on this latest addition to a series which aims to provide an introduction to the writings of key theatre practitioners.

At last the world of academe has become aware of the significance of theatre arts as well as dramatic texts.

It is sad that very often what is avant-garde in Britain is already theatrical history abroad. One has only to note the dates of publication to see how long it takes for foreign texts to be made available in English. Fortunately things are changing and we owe Methuen Drama a debt of gratitude in this respect.

Peter Brook states that the theatre 'has one precise social function, to disturb the spectator'. His creed derived from Artaud who waged war against the 'boulevard theatre'. Tyrone Guthrie asserted that the theatre 'should be both brothel and temple'. Artaud was well aware of the conflict between man's carnal and spiritual needs. He wished to reveal the suffering and injustice in the world. He demanded a theatre which would show 'life without lies, life without pretence, life without hypocrisy'. Poet, playwright, one-time surrealist and visionary who spent much of his life in institutions for the mentally ill, Artaud desired to renew life itself by revolutionizing the theatre. 'The theatre is at one and the same time scaffold, gallows, trenches, crematorium, lunatic asylum', he wrote.

To Artaud 'theatre' means absence of 'theatre' yet he uses every device known to the stage to involve the spectator.

The drama, it is obvious, bears a closer relation to life than any other art in that the means it employs are living human beings but as Gordon Craig stated, 'Realism is only exposure. Art is revelation'. In the theatre we need to respond to the whole complex performance: visual, verbal, spatial and temporal effects cohere and interrelate as a whole. Each generation of directors, actors, designers has to discover what amount of and the kind of convention that the audience will accept to enable them to experience illusion.

Theatre is the most social of all the arts and both actor and director must be reorientated from time to time in a more significant direction, if they are to communicate with their audience.

Artaud was a revolutionary innovator struggling to formulate an idea of theatre which would recapture its religious and ritual function and demand total emotional, imaginative and even mystical involvement from the spectator.

This volume contains a unique compendium of the most significant writings of this disturbed and disturbing man and Claude Schumaker provides a lucid and helpful commentary to set the pieces in a context. Susan Sontag rightly described Artaud as 'one of the daring map-makers in extremeness'.

Unfortunately, although a prolific writer to the end, Artaud seemed to denigrate the one attribute which differentiates man from the animal world: language. Ben Jonson wrote, 'Speake and I will know you', and a subtle aside may sometimes be more effective than a scream. Artaud loved screams and cries! However, in spite of all his paradoxical utterances, all theatrical practitioners and theatre enthusiasts should possess this book which is a major contribution to what theatre is all about.

Libraries please note. It is difficult for drama students to *buy* many books.

NONIE BEERBOHM

# SHORTER REVIEWS

**Coming in from the Cold: The Evolution of French Defence Policy.** (Occasional Paper 42. Institute for European Defence & Strategic Studies. Alliance Publishers Ltd. 43pp. £5.00.) A condensed but well-documented survey of the development of French policy since 1945 leads Professor Lee Williams to conclude that, though Britain and France are separated by mutual suspicion, their interests have moved closer together because of agreements between the USA and Russia and sentiments in West Germany. Recent changes in Eastern Europe are not taken into account, but these add urgency to a recognition that 'the French have become more important allies' for Britain.

**Mythology of the British Isles.** (Methuen. 304pp. £17.99.) The author, Geoffrey Ashe, admits that most of his material is 'unlike myth in the classical sense'. What he has produced is a collection of legends that have been woven around early British history and the possible relics of it which have attracted archaeological interest. Not surprisingly about half of the book is concerned with Arthurian romance, on which the author has already published several books. This volume is lavishly illustrated.

**The Dictionary of National Biography 1981-1985.** (Oxford University Press. £40.00.) This volume represents a new policy in publicising the supplementary volumes since the work as a whole in 22 volumes was last published in 1909. That was followed by ten yearly volumes until 1980. It is now intended to produce supplementary volumes every five years. The first such edition now produced covers the five years 1981 to 1985 inclusive. The advantage of this new system is that a large proportion of the biographies can be written by friends or colleagues of the deceased. On the other hand, that can lead to less objectivity. The editors, Lord Blake and C. S. Nicholls are aware of this risk, but they are quite satisfied that 'far from setting up memorial shrines, these contributors are generally rigorous in their assessment of their subject'. Time will tell. This volume contains brief biographies of 380 individuals who died during these years. They are mostly British subjects. It is a work which should be widely appreciated.

**Resident Alien.** (Robert Hale. £15.95.) The peculiar value of Lady Campbell's account of her life in America during the early years of the Second World War lies in her vivid description of people's attitudes to the war itself and particularly to the stand against Hitler then being made by the British, when the USA still felt remote from the conflict. Subtitled 'An Englishwoman in New York and Washington 1939-43', her experiences are those of a young Englishwoman of aristocratic connexion trying to come to terms with the casual, yet formal in a different way, life of society in New York. She worked for the Anglo-French Purchasing Board there but was subsequently employed at the British Embassy in Washington. She kept careful and illuminating records of 'a group who wrestled manfully to hold the line in Washington during the critical first years of the war'. Her chapter on the Embassy contains not only a full list of members of the Diplomatic and Foreign Offices but also the only existing record of non-career staff — a copy of which the British Library Records Department officially declined to accept on the remarkable grounds that 'such a small segment of data would be difficult for us to handle effectively'. This whilst they were telling other enquirers they were 'unable to trace any list'. It included Isaiah Berlin.

# Contemporary Review

124th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

## SEPTEMBER 1990

**THE FORCES OF FRIENDSHIP**
**John Elsom**

**SOME FRENCH VIEWS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE**
**Stephen Chan**

**THE WHITE AUSTRALIA POLICY AND NATIONAL UNITY**
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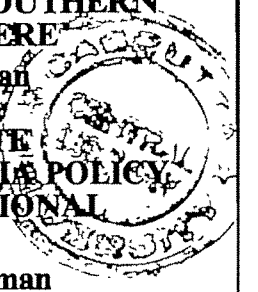

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# Contemporary Review

## Incorporating The Fortnightly

September 1990 Vol. 257 No. 1496 Founded 1866

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(ISSN/0010/7565)

# Contemporary Review

**Founded 1866** **Incorporating The Fortnightly**

**September 1990** **Vol. 257** **No. 1496**

## GERMANY A SUPER-POWER?

**by Leo Murray**

FEDERAL Germany under its resourceful leader, Chancellor Helmut Kohl is now taking the big risk of acting like a super-power on equal footing with a thwarted United States and rapidly fading Soviet Union. Chancellor Kohl's visits to the White House and the Kremlin in July have shown this. Germany, engaged in the difficult task of re-uniting, is acting and behaving as an equal, and practically independent partner *vis-à-vis* President Bush and President Gorbachev. It is now also, clear, as the *Austria Today Quarterly* forcefully put it, 'the most powerful economic entity in the EC and, indeed, in the whole of Europe'. Germany has, the comment says, 'already begun to flex its foreign muscles', a position that can only be enhanced once it has 'digested' East Germany. In the present vacuum of Eastern and East Central Europe German economic dominance will be most powerfully demonstrated. This the more so since President Gorbachev had had to step up his personal appeals to the West for economic assistance and, in fact, aid as well.

It has become obvious that Kohl and Gorbachev, in their agreement on co-operation and assistance went discreetly beyond what had been understood as the programme of action at the NATO Summit and the G7 meeting of the big industrial powers regarding assistance and understanding. Again, it is unknown whether there had been verbal understandings between the two leaders and on what. The two, for instance, agreed on different figures of the strength of the respective armies in Europe than NATO, and on a German commitment to 'de-nuclearize' the country.

Most interesting is the point in the eight-point Kohl-Gorbachev agreement that a United Germany can 'become' a member of NATO. This implies that the present Federal Republic ceases to be a member and is to be replaced by the new United Germany. In the view of the Federal German Supreme Federal Court also, only a constitutionally correct decision by the Parliament of a united Germany can be made on such issues. It is plain that Gorbachev agreed on the freedom of a United Germany to join NATO because the NATO Summit had decided to soften decisively its military stance. German membership, therefore, could be argued as more acceptable to the Soviet High Command.

NATO, in its stressful effort to make it easier for Gorbachev, will present a declaration of 'non-agression' to the November conference of all the 35 members of the Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe,

CSCE, for all member countries to sign. The Soviet Foreign Minister, Shevardnadze, pronounced that by abandoning its 'agressive doctrine' NATO had become a partner. Gorbachev has had to feed Party and public opinion the contents of his concessions to Chancellor Kohl in carefully drafted instalments. The gut reactions of the Russian public are not very different from those of Mr. Ridley. Gorbachev has the vital need to show that he has powerful Germany as a real partner parallel to the USA. Britain — and France — in these new calculations have faded into the background.

It is essential for Chancellor Kohl to show that his government can now act as the link between West and East. The White House, with an unresolved enormous budget deficit and the growing public pressure to reduce drastically the US presence in Continental Europe, is progressively prepared to recast its responsibilities as a super-power. There is also the brutal fact that Germany — and Japan — can register uninterrupted success since 1945 while the US in Vietnam, the Soviet Union in Afghanistan, the Warsaw Pact region and at home, have suffered defeats and retreat in Africa, while Britain is weakened in the Commonwealth and France too having lost the wars in Vietnam and Algeria.

But the new Germany is facing difficult tasks and problems that may well undermine its new role and image. One trouble that is already facing Bonn is the highly emotive issue, the choice not of Bonn but Berlin as capital. In the background is the image of Prussia. The four Allies, and that is often forgotten, abolished Prussia. Parts of it went to Poland and to Federal Russia. One region, the ancient March of Brandenburg, is one of the five East German lands that are to join the new Republic. But Berlin is the capital of Prussia and, as a precariously kept saying goes, 'There Must Be Prussia'. Berlin may become a separate Land like Hamburg and Bremen. As capital of the new German state it will, inevitably, acquire emotional significance.

The Poles argued officially 30 years ago that a country is entitled to take territory from one that has committed agression against it, to wit Germany.

The prospect of a formal peace treaty now appears to have been abandoned. This is why the Poles want Germany, after formal reunification early next year and after the December election, to enter a formal commitment recognising the present Oder-Neisse line border, before the four Allies, Britain, France, the US and the Soviet Union formally relinquish their legal position of 50 years of having taken over sovereignty because then the four Allies would also be committed to ensure that border. Federal Germany is, of course, a signatory of the 1975 Helsinki Declaration recognising all present borders, but a united Germany, as the Kohl-Gorbachev agreement shows, is a new state and, at the same time the successor of the German Reich in German Constitutional terms. To make it easier for the Kohl government the Poles are keeping quiet about German reparations and also, with Bonn, about the extremely tricky issue of property rights of the many thousands of Germans who had to leave

the new Polish territories in 1945/46. This is especially delicate because the Bonn government is now committed to compensate owners of property in East Germany, billions of D-Marks — or return it to them.

In a peace treaty Germany would have to deal with the part of East Prussia — Koenigsberg-Kaliningrad — that is now a district of the Russian Federal Republic that can only be reached through Poland or Lithuania. The issue is now further complicated because it belongs to the Russian Federal Republic, led by Boris Yeltsin who has ambitions of his own about relations with the Soviet Union as it is now. And Gorbachev himself is saying that the Soviet Union should be turned into some undefined loose federation.

Then there is the presence of Soviet troops, 380,000 and about 120,000 families and other personnel in East Germany, Kohl and Gorbachev have agreed that they will stay and gradually be sent home in a four year period. Germany is already paying for their upkeep in good Deutschmarks. But they are paying to Moscow and Moscow supplies its forces with Rubles and the soldiers can only change these into the desired Deutschmark on the two to one rate which the East Germans complain about. It must not be forgotten either that from now on these troops and their families will be the first to live in an evolving free market society. The temptations are great. The soldiers are already selling arms and souvenirs on a Black Market. Desertions are starting and the Soviet authorities are certain to demand that the German authorities hand them over. This affects the Poles too for as long as the Soviet forces remain in East Germany 40,000 Soviet troops will stay in Poland.

Again, on the 1st of January the Bonn Defence Ministry will, legally, with the absorption of the East German Army, become the owner of its equipment and of a vast arsenal. There are also known to be stores of poison gas and other chemical warfare equipment in the East German plains and woods. Bonn does not want any of this, not even the four types of aircraft. Moscow has indicated it is prepared to take it all back but it would cost Bonn £40 million and transport itself, like that of Soviet troops and dependents, presents a costly problem. In terms of relations, the presence of the Soviet troops is both a good bargaining counter and a possible embarrassment for Moscow. No NATO troops, or even German units linked to the NATO Command, will be stationed there Kohl and Gorbachev have decided. But nobody can guess what might happen if in these four years something goes wrong seriously in the Soviet Union or Eastern Europe.

Then there are trade relations. The Soviet Deputy Foreign Minister, Obminski, stated at the time of the Delors — president of the EEC Commission — visit to Moscow, that East Germany now being in the EEC meant that there was a partnership with the Soviet Union. East Germany in the EEC 'must not harm the economic ties with the Soviet Union'. That means that present contracts for the supply over the periods fixed (and this is just being established) of essential industrial equipment must be honoured and the methods of payment, sometimes by barter, must be

kept to. How these will fit in with EEC regulations is not clear as yet but Germany has now accepted the double role as a partner of the Soviet Union and as the dominant member of the EEC. Moscow is doing everything to get effective German support for 'improving the structure' of its £34 billion foreign debts. Significantly, it used the recent D-Mark emergency credit of £1.6 billion, not to invest in improvements of its economic structure, but to pay off West German firms. The Bonn government is facing serious problems however. With a coming election in December it is vital for Chancellor Kohl, with his outstanding record — and image — of success that the change to a Market Economy in East Germany, does not cause trouble or seriously affect the D-Mark as Bundesbank Chief Pohl had originally warned.

A second Bonn-East Berlin treaty amalgamating the two very different legal systems, once drafted, is to be approved. In it the complex special interests of the various social forces in East Germany are being taken account of. That this is not at all easy is shown by the troubles the Polish and Czech governments, not to mention the Romanian, have to contend with. There is for instance the amnesty decided on for the tens of thousands of informers and agents of STASI, the Secret Police. The East German Communist Party had a million members and, in theory at least, every member ought to report anything suspicious. Then there are the millions of files on the 16 million people in East Germany. It appears that they are being kept, for the time being. Only active, full time agents who have committed actual crimes are not to be amnestied.

The real trouble for Bonn, however, is the adjustment to the free market economy. Unemployment has risen to around one million. Wages are around 40% of those in West Germany. The trouble is that in nine cases out of ten the West German product is superior to that of the East. They are also, of course, attractively packaged and in 50 years of Nazi rule, war, Soviet occupation and an outmoded Communist regime the ordinary East German has no experience of Western methods of buying, selling and advertising. The East Germans will learn quickly enough but they need generous understanding and credits. And again, a smooth and successful change to the regulated free markets (and it is regulated) is clearly wanted by the East Europeans who need a successful example.

For the struggling East Europeans united Germany appears to be the only certain source of assistance. But the German government of January 1991 will have to prove successful at home first and also carry the burdens of having to assist the Soviet Union, maintaining its position in the EEC, continuing its partnership with the US and preserving a minimum defence role in NATO. Public opinion in Germany wants to get rid of all nuclear and chemical weapons as is stated in the Kohl-Gorbachev agreement. They also want to see the last of foreign NATO troops but are likely to accept the presence of small token forces. But all this depends on what will happen in the Soviet Union, whether a new structure of stability will emerge in the four years during which Soviet troops are to remain in East Germany.

On the Home Front, so to speak, the unsettling impact of unification, on the East German public in particular, has become apparent. The Bonn authorities distributed more than 10 million special pamphlets in East Germany, one for every household. They explained the changes, especially in Social Security, which the East Germans have to accept. The pamphlets tried to impress on readers that it will be a socially conscious free market system. Millions still cannot tell whether they will keep their jobs in enterprises taken over by West German firms. There are widespread fears that the 'Big Brother' which in numbers is, after all, 60 million to 16 million, will make them feel that they are occupied for a second time.

Politicians also foresee trouble. The five—or six—lands that will join the eleven of Federal Germany will be the poor ones for some time to come. The essential features of the Federal Constitution with its Parliament and its Federal Council made up of land representatives will continue. There the new lands are likely to upset the balance. At present the opposition Social Democrats have the majority in the Federal Council. Since Chancellor Kohl's supporters won a brilliant victory in the East German elections most observers now guess that the Eastern lands will ensure Kohl's majority in the Federal Council even if a majority of upset and confused Germans vote the Social Democrats into the Lower House. After all it is the Chancellor who is seen as responsible and who claims to be and acts as the leader of the new united Germany.

Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *Glasgow and Edinburgh: Scotland's Two City Cultures* by R. D. Kernohan, *The Greek War of 1940-41* by Eric Glasgow and *Europe—Win or Lose* by Cosmo Russell.

# THE FORCES OF FRIENDSHIP

## by John Elsom

WHEN I was in Berlin a year ago, the souvenir stalls were still waiting for their first supplies from the Berlin Wall; and there always seemed to be queues outside the crossing points, elderly women with shopping bags, patiently waiting, clutching their documents. Now all that has changed and the breathtaking speed in which the heartland of Europe has transformed itself has taken us all by surprise.

I am an Englishman. I like to take things slowly. I was brought up on a cricket field where you can spend four days on not getting a result and then congratulate your opponents on a good game. What startles me is not the outcome, the long overdue re-unification of Germany, but the sudden decisiveness by which it has been brought about, the spectacle of six foreign ministers beside a river in Bonn, holding a glass of wine in one hand and burying their differences with the other, and announcing to the world's press that the Cold War is over and that Germany will be one country again.

If unification means anything at all, it is not something which can be bequeathed by foreign ministers. All that they can do is to raise the roadblocks which they or their predecessors put in place. The real force lies elsewhere, in friendships and kinships, in the language, in the sense of belonging to one nation with a common heritage, even though it may include bitterness and division. The heroes of unification were those who patiently waited beside the crossing points to see their families again; and they were never not united, only kept apart.

This is one reason why I am wary of the question which is posed before us today. It is as if we are rushing ahead from German re-unification, which we all celebrate, to the unification of Europe as a whole; and expect the theatre to play some part in this process. Such propositions alarm the Shakespearian cricketer in me—'too rash, too ill advis'd'—and they ask the wrong questions from both politicians and the theatre.

We do not have to look many miles to the east to find an example of where unification has gone wrong. When the Soviet Union was brought into being, it too was motivated by a dream of unification. It too proclaimed a brotherhood of man, it too proposed social and economic policies which would operate throughout its territories, it too called for a new strength through unity; and its Marxist-Leninist vision was altogether more comprehensive and idealistic than any which is now proposed for Europe.

Now that grand scheme lies in ruins, and the many nations and peoples who were part of it are fighting to go their separate ways. Instead of reducing conflict, it has stimulated it. If this example is considered too exceptional to illustrate the case against unification, we can take others—from the Holy Roman Empire or even my own country, the United Kingdom. We called ourselves united mainly because we weren't. The act

of Union with Scotland in 1707 and with Ireland in 1800 can best be described as political attempts to solve long-running battles. But the resentments still linger, and we are now exporting some of our Belfast bomb-making initiatives to Germany.

Political gestures towards unification mean very little, unless they are supported by a general longing to be united, which is a matter of culture. Indeed you could even argue that the same force which is tearing the Soviet Union apart is that which is bringing Germany together, the sense of national identity. We can have a common currency in Europe, but this will still not prevent exploitation. Indeed it may make it all the easier. We can lower trade barriers and increase the power of the multi-nationals.

There is no short cut to unification other than that which exists in the hearts and minds of the peoples concerned. Because Germans feel themselves to belong to one nation, no artificial political divisions could eventually keep them apart. Because the Latvians and Lithuanians do not feel that they belong to the same nation as the Georgians or the Russians, no political union can eventually keep them together. The key to all such questions lies in culture.

For this reason, it is tempting to believe that the theatre has a special responsibility towards promoting the cause of European integration. The growth of international festivals and exchange programmes since the war suggests that many politicians share this belief; and I am happy to say that the International Association of Theatre Critics, in common with other theatre organisations, has benefitted from their trust.

And, of course, the theatre has already played a leading role in the changes that are going on around us. It has supplied a president here, a prime minister there, and, more importantly, it helped to keep the spirit of dissendency alive when tanks were trying to suppress it. Now that those dark days are over, should not the theatre take a similar lead in building the new Europe?

Perhaps so. Certainly I do not think that a new European spirit will come into being unless *mimesis* plays some part in the process, whether on television or in the theatre. Acting out future situations in game form is a human technique for coping with change, it helps the mind to contemplate alternatives, it is like sliding new software programmes into our mental computers, the energy flows in unexpected directions.

But as someone who has been a fringe politician in Britain and a fringe theatre director too, I am always apprehensive when the theatre seems to be taking its cue from politics, or the other way round, even when the cause is a good one. This is partly because practical (as opposed to theoretical) politics has a different scale of values than the theatre or any other art form, of which the chief one for most politicians is getting or staying in power.

There is an eccentric time scale in politics. Politicians are motivated by deadlines that have nothing to do with real life, the timing of the next election, the sudden empty slot in a legislative programme, a party conference. Sometimes, when there is a party in power with a big majority,

as is the case currently in Britain, a government can get through a vast legislative programme with amazing speed. Sometimes, nothing gets done for years, or something might get done, then undone and then done again. We have had our years of stagnation in Britain too; when a government hasn't known what it should be doing or lacked the courage or the votes to do it.

I am not trying to under-rate the importance of politics but I do want to stress its inherent limitations — for two reasons. The first is that some Eastern European countries are looking towards the West for their models of democratic government and it would surely be a mistake to foster any illusions. Our political institutions in Britain are cumbersome, arbitrary, not very representative of public opinion and rarely reach what they set out to achieve.

The second is that many artists in Britain, as elsewhere in Europe, seem to retain an immature wariness of governments. Sometimes this is expressed through Oedipal rebellion, sometimes through a slavish awe; but behind both these responses, there lies the assumption that artists are less important than politicians, that they have less to contribute and that the arts are minor amusements unless they can harness themselves to the great band-wagons of politics.

This is a Modernist fallacy, contradicted at almost every level by recent experience. In the late nineteenth century, when people still believed in evolutionary theories, it seemed to make sense that if you could get the right government in power which allowed itself to apply scientific principles to the human condition, it would sooner or later lead to Utopia; which was why our tame dissident in Britain, Bernard Shaw, uncritically praised both Hitler and Stalin. He thought that they were both strong leaders who were prepared to translate Social Darwinism and Marxism into effective political action. He died a disillusioned man, leaving his estate to an acting school and a campaign to reform the English alphabet.

Under this brand of Modernism, and of course there were others, artists accepted their role as second-class citizens, believing that real power lay elsewhere, in politics, and real thought too, in science. All they could do was to nag governments when they were doing something particularly outrageous or praise them, if they seemed to be doing something right. There was no alternative to being either a dissident or a propagandist. They allowed politics to set their agendas and conceded to science a monopoly on truth.

And politicians, East and West, have been quite grateful for this gift, not perhaps grateful enough, but that is one of the penalties of being a second-class citizen. The Hungarian essayist, Miklos Haraszti, makes a useful distinction between Stalinist and post-Stalinist methods of censorship. Under Stalinism, the state bullied artists and forcefully enlisted them in the campaign for socialism. Under post-Stalinism, however, the state enters into a conspiracy with the artists. It offers them job security and the chance to travel. It reminds them flatteringly of the vital role that

culture plays somewhere and that the country's future depends upon sound intellectual leadership.

It even allows them some freedom to dissent. A little controlled controversy does the Post-Stalinist state no harm at all. It publicly reminds the sceptics of how far the state has travelled since the bad old days of Stalinism, how enlightened it is now, how soft as opposed to hard.

This is what Haraszti, writing about Hungary, called the velvet prison. It is a prison because the state still controls the media. It sets the agenda and determines the form, as well as the content, of public debate. Unlike most prisons, however, it is a rather pleasant place in which to live, privileged but not so privileged that it arouses feelings of guilt, high-minded but comfortable. More people battle to get in, than to get out, and, of course, the state regulates entry. If you are out, then you are out indeed. Few people know about you and of those that do, most assumed that your exclusion is due to some good reason, dubious morals perhaps, a lack of patriotism or, worse still, talent.

This description applies to Britain as well, to our major state-subsidised theatres, even to the BBC, for which I have worked for many years, mainly on a free-lance basis. If you speak out against the state on the BBC, you do not get instantly sacked; but if you continue to do so, you may well not be re-employed. And the government controls access to the mass media, although there is still a measure of real independence in our fringe, commercial and smaller subsidised theatres.

If the theatre is genuinely to contribute to the cause of European unity, it must in my opinion take the following steps. It must regain its independence from governments, it must recapture its popular audiences who are no longer waiting at crossing points and it must present a vision of humanity altogether wider than that which is offered either by political institutions, by commerce or by the myths of nationhood which we have inherited from the nineteenth century.

A diet of Shakespeare, Moliere, Chekhov and Brecht does not constitute a European culture. We cannot construct our future from a *ratatouille* of scraps from our pasts. The greatest service that our theatre can perform for Europe is if it returns to the myth-making process which brought it into being. And that is the greatest task of all, simply to make good theatre.

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[John Elsom is President of the International Association of Theatre Critics and a regular contributor to the *Contemporary Review*. This is the text of a speech delivered at the Hebbel Theater, Berlin, in May 1990, during the *Theatertreffen* theatre festival.]

# SOME FRENCH VIEWS OF THE SOUTHERN HEMISPHERE

## by Stephen Chan

COMPARED to its neighbour, Mauritius, the French island of Réunion is a well-developed and upmarket outpost of the metropole. It has the status of a Department of France and, particularly in recent years, the French have poured money into its infrastructure. There is a new opera house, an older university, and the latest Paris fashions. Smart restaurants line the streets, alongside less smart Chinese ones, and the most prominent building in the capital, St. Denis, is a modern mosque which makes no public call to prayer. Silent, respectful, it is an icon to the French sensibility of accommodating everybody while governing them. For the French are there to stay, and see no contradiction in accusing Mauritius of being the coloniser of Rodriguez, an island even further out in the Indian Ocean. The French presence in the Indian Ocean is regarded by them as natural, as a symbol that the Americans on Diego Garcia do not monopolise the region. In fact, of all the southern hemisphere, South America is the only area without a French presence or interest although, of course, there are French territories in the Caribbean. There, as on the west African seaboard, in the Indian Ocean, in the south Pacific, and in Antarctica, the French see themselves as there to stay.

This theme was evident in presentations and discussions at the Colloque International *Géopolitique et géostrategie dans l'hémisphere sud*, 29-31 May 1990, held in St. Denis. This conference was an inaugural showpiece for the University of Réunion's new *Centre d'études et de recherches universitaires de géopolitique de l'Ocean Indien*, under the direction of former Grenoble professor, Pierre Maurice. It was also emphatically a wider French declaration that the Indian Ocean was a French interest, as was the rest of the southern hemisphere. Sessions were chaired by an admiral, a general, and sundry former ambassadors. Funds were found to fly in speakers from four continents and the roster of island dignitaries took three hours to make their addresses of welcome. Réunion television broadcast all three days of the conference live — although most *Réunionais* probably watched the French Open on the other channel. A great deal of investment had been put into ensuring that the university, the island, and their Frenchness got onto the map. The former French prime minister, Raymond Barre, himself a *Réunionais*, attended the sessions, flanked by expensively-dressed aides. He is the island's greatest son, and the Barre family home is being restored as a public monument. Less restored, in a way unrestorable, is the smaller street-fronted house a few blocks away: it carries a facing plaque to an otherwise forgotten Viet Namese prince, exiled from his kingdom by French rule in Indo-China, and who died in central Africa in World War II, after spending most of his exile in Réunion. What's left of his corner window looks towards Viet Nam. Something of that French agenda, to be geostrategically placed around the

world, even at the cost of displacing others, remains.

I had been invited to the conference to talk on southern Africa and, in his concluding address, Raymond Barre referred extensively to this paper by way of drawing an agenda for the future. I had said that, even under majority rule, South Africa would dominate the southern African region. The difference between the future and the Botha years would be that the economic domination would be open and no longer coercively underscored. Despite the absence of active coercion, however, South Africa would still be by far the strongest military power, and this combination of economic and military weight would make it the regional hegemon.[1] If that was the case, Barre said, then there would be two powers in Africa: South Africa and, to the north, France. In private conversation afterwards, Barre made it clear that France was willing to invest heavily to maintain such a position. In a genuine sense, it was seen as a means of helping to save African states from their own maladministration and economic plight. Here, the use of the Central African Franc mechanism, possibly outside the traditional francophone states, as well as a continuing presence within the *francophonie*, would give France a base boasted by no other power. For France, this might be the more cogent sense in which the matter is viewed: some combination of assumed destiny and a desire, if not a need, to parade segments of equality to the other great powers of the world; some combination therefore of metaphysics and geostrategy.

*La gloire de la France* seemed never far away from many presentations, implicit rather than explicit, but the geostrategy of it all contained a thread of dualism. France must at least deal if not share with others. Africa, therefore, was the continent of the dual hegemonies of France and South Africa. The south Pacific, however, was seen as dominated by France and Australia. Notwithstanding Australian papers that suggested a great plurality of interest in the south Pacific,[2] the French view was one that assumed a major French role which needed to be mindful only of Australia. No other state had sufficient means to challenge this dualism.[3] What then of New Zealand? I have argued earlier that New Zealand has sacrificed to a significant extent its ability to compete with Australia as a regional power,[4] but it has managed firstly to offend the United States and, secondly, to embarrass France. The *Rainbow Warrior* issue cannot easily fade away and, even though France has released the agents involved in that sabotage, the irksome feeling remains that either the New Zealanders were clever enough to capture two of the saboteurs or that the French botched the tail-end of their own operation.

When dealing with New Zealand, the French papers at the Réunion conference were divided. It was either a case of finding space for a troublesome country — in which case it disrupted the symmetry of a neat dualism between France and Australia — or of attempting to see what New Zealand represented in the wider south Pacific context. For there are many states in the south Pacific and many signatories to the non-nuclear sentiments of the Treaty of Rarotonga. It would be a mistake, however, to view New

Zealand as the leader of these mostly small states. Many have very independent foreign policies indeed. What one session of the conference did recognise, however, was that, apart from a peculiarly French metaphysics or a sense of geostrategy, indigenous beliefs played a major role within their own region.

This was a session dominated by scholars from the university of Grenoble. Jacques Fontanel mentioned not only Australia and New Zealand, but also Fiji, as major non-nuclear actors. Not only was this a non-nuclearism among three states, it was also a step towards a demilitarisation.[5] Philippe Chapal very deliberately described the *Rainbow Warrior* affair as regrettable, but pointed out that apart from the multiplicity of powers in the southern hemisphere, including the possibility of a large future Indonesian influence in the south Pacific, there was still the unavoidable domination of the United States in almost all southern hemisphere geostrategy.[6] What France would or could do in this shadow went largely unexplored. Indeed, in a paper by Jean-Francois Guilhaudis, the question was asked as to what the southern hemisphere nations hoped to do to the north. Their first objective was to avoid the nuclear contamination the northern powers seek to spread. Their second objective was, piece by piece, to decontaminate the north itself.[7] This was a nice note and a fitting one: not just what France could do in the south, but what the south could do to France and all the other northern powers.

The sense of a reversal of the usual flow of power and influence gave the conference a dimension, and a fullness, it might otherwise have missed. It was also good that it came from French speakers. There had been many private complaints from students of the Université de la Réunion, packed into the conference theatre, that the Australian papers had lacked the French sense of organisation — although the interpreters found them refreshing in their lack of Cartesian division and sub-division 'until each thought has been made into an endless series of transparent wafer'. Those of Grenoble placated the young *Réunionais* and left the conference with two messages. In the southern hemisphere, France was there to stay. The states of the southern hemisphere were there to stay too, they had their own agenda and, unlike the silent mosque of St. Denis or the mute nostalgia of a Viet Namese prince far from home, would give voice.

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NOTES

(All notes, except No. 4, refer to papers delivered at the Colloque International *Géopolitique et Géostrategie dans l'Hémisphere Sud*, organised by the Centre d'Etudes et de Recherches Universitaires de Géopolitique de l'Ocean Indien, Université de la Réunion, St. Denis de la Réunion, 29-31 May 1990.)

1. Stephen Chan, *L'Afrique australe et le securité de l'Atlantique Sud.*
2. e.g. Stephen Henningham, *Presence et politiques des Etats du Pacifique Sud.*
3. Yves Pimont, *La France dans le Pacifique Sud.*
4. Stephen Chan, 'The Consolidation of Regional Power in the South Pacific', *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 255, No. 1485, 1989.
5. Jacques Fontanel, *Aspects économiques de la militarisation et de la démilitarisation dans l'Hémisphere Sud.*
6. Philippe Chapel, *La securité internationale dans l'hémisphere Sud.*
7. Jean-Francois Guilhaudis, *Dénuclearisation et l'Hémisphere Sud.*

# A NOTE ON BRECHT'S 'UTOPIANISM'

## by A. L. Rowse

I AM no authority on Brecht, but I have learned enough to know that his character was evil, and his message for our time in accordance with it. No wonder Auden said he would gladly see him killed. Yet there are people who regard him as the foremost figure in the European theatre of our time. What a light that throws on our time!

He believed, I gather, in 'the perfectibility of human society, of which the classless Utopia is an attainable, though by no means inevitable, goal'. Isn't the idea of 'perfectibility', applied to anything other than a machine, meaningless? Haven't we seen that the very notion of Utopia is useless — except as satire? And would a classless society, if at all possible, be desirable? Soviet Russia has proved that it is neither attainable — they now oppose equalitarianism as a 'bourgeois illusion' (which it is); nor do the steps they took towards their Utopian goal, slaughtering whole classes and groups of humans in the process, appear desirable, humanly speaking.

No artist or writer who cares for art or literature can favour a classless society, or steps towards such a monochrome human desert. Henry James thought that 'it is a singular fact that a society that does nothing is decidedly more pictorial, more interesting to the eye of contemplation, than a society which is hard at work.' (Pop society today is neither pictorial nor hard at work.)

A properly articulated society, with classes fulfilling their varied functions, offers immeasurably richer material for artists and writers than the grey monochrome of a demotic pop society. This is why Henry James and Edith Wharton, George Santayana and T. S. Eliot left the USA for Europe, culturally richer soil, and never wanted to return. I find Edmund Wilson's America, for all his efforts, *thin* — even he ended up as an 'internal alien' in his words: an ironical terminus for his lifelong liberal illusions.

For all Brecht's worse-than-liberal, in fact Marxist, illusions I note that he held on to his Austrian passport and his Swiss bank account. Bourgeois deviations as these may be, they show him hedging his bets for self-preservation rather than rely on Utopia.

For all his subscription to Marxist orthodoxy his work did not fail to be attacked by the comrades as 'defeatist', 'objectivist'. The intolerant Lukacs denounced it as 'formalist' — worst of sins in the Communist artistic catechism. These people cannot create *anything* themselves, but they can denounce whatever does not conform to their low-grade preconceptions. It is like the Philistine Zhdanov on Akhmotova, or Stalin himself on Shostakovich — 'Muddle instead of Music' — thereby preventing the creation of a dozen operas. Stalin subjected Russian culture to a similar *Gleichschaltung*, really a deformation, as Nazi Philistines did in Germany: essentially lower middle class prejudices.

Brecht shared their Utopian notions about a classless society, etc, even if he did not conform to their distorted ideas of cultural unanimity. '*All*

*dem, was den Menschen rund macht und menschlich'* was his declared aim. That means that one should write in accordance with one's political beliefs, creative work be determined by one's intellectual position. But it is not possible to create on that basis. The whole record proves it, whether in Nazi Germany or Communist Russia. Nothing to show for it — naturally, for it is fatal to creative activity. Real creativeness springs from much deeper levels than the top of one's head, cerebral bias.

I remember making this point in correspondence years ago with Stephen Spender when young, who then believed that one should write in accordance with one's Leftist convictions. This is why the poetry written in keeping with this dogma was not good, any more than Auden's or Day Lewis's propagandist verse. What I found was that, though politically I was on the Left, my poetry, which came from deeper sources, came out, like Yeats's, on the Right. Evidently this was the way I *felt*, more deeply than the conscious intellectual position I held on the Left.

This led me to come to the defence of the poetry of Roy Campbell, a man of the Right, when it was attacked by an orthodox Leftist in *The Listener*, organ of the BBC, simply because it went counter to Leftist prejudices. Actually Roy Campbell was a good poet, though an occult censorship operated against him. He was naively surprised at my coming to his defence — me 'of all people! '.

He replied, wishing this duodenal victim to come on a pub-crawl with him! Such were his tastes — not mine; he could not understand my attitude any more than the Leftist conformists could. He did not know that I had suggested to Eliot that Faber's should publish Campbell's poetry. I admired his 'Tristan du Cunha' and other poems — and henceforth Faber's did publish his work.

* * *

Back to Brecht, who held the Leftist view that 'the fortunes of the common man were the real stuff of history', and made the effort to clothe this nonsense with flesh in his work on the Paris Commune — all the same, attacked for his efforts as not in conformity with Communist ideology. 'Full participatory democracy has perhaps never seemed such a reality' as in the Paris Commune of 1871. No indeed — we observe the democratic phenomena in the *pétroleuses*, the destruction of historic buildings, the burning of the Hôtel de Ville with its priceless archives, the Tuileries, that monument of the French Renaissance with so many evidences of the past, the senseless pulling down of the Vendôme Column, etc.

They can blow things up — look at Puritan destructiveness in our own Civil War; or what irreplaceable things the French Revolution destroyed, churches, abbeys like Cluny, palaces, châteaux; or think of the country houses burned down in Ireland! They can destroy, but can they design anything? Or even run anything? Look at the continuing inefficiency of Soviet agriculture — having killed off the peasant farmers with any initiative ('liquidation of the kulaks') — it has never been able to provide its people with a decent standard of living. And now Gorbachov finds that there are not enough farmers left to take advantage of his individual leasing offers!

Brecht puts forward the usual democratic infantilism about the people: who built the Great Wall of China, the famous cities of Babylon, Athens, Rome, the Parthenon? Really an inversion of the facts: we all know that the people can lay bricks, but what matters is who *designed* these works. The people certainly couldn't, all creative works being the work of an individual of genius, or a small intelligent minority.

Brecht would like us to think that 'the act of artistic creation has become a collective process'. Something of the sort occurs in modern science, though even here the revolution in science was created by an Einstein, and there is a significant difference between scientific and artistic creation.

The whole point of history lies in its truth: it is of no value as such if it is not true — present it rather as fiction.

The Thirty Years War in Germany between Catholicism and Protestantism was made by capitalism, according to Brecht. The struggle for power between Reformation and Counter-Reformation, the religious conflict, is apparently ignored in his play on the subject. Again a deliberate perversion of the facts. In Brecht's delusive view war is 'the continuous, ineluctable condition of pre-Revolutionary society'. What value has the view of such a person who chooses to ignore facts for Marxist presuppositions? The fact is that history shows long periods of peace as well as war, periods of construction as well as destruction — and even wars have some constructive consequences to offset the destructive.

Brecht's re-writing of Shakespeare's *Coriolanus* was a challenging choice, for in it Shakespeare's contempt for the mob is more uncompromising than in any of his plays, less good-humoured, more scathing than in the earlier plays, though he consistently shows what he thinks of the masses all through his work. By the time of *Coriolanus*, when he had become a landowner at Stratford, his view of the people had hardened — as everybody has to recognise, except Brecht and his interpreter. Brecht is regarded as 'updating a classic whose impact has been blunted by time'. So far from the play's impact having been blunted, it is more forcefully relevant than ever today — witness the Leftist riots against its message when performed in Paris. Brecht's re-working of the play is simply a de-formation, in the interest of an arbitrary choice — 'either blacklisting the classics or harnessing them by main force to the revolutionary cause'.

Shakespeare cannot possibly be fitted into the prescription, his views are all too clearly in line with authority and social order against anarchy and chaos: any revolutionary disturbance of society leads only to more suffering and cruelty than before. Witness the whole history of our time — above all the appalling consequences of the Russian Revolution.

In short Brecht's outlook is a prime example of the intellectual perversions of our time. These people stand common sense on its head — like Sartre, proclaiming that Stalin's Russia was 'the incarnation of freedom'; or that, to understand a person, you need to know nothing of his childhood, upbringing, rearing — you just take him as he is. Or Becket's dismissive silliness: 'the author is never interesting'. Simply standing common sense on its head. Whom does it take in?

Brecht however went further. With characteristic inhumanity he even argued that 'the more innocent Stalin's victims were, the more they deserved their fate'!

These people are intellectual perverts, no less than the Nazis in proclaiming that justice is what suits the German *Volk*. Communists are hardly different in pronouncing that justice is what suits the interests of their Revolution. Trotsky: 'any action is justified if it leads to increasing the power of man over nature and to the abolition of the power of man over man.' Were he and Bukharin prepared to accept the consequences of this perversion in the sacrifice of their own lives, their murders by their Communist comrades? (It appears that Bukharin accepted the malign logic of it.) The underlying assumption is not thought out: as if some power of man over man — of society over criminals, for example — is not absolutely indispensable.

As for Marx's claim that Marxism had 'the solution of the riddle of history and knows itself to be the solution' — what intellectual conceit! the conceit of a long line of rabbis laying down the Law.

There is also a specific Russian conceit: 'you *shall* believe what I lay down', even in philosophy — witness Lenin's abortion, *Dialectical Materialism and Empirio-Criticism*, in the name of which an intellectual strait-jacket was imposed upon Russian intellectual life! Zhdanov demanded of Russian writers: 'Show us Tomorrow!' Mandelstam, Solzhenitsyn and others have shown us all too clearly the truth about their day.*

What they do not realise is that Tomorrow never inspires creative art. It is superficial prosaic writers like Wells or Shaw who engage with the future; the work in consequence is not inspired. It is a significant fact that it is nostalgia, *Sehnsucht*, that inspires so much of the best art, whether in literature, music, or painting. Witness Shakespeare, most historical of dramatists; one can *hear* it in Beethoven, Mozart, Schubert, Brahms; *see* it in Giorgione, Botticelli, Poussin; *read* about it in Pater or Proust.

One need not waste time on the distortions and perversions of contemporary literature — Brecht's play *Baal*, whose hero spends part of his wedding night in the lavatory, is driven on to rape, adultery, homosexuality (of course). And why cannot one sleep with plants? — animals establish real contact, humans never achieve it. Language is a proof of the unbridgable gulf, etc.

What perverse nonsense! Just stand common sense on its head, and a mob of simpletons will follow after — since the simple truth is that ordinary humans do not know how to *think*, in the strict sense of the word, and are measurelessly gullible, as both Hitler and Stalin knew too well.

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*A. L. Rowse's article, 'The Mandelstam Experience', in the *Contemporary Review* of July 1986 (Vol. 249, No. 1446), dealt with the basic character of Marxism as seen in Mrs. Mandelstam's Memoir, *Hope Against Hope* (Penguin Paperback 1986).

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[Dr. Rowse's latest books are *Discovering Shakespeare: A Chapter in Literary History* (Weidenfeld); and *The Controversial Colensos* (Truran, Redruth), which relate to South Africa and New Zealand.]

# WORKER MOTIVATION, LIFE TIME EMPLOYMENT AND CODETERMINATION: LESSONS FROM JAPAN AND WEST GERMANY FOR PRODUCTIVITY GROWTH

**by Richard Welford**

IN the past in Western societies, worker motivation has been intrinsically linked to material incentives. The scope of such incentives is continually being expanded. In the UK we have seen a new emphasis on profit or performance related pay and share ownership plans. In addition, benefits of a non-pecuniary nature, but nevertheless financially based such as private health schemes, are commonplace in certain sectors. Such incentives, as employed in the West, are aimed at making workers more committed to and more tied in to their companies. Such incentives may lose their imperative with rising income and status of workers but, at all income levels, job security is a critical factor often overlooked, especially when the labour market is characterised by unemployment. Moreover, the importance of job security may rise with age, especially when new opportunities are inversely related to age after some point. A second area equally neglected by many is the idea that it matters how employees feel in their workplace. In other words, since people do spend quite a large part of their waking hours at work, that atmosphere is important. This article looks in some detail at the experiences of Japan and West Germany where these issues have been considered and where a positive response to them has been adopted. It is probably no coincidence that Japanese and West German industrial relations are often cited as some of the best in the advanced economies and that economic development in these countries has outstripped many of their competitors.

The experience of Japan is that job security is often seen as a reason for increased motivation (see Hanami, 1983 for example). The Japanese workers, who are guaranteed life-time employment, are rarely contracted to a single task. Workers are commonly expected to work on various kinds of jobs in succession until they reach retirement age. They are not employed directly for a certain job with certain skills and experiences. Transfer from one job to another and from one workplace to another is common. Moreover, Japanese workers expect this kind of job rotation in their careers. The added bonus is, of course, that workers not only learn various kinds of jobs and can do a range of other jobs if and when required, they also learn the whole system and structure of the production process. They do not find their own job meaningless because they are able to see their place in the totality of things. Promotion is largely related to performance within the context of this rotation. The outcome is that Japanese workers are more company-oriented than job oriented. Moreover, they are more interested and have more personal investment in their company. The practice of work rotation also provides a decisive advantage to Japanese companies in coping with technological changes, the introduction of new

products, the expansion of the scope of a business and the introduction of new equipment.

Under the lifetime employment scheme, employees receive annual wage increments automatically with each year of service. In addition to monthly wages, most Japanese enterprises pay bi-annual bonuses which range from three to six times the average monthly wage. Retirement allowances, paid in a lump sum, are also paid depending on the length of service.

By contrast, Hanami (1983) argues that the Western capitalist system may still be largely characterised by dehumanisation and alienation. Commonly, the reason that life-time employment schemes have not been adopted in the West is that labour is viewed simply as a factor of production, to be increased or reduced, in line with relative input prices, budgetary constraints and the state of technology. Any neoclassical economist can espouse the theory behind this idea. But, put simply, the optimum way to treat labour would be as a flow variable, where instantaneous inflow and outflow of any factor of production in response to changed market conditions is desirable to keep the overall system efficient. However, we might modify neoclassical theory with the adoption of a human capital type of approach, where benefits can be derived from longer service of employees given, intra-firm, on the job training systems. This is because worker productivity can increase in response to recurrent training specific to a particular firm; in other words, in response to investment in human capital. From this point of view it might be claimed that Japanese lifetime employment systems are the most efficient methods for employers to maintain the fruits of their investment in training. But, given that lifetime employment may be granted to employees, is there not then an incentive for employees to shirk?

Since dismissal in a Japanese firm is an exceptional procedure, then what makes the worker continue to work hard in a system where he/she could work less but still keep the job and receive annual increments? Why are Japanese workers perceived to be so industrious? It is true that some of the workers' pay is performance-related and this has been mimicked by many firms now in the UK. But these are not the main factors which make Japanese workers continue to work hard. One of the key motivators is the promotion system. Although wages depend on the workers' background and length of service, when chances of promotion to responsible positions arise after a few years' employment, differences in incomes do become apparent. Promotion is as much about on the job performance as it is about attitude towards the firm. Essentially though the two are linked in the eyes of the employer. Moreover, promotion, *per se*, is seen as an indicator of success and is in turn prestigious.

The decline of the so-called 'work ethic' associated with western neoclassical practice has been recognised and in many cases that ethic is being promoted by post-Fordist, participatory, responsibility-based, total-quality-management based, work practices and production processes. Simple economic theory would tend to indicate that workplace motivation will be related to workplace utility. The next step may indeed be to offer lifetime

employment contracts. That requires not only a change in economic heart by many employers but also a change in a dominant ideology which continues to treat labour simply as a flexible factor of production.

Lifetime employment may be only one aspect of engendering better motivation. A degree of satisfaction and self-esteem may also be created by promoting a feeling of direct involvement in the operations and success of a company. Profit-related payments go some way to linking workers' incomes to the success of the firm. Evidence from West Germany (Cable, 1987) suggests that there are benefits associated with participatory arrangements. Not only does it seem to be in the interest of workers to have a share in profits and/or a role in planning in their workplace; the evidence clearly also shows that it is in the interests of the businesses themselves. An involved workforce is likely to judge the atmosphere at work in a better light and as such is likely to work harder and be less likely to move to other firms, taking their skills with them. On the other hand the payment of a regular performance-related bonus may not necessarily engender better industrial relations. In a situation where the workforce perceives management as poor, and where the workers' income is profit related, it may actually create friction. The logical next step would be to allow worker participation in decision making.

Although initially resisted by many employers in Germany, a system of worker participation in decision making or codetermination is now supported by most of the large firms in the public and private sectors. Codetermination is founded in German industrial relations law. In companies of more than 2,000 employees there must be supervisory boards where 50% of the representation comes from employees other than management. In addition, works councils which can be, and are, established in companies of more than five people, have consultation duties and rights of veto.

The works council is elected by the whole workforce, but not surprisingly tends to be dominated by trade unionists. In larger companies these representatives may work full time on council duties. The rights of veto exists over work practices, overtime arrangements, holiday arrangements and over some aspects of employment procedures. However, the council has no direct power enabling it to prevent dismissal although it tends to have influence, especially with regard to redundancy arrangements.

In the larger companies the codetermination arrangements on the supervisory board mean that workers can influence the business strategy and plans of the company. At their quarterly meetings all decisions of the management board must go through the supervisory board for approval. However, strict 50% voting rights are generally tightly enforced and a casting vote is always in the hands of a chairperson — a shareholder representative. Even though this right exists, practice of the supervisory boards tends to be to attempt to reach a consensus.

German employers do have some doubts about giving workers so much influence, not least because worker representatives have to be given access to full information about company strategies and plans. However, with 15

years' experience behind them employers are well aware of and do promote the positive aspects of the codetermination schemes. These include positive productivity and motivation effects based on an enhanced atmosphere at work, a reduced feeling of 'them and us' and a knowledge of the firm's longer term plans which reduces the tendency to hypothesise for the worse. Moreover, management itself can be aided with good advice and suggestions from the shop floor. However, to some extent, in some companies, the supervisory boards may be little more than rubber stamping devices. Decisions, in effect, may have been taken by management a long time before they go before the supervisory board. Management is able to present large amounts of seemingly convincing evidence to the board and then press for a decision to be taken quickly in the name of efficiency and progress.

A more indirect benefit of codetermination is that it tends to protect firms and therefore senior management from hostile takeover bids. To that extent senior managers have been able to hide behind their supervisory boards at times of possible merger activity. Again, by having a direct link with the workforce via the boards, management is able to provide convincing cases in their favour. On the other hand, where mergers are being discussed, it can be done without worker representatives on the supervisory boards knowing about them.

The abuse of the supervisory boards and the codetermination system by a few firms has led German unions to want to increase the extent of the codetermination system. They would like to see the legislation applying to companies with 1,000 employees rather than 2,000, with the shareholders' casting vote being abolished. In turn, the chairperson would be elected by both sides of the supervisory board.

With worker participation and a social charter of fundamental workers' rights firmly on the agenda in Europe, the codetermination schemes in West Germany and lifetime employment practices in Japan are being examined rather closely. In practice, at least, the codetermination system offers the greatest potential for employees to influence the traditional firm. Since it is the system which can give the workers most power it is unlikely to find favour amongst all European countries.

There is growing evidence that lifetime employment practices and participatory arrangements, if used properly, enhance worker motivation with consequent productivity increases. Their use by the most successful countries in the world means that, for every firm, they are worth considering. Such arrangements may actually enhance and contribute to good management and could have considerable motivating effects and productivity bonuses.

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# THE END OF A DREAM: THE COLLAPSE OF THE SENEGAMBIAN CONFEDERATION 1982-1989

**by Tale Omole**

> I am convinced that as of now, there is no serious perspective towards the integration of Senegambia in the Confederation between the two states. [Senegal and the Gambia]. All the institutional organs of the Confederation are just purposelessly, turning round. For this reason, it will serve no useful purpose to continue to hold either the council of ministers meetings, nor that of the General Assembly if no serious progress could be made on the fundamental question of integrating the two states.
>
> President Abdou Diouf of Senegal.
> *Le Monde* 25 August, 1989.

IN an earlier article on the Senegambian Confederation I concluded by positing that 'for as long as it is impossible for the two states to pull their economic and monetary policies together in a Senegambian Union which is the heart of the Confederation, for so long will the Senegambian Confederation, be an addition to the many ill-fated attempts at political integration in Africa'.[1] Indeed, on the 23rd of August 1989, the Senegalese President Abdou Diouf in a televised broadcast proposed to his Gambian homologue *'le gel de la Confederation Sénégambie'*; that is, the freezing of the Senegambian Confederation because it has failed in its objective of integrating the two states.[2] It should also be noted that a few days before this broadcast, the Senegalese soldiers (about 300 in number) who had been stationed in the Gambia as part of the Confederal armed forces since 1981 were also precipitously withdrawn from the Gambia by the authorities in Dakar without any previous notice to the Gambian government.[3]

Given these developments which for all practical purposes have spelt the collapse of the Senegambian Confederation, the main objective in this paper is to examine critically the reasons for the collapse of this burgeoning political experiment in integration between the two African states. This analysis is especially germane at a time when the experience in some other regions of the international system like that between the twelve members of the European Economic Community is working towards closer integration. However, before examining the reasons for the recent collapse, the article examines briefly some theoretical questions and the confederal relations between Senegal and Gambia within the last eight years.

A common tendency, albeit erroneous among a few writers on Senegambian relations, of whom the most prominent is H. Deschamps, is to regard political and economic integration between Senegal and Gambia as a natural event.[4] In this perspective, attention is often concentrated more on the centripetal forces which a priori tend to unite the two states. Thus greater emphasis is put on the similarities between the ethnic groups in the two states, their common geographical contiguity, the common dialects between the different groups across the border and lastly the unity and understanding that the belief in a common Islamic religion (which is the religion of the majority in the two states) is supposed to create. No doubt,

the recent collapse of the Senegambian Confederation has adequately exposed the inadequacies of these factors in any critical analysis of the dynamics of Senegambian politics. Thus an understanding of the eight years of relations between Senegal and Gambia will not be rewarding without an examination of the centrifugal forces which eventually led to the collapse of the Confederation. The question is raised of how solid in the first instance was the economic and political foundation upon which the Senegambian Confederation was built. And what were the two states able to achieve within the eight years of their Confederation?

In the paradigm for integration that was proposed by E. B. Haas and P. C. Schmitter[5], two of the background conditions that are considered as *sine qua non* for the success of any political integration among states are, first, identity of values between the elites of the integrating states and second, complimentarity in the structure of the economic system. These conditions, as proposed by Haas and Schmitter, necessarily raise the question, were these conditions fulfilled partially or completely by Senegal and Gambia before they rushed into a confederation in 1982?

Regarding the first condition, it was clear that given the different historical orientation and colonial backgrounds of the elites in both Senegal and Gambia there was no identity of views nor of values between the elites. Immediately after independence in Gambia, the political and economic elites who controlled the apparatus of government were constituted in the main by the Akous (who are the descendants of freed slaves, are highly educated, cosmopolitan and Christian in the main and who have cherished and valued their English heritage) and the indigenous Mandinkas who, in spite of being Muslims in the main, also value greatly their educational, political, administrative and juridical background patterned on the English system. However, in Senegal, the economic and political elites are made up of people whose educational and political background was fashioned upon the French heritage of which they are also proud. Indeed, the Senegalese elites in the main have nothing but contempt for the Gambian, especially the Akous who they describe contemptuously as *Le Anglais*. So strong has been the suspicion and contempt between the elites in the two states that Louis-Georges Verdun wrote 'The considerable difference in the educational background of the elites that were formed in Britain and France has resulted in a big gulf between Senegal and Gambia which is deeper than the channel separating Britain from France.'[6] No doubt since independence in the two countries in the 60s their sharp antagonism simmered, especially with the coming into power of a younger generation who in both countries is more Africanist in its outlook. Nevertheless the suspicion, especially of the classification and identification as Francophone and Anglophone, was still sharp when the Confederation was established.

The considerable differences between the economic and financial systems as practised in both Senegal and Gambia over the years had been recognised by writers as a major impediment in any attempt at integration between the two states. In the Gambia, the government without any solid industrial

or manufacturing sector has over the years practised and encouraged a liberal, laissez-faire system of economic policy which allowed the free and unrestricted importation of goods from all over the world through an open license system that is given easily. On the other hand, in Senegal the economic system which is more industrially developed and oriented has been protective of the manufacturing and industrial sectors. The result has been that in Gambia consumer goods and products are relatively cheaper because they are bought at cheap prices from different nations and are therefore smuggled into Senegal to compete with the locally made products and those from France which enjoy a favoured importation policy from the Senegalese government, despite the fact that the French products might not be cheaper than those from Japan or Korea. The outcome of these contrasting economic policies has been not only the creation of difficulties for the Senegalese government, but it has also encouraged the smuggling of goods from the Gambia to Senegal.

Given this development, it is understandable why one of the objectives of the Senegambian Confederation was the harmonisation of the different economic and monetary policies of the two countries which, it was hoped, would lead to a Senegambian economic and monetary union. It is therefore no accident that the failure to arrive at an acceptable harmonisation of the economic and financial systems of the two states is one of the reasons that explains the collapse of the Confederation.[7]

No doubt some important conditions were not fulfilled before the Confederation was established, yet the two states were able to muddle through with some achievements in its wake. One noticeable area where concrete achievements were recorded during the eight years of Confederation was that of communication and transportation. Apart from the construction of highways that linked important towns in the two states, like the one linking Banjul-Kaolack-Banjul and the Basse-Velingara-Tamba-Basse, the two states also replaced both their driving licences with a single confederal licence for all drivers. Nationals of the two states also had a right to stay in either state for 120 days instead of the 90 days operative in all the other ECOWAS states. A joint confederal state ferry service, too, was established by the two states.

During the eight years of confederal relations, there was an increased harmonisation of policy and positions by the two states on both regional and international issues. As predominantly Muslim states, both supported the Palestine Liberation Organisation in its conflict with Israel. During the Falklands war, Senegal and Gambia supported Britain against Argentina with Senegal making available the use of its airport as stop-over station for British planes on their journeys to and from the Falklands. At the UN the two states adopted a common position on many international issues and Gambia, partly as a result of its relations with Senegal, attended regularly the exclusively Francophone summit meetings. The two countries also established a confederal army which has now been dissolved and Senegal helped in the training and establishment of a Gambian gendarmerie after the dissolution of the Gambian 'Field Force' which was implicated

in the failed coup d'etat of 1981.[8] However, if Senegal and Gambia were able to muddle through for a span of eight years, what then are the reasons for the sudden collapse of the Confederation?

Of the many factors that eventually led to the collapse of the Senegambian Confederation, the most important is probably the failure of Senegal and the Gambia to agree on the creation of a common economic and monetary union. Small in population (about 700,000) and economically underdeveloped with its dependence on the export of peanuts, but tucked in the belly of a giant Senegal of about seven million inhabitants which is economically more prosperous, the Gambia has always stood out as an anomaly of colonial creation.

When the Confederation was created the expectation was that the creation of a common economic and monetary union would not only correct the colonial anomaly, but that it would also put an end to the smuggling activities between the Gambia and Senegal, an activity that has always disrupted the economy of the latter. However, over the eight years that the Confederation lasted, the smuggling activities from the Gambia to Senegal, instead of abating, increased and it has been calculated that in 1988 the smuggling business deprived the Senegalese government of revenues worth CFA 20 billion a year.[9] Indeed, if the revenue lost by the Senegalese government is invariably gained by the Gambians, it is of course understandable why the Senegalese President accused the Gambian authorities of lukewarmness and foot-dragging whenever the issue of harmonisation of a common economic and monetary union was raised at confederal ministerial meetings.

Before the final collapse of the Confederation, one of the major problems between the Confederal states was that Senegal wanted the Gambia to become a member of the exclusively francophone CFA monetary zone on the ticket of Senegal as a Confederation, whereas the Gambian authorities were insisting on joining if at all, as an independent political unit. Added to this was the problem of the demand for monetary compensation which the authorities in the Gambia wanted for the losses that were envisaged in an eventual economic union with Senegal. However, given the bankruptcy of the Senegalese economy which is symptomatic of the general economic crisis of the African states in the 80s, the Dakar authorities expectedly rejected the Gambian demand for compensation. As a result of the stringent economic policies of the Senegalese government, dictated by the introduction of a structural adjustment programme, the Gambian economy which has no original base of its own, other than its smuggling activities with Senegal, felt increasingly asphyxiated. This angered several powerful business groups and interests in the Gambia which, on the eve of the collapse of the Confederation, started to protest loudly and mounted increasing pressure against the Banjul government for agreeing to any common economic and monetary union with Senegal.

Two major political strategic and security considerations informed the inclusion of the integration of the security and armed forces of both Senegal and Gambia as a major objective of the Senegambian Confedera-

tion. In the immediate it served as a major military and strategic move by the Senegalese forces of consolidating the restoration of the Gambian President Dawda Jawara who was briefly toppled in 1981 by some disorganised leftist faction of the Gambian society. With no standing army of its own, the presence of the Senegalese forces in the Gambia was expected to serve as a *force de dissuasion* to any over ambitious group that violently wanted to overthrow the Gambian President. Indeed, this security and military objective could be said to have been achieved before the break of the Confederation as the Senegalese forces not only served as personal and presidential guards to the Gambian leader but they also kept vigil over sensitive public institutions like the airport and the radio station in the Gambia. Not only this; Senegalese military officers also saw to the establishment of a new Gambian armed force.

However, if this military security and defence arrangement worked well for the Gambians, it was not the same for the Senegalese. Initially, the Senegambian defence arrangement was interesting to the Senegalese authorities because it was thought that it would deprive Senegal's southern secessionist movement in the Casamance of the suspected backing of some powerful Gambian circles. However, to the annoyance and disappointment of the Senegalese authorities this expectation was not fulfilled because throughout the eight years of the Confederation, the Senegalese government was intermittently harassed militarily by the Casamance rebels. The most important uprising in the form of a guerrilla war against the Senegalese forces was in December 1985 when hundreds of Senegalese troops were said to have been killed.[10] Thus it was partly as a result of his disillusion with a Confederation in which his government was responsible for over 80% of its expenses (about CFA one billion per year of which 80% went into the security forces, serving no useful purpose to Senegal) that made President Diouf call for a freezing of the Confederation.

Another important factor in the collapse of the Senegambian Confederation was the fact that its establishment never had the support, confidence and consensus of the mass of the population in either Senegal or the Gambia because their opinions were never recorded by way of referendum. This indeed explains why the Confederation was considered for all the years that it lasted, by the ordinary Gambian especially, as a Confederation of the two heads of state and their ministers. It should be remembered that one of the high points of the official report of the UN in 1964 on the possibility of the establishment of a federation between Senegal and the Gambia was that it advised the two governments to organise a general referendum in order to know the opinion of their populations so as to avoid establishing a federation that would reflect only the interests of the elites in the two states.

No doubt, the dissolution of the confederation was a welcome development to the ordinary Gambian because, apart from their persistent fear of being annexed by Senegal, they have also throughout the eight years of the confederation not only distrusted the Senegalese forces that were stationed in the Gambia, but also looked upon them as an army of occu-

pation. So unpopular had the Senegalese forces become in the Gambia that when President Jawara requested that the presidency of the confederation be on a rotating basis, rather than as stipulated in the Kaur Pact (that gave legal backing to the Confederation and stipulated that the Presidency be permanently held by Senegal and the Vice-Presidency by the Gambia) he at the same time requested the reduction of the Senegalese forces in the Gambia.[11]

Finally, the collapse of the Senegambian Confederation must be located within the regional power play in the area, especially the conflict between Senegal and Mauritania on the one hand, and also between Senegal and Guinea Bissau on the other. Over the years, the hegemony of Senegal as a sub-regional power has never been challenged by her neighbours especially given the fact that she has always been the most industrially developed, militarily superior and economically opulent in comparison with all her neighbours.

Recently, however, this hegemony and supremacy in the Senegambian region have been shaken and called into question by the Mauritanian challenge and the bellicose posture of its leaders against the Senegalese authorities. No doubt international mediation and *bons offices*, especially from France and the current chairman of the OAU President Hussein Murbarak of Egypt, largely prevented the Senegalese-Mauritanian conflict from degenerating into an open war. Nevertheless the seemingly cautious military approach of the Senegalese authorities during the first few weeks of the conflict not only emboldened the Mauritanian authorities to continue to be intransigent but also gave the impression to the other neighbours like Guinea-Bissau and the Gambia that 'Big Brother had clay feet after all'.[12]

This perception by the other weaker states in the region could probably explain Guinea-Bissau's outright rejection of the 1989 Geneva tribunal's verdict which supported the Senegalese position on the maritime border dispute between her and Senegal. It is indeed more than a coincidence that it was in the thick of all these problems with Mauritania and Guinea-Bissau, that the Gambian authorities also thought it appropriate to request a revision of the confereral agreement and for the reduction in the number of soldiers in the Gambia. In fact, when the Senegalese soldiers in the Gambia were precipitously withdrawn, Mr. Medone Fall, the Senegalese and Confederal Defence Minister, linked their withdrawal to 'the aggravation and persistence of the Senegalo-Mauritanian conflict which instead of receding has continued to aggravate within the past five months'.[13] This could have been a convenient way of publicly covering up the great differences between Dakar and Banjul but the fact that the Senegalese-Mauritanian conflict was evoked gave credence to how seriously Senegalese authorities regarded events between Senegal and its neighbours.

Certainly the collapse of the bourgeoning Senegambian Confederation meant not only the end of a dream for Senegal and the Gambia; it represented also a set-back for efforts in the direction of integration among African states, especially in an age when received wisdom is for regional unity as seen in the twelve EEC countries. However given the historical

antecedent of the relations between Senegal and the Gambia which is full of instances of association, union, its break-up and re-establishment, could it then be said that the collapse of the Senegambian Confederation has definitely spelt the end of any attempt at integration or association in the foreseeable future? The answer might be difficult to give. What is clear, however, is that the geographical location of the Gambia in the belly of Senegal is unique and particular. And as such the situation invariably dictates that the level of their relations should be closer than that of just any two friendly neighbours. Consequently, it could be said that in the next few years when the passion and agitation might have receded, the two states will again realise that if they cannot come together again in a confederation, they would still need to agree on a *modus vivendi* for the conduct of their relations, especially for the sake of their national interests.

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NOTES

1. See, Tale Omole 'The Senegambian Confederation, 1982-1989: Vision and Reality' *Contemporary Review*, Vol. 254, No. 1480. All French sources and references that appear in this article are free translations by the author.
2. *Monsieur Abdou Diouf propose le gel de la Confédération de Sénégambie. Le Monde* (Paris). 25 August 1989.
3. See *Les troupes sénégalaises quittent le pays sans préavis. Le Nouvel Observateur* (Paris). 22 August 1989.
4. H. Deschamps, *Le Sénégal et la Gambie*. Presses universitaires de France, 1962. p.122.
5. E. B. Haas and P. Schmitter, 'Economics and Differential patterns of political integration: projection about unity in Latin America'. *International Organisation* XVIII No. 4, Autumn 1964.
6. L. G. Verdun, *Les relations Sénégalo-Gambie. Revue Juridique et Politique*, No. 3. Juillet-Septembre 1966.
7. *West Africa* 18-24 Septembre 1989.
8. For a detailed study of the Senegambian Confederation, see Bamitale Omole, *De la Cooperation à la Confédération: la Sénégambie: Contribution à l'analyse du thème de l'intégration politique régionale en Afrique.* (Unpublished PH. D. Thesis; Institut d'etude politique, Centre d'Etude d'Afrique Noire, University of Bordeaux.)
9. See *Sub-Hebdo* (Dakar), 15 August, 1989 and *Nouvel Observateur* (Paris), 22 August 1989. In fact, it has been suggested that President Jawara deliberately made these requests in order to provoke President A. Diouf into taking the initiative of breaking the Confederation.
10. *West Africa* (London), 18-24 Septembre 1989.
11. For the full text of Mr. Medone Fall, the Senegalese Defence Minister, on the reason for the withdrawal of Senegalese forces from the Gambia, see *Le retrait du contingent militaire de Gambie est lié à la tension avec Nouakchott. Le Monde* (Paris), 24 August 1989.
12. *West Africa* (London) 18-24 Septembre 1989.
13. *Le Monde* (Paris) 24 August 1989.

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The author expresses his gratitude to the French Government for the award of a three-month research fellowship (September-December, 1989) at the Institut d'Etude Politique, Centre d'Etude d'Afrique Noire, université de Bordeaux I, Bordeaux, France where materials for this article were collected.

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# MONET IN CHICAGO

## by David Peet

BETWEEN May 19th and August 12th the Art Institute of Chicago presented 'Monet in the '90s — The Series Paintings'. The Institute (thanks to support from the Digital Equipment Corporation) has gathered together nearly one hundred paintings (including ten from the Art Institute's permanent collection), mostly from American sources, but including twenty from Europe, four from Japan and one each from Russia and Australia. One fifth of the exhibits are on loan from private collections.

The subtitle to the Exhibition, 'The Series Paintings', pays tribute to Monet's putting into practice his theory, developed at the end of the 80s, that a painter should only work on a canvas while the lighting conditions remained stable — when these changed substantially, the artist should stop work. He therefore started to carry round a multi-division canvas case, so that a fresh start could be made when the light changed, and old canvasses worked on further as the opportunity presented itself.

The first section brings together the paintings of the Creuse Valley, to which Monet had gone on what was intended to be a brief visit in 1889. He was so taken with the landscape and its possibilities that he returned at once to Giverny for paint and canvas, and within a few days of his return had twenty paintings under way. Shown here are three of the less frequently reproduced views of the Petite Creuse, in which works the sense of drama is highlighted by the inclusion of the trees at the water's edge, emphasizing the sweep of the landscape and the surge of the river to even greater effect than in the better-known paintings of the river downstream of the confluence at Fresselines. As a pendant, there is the outstanding 'Study of Rocks' from the Queen Mother's collection.

Monet's devotion at this period to depicting things French led him to farming subjects, and at Giverny he completed canvasses of fields of poppies and oats and completed his series of 'Grainstacks', begun in 1888. Of some two dozen completed works, we have here fifteen, showing the stacks from different angles and in various lighting conditions throughout the year. Especially eerie are the snow effects — two pictures (from Edinburgh and New York) show unusually the background buildings and horizon melting into a mere misty backdrop, whereas in most of the other paintings the artist is careful to regulate the relationship between the roofs of the houses to the slope of the stacks, and link the two elements with trees and through the lines of the hedges and the roll of the hills.

The following series is of 'Poplars', painted in 1891. Here is Monet revelling in his fascination for the vertical and in a truly French subject — these paintings contributed substantially to the altered perception of Monet, who in his earlier years had been criticised as contributing to the terminal decline of French culture. The Tate Gallery has contributed its startling version with the trees in full leaf silhouetted against a vivid blue sky and banks of white cotton-wool clouds.

I find it difficult to write adequately of the next rooms, which display my

favourite canvasses, those of the façade of the Cathedral at Rouen and the 'Morning on the Seine', painted in mid nineties. Ten of the thirty Rouen works have been assembled, including an unfinished (and comparatively crude) sunset version from the Musée Marmottan in Paris which very closely resembles the version in the Pushkin Museum in Moscow (which connoisseurs will remember as a highlight of the National Gallery's 1988 Exhibition of French Paintings from the Soviet Union). In the fully-worked versions the treatment of vertical stresses combines with a new interest in decorative studies, yielding richly-encrusted surfaces which bring to life the carved and shaped stones of the façades. It is amazing that these works saw the light of day at all — in the three months of his stay in Rouen Monet constantly complained that he found the subject difficult, he moved to new lodgings (which provided the oblique view of the building depicted in the series) and the weather was atrocious. Nevertheless he overcame all these obstacles to produce a series of stunning canvasses, a profound analysis of light and its effects on form.

In 1978 the New York Metropolitan Museum's Exhibition 'Monet's Years at Giverny' presented four of the views of the Seine: Chicago has no fewer than nine, from the pale wash of the dawn mists from Boston to the full dappled-green sunlight from Tokyo. They make an enthralling sequence — unusually the canvasses are nearly square, with the river surface dividing the painting area almost across the middle. Painted from the waterline in his boat-studio (the same one as he used for the 'Poplars'), he produced a delicate and softly-coloured series of views of an often used subject in hitherto untried lighting conditions. The mist is tangible in the earlier hours of the day, and Monet skilfully enriches his palette as the sequence progresses.

After the reticence of the Seine pictures, the vibrant colours and vigorous brushwork of the 'Japanese Bridge' paintings come as a shock. The style harks back to an earlier period in the artist's development, and mirrors his retirement to his own world at Giverny. It is a superb finale.

The Art Institute has done well by its patrons — the pictures are well hung and easy to see as wholes and to inspect fine details closely without unduly impeding the enjoyment of others. I find six-foot-three-inches a useful height in galleries, but noticed none of the impatient jockeying for position encountered in less carefully organized hangings, even though the rooms were very full. The lighting is expert and few of the pictures have their impact diminished by reflective glass.

The Catalogue Book is a very substantial piece of work by Paul Hayes Tucker of the University of Massachussets, who devotes a chapter to each individual group of paintings and also provides a useful introduction, setting Monet in his context of the Eighties as a prelude to the featured paintings of the next decade.

This exhibition comes to the Royal Academy at Burlington House between 7th September and 9th December — the Trustees evidently expect such interest to be shown that the tickets for the Private View are to be allocated by ballot. Do not miss it.

# THE WHITE AUSTRALIA POLICY AND NATIONAL UNITY

## by Sarah Newman

**Racism: Another Time, Another Place**

IN the celebrations of the Australian bicentenary we heard of the settlers' behaviour to the aborigines, but little of those racialist attitudes that helped bring about the foundation of the Commonwealth of Australia. Were assumptions in an age of Social Darwinism and the Eugenics Education Society, when the only impediment to completely free speech on racial issues was a degree of concern felt by the British Government for the susceptibilities of the inhabitants of its Indian Empire, entirely different from those of our own day?

Before the 1890s the immigrant group most resented by Australians was the Chinese, by the end of the century Kanaka labour, from the South Sea islands, was also under attack. Other non-European immigrants were Indian, Afghan, Japanese, Syrian.

In July 1848, 121 Chinese had been shipped from Amoy under indenture. The 1851 gold discoveries had led to the more significant unindentured immigration of Chinese. In 1853 there were 2,000 Chinese in Victoria, by 1855 17,000. This influx led to legislation restricting entry; as at first this was unique to Victoria it was easily evaded; by 1857 Chinese there numbered 30,000.

In July 1857, 2,000 Chinese were driven from the Buckland River Field by European miners. Following this the Government of South Australia copied Victoria's legislation, restricting the number of immigrants according to ship's tonnage, and imposing a poll tax on resident Chinese. In 1861, when there were 13,000 Chinese on New South Wales goldfields, that Government too legislated as, in the next decade, did the Government of Queensland — since there were 17,000 Chinese compared to 14,000 whites on the Palmers Field. In all these cases the legislation was soon repealed.

In 1878 the Australian Steam Navigation Company decided to employ Chinese seamen in place of British on some vessels. When this led to a strike in Sydney, backed by trade unions in Queensland, New South Wales, Victoria, South Australia and New Zealand, the company promised to withdraw Chinese labour, and the last Chinese were discharged in 1882. It was this issue that led to the 1879 Intercolonial Trade Union Congress which condemned any importation of Chinese workers. It was feared that the action of the United States Government restricting Chinese immigration would divert more to Australia, where outbreaks of small pox in 1876 and 1881 and of leprosy in 1881 were blamed on the Chinese.

In 1871 there were 25,000 Chinese in Australia, one in 70 of the population, by 1881 50,000, one in fifty. In 1891 Chinese comprised two per cent of the Australian population, in 16 trades in Victoria they provided 20% of the workforce, and on average they worked for less than

40% of the wages paid to Australians in the same trades. They had worked since 1874 on the Oriental Telegraph Line, and were active in cabinet making and market gardening. As small holders they were important in banana growing.

The Kanakas came in, often as a result of 'blackbirding' [kidnapping], at first as virtual slaves, from the New Hebrides, British Solomon Islands, Fiji and Polynesia, chiefly for employment in the cotton and sugar plantations of New South Wales and Queensland. Between 1847 and 1904 57,000 such indentured labourers entered Australia. In 1882, referring to these Polynesians, the Premier of Queensland commented: 'the permanent existence of a large servile population amongst us, not admitted to the franchise, is not compatible with the continuance of our free political institutions'.

Indians first reached Australia in 1837. By 1891 they numbered 1,800. Afghans came as camel drivers. They were employed in the exploration of the interior; by 1901 there were 393 in Australia.

Some Japanese worked on the Queensland sugar plantations. But they were of more significance in the pearl fisheries of the Torres Straits. In the 1890s they numbered about 3,500.

Australian hostility to the entry of non-Europeans in part reflected geography, the north's nearness to Asia, whose human reservoir could 'swamp' the European element. There was too a desire for a homogeneous community: a unified, united White Australia. Through the racial prejudice, nationalism, chauvinism, cultural exclusiveness, ran a powerful economic thread, the trade union fear of cheap 'sweatable' labour — that threat to working class economic interests, to hard-won industrial standards, to the functioning of trade unions, that could prevent the advance to industrial democracy.

Cultural antagonism to the 'nations of yesterday', 'the servile races of the world', desire for racial purity, for equal citizens, fear of miscegenation, horror that 'the noblest race upon this sphere' should be contaminated by those 'lower in God's scale of creation', alarm at 'a gulf we cannot bridge', these combined with the difficulty of maintaining a high standard of living when faced with competition from races with a lower standard. In the period of Federation the only ideal common to all Australians was that of racial purity: racial unity was seen as the essential condition of national unity.

The British Government recognised the geographical basis of Australian fears. At the Colonial Conference in London, 1897, the Colonial Secretary, Joseph Chamberlain, expressed sympathy 'with the determination of the White inhabitants of these colonies, who are in comparatively close proximity to millions and hundreds of millions of Asiatics, that there shall not be an influx of people alien in civilisation, alien in religion, in customs — whose influx, moreover, would seriously interfere with the legitimate rights of the existing population'.

Geographical position was stressed too by the literary critic of *The Bulletin*, Sydney, when he wrote, 'Next in importance to the preservation

of national life is the preservation of the race, the purification of the national blood ... living on the border of Asia, we are always exposed to the danger of Asiatic incursions, and it is certain that the establishment of Asiatic settlements ... will tend to degrade and destroy the whole breed.'

With the issue of national unity in mind, Sir Henry Parkes of New South Wales, stated: 'it was a question of policy of the first magnitude to cement society together by the same principles of faith and jurisprudence, the same influence of language and religion, and the same national habits of life'. He denounced the lack of wisdom of admitting 'any class of person whom we are not prepared to advance to all our franchise, to all our privileges as citizens, and to all our social rights including the right of marriage.'

Discussing national unity, the Liberal leader, Deakin, asserted: 'No motive power operated more powerfully in dissolving the technical and arbitrary political divisions which previously separated us, than the desire we should be one people, and remain one people, without the admixture of other races'. Again he urged: 'The unity of Australia means not only that its members can intermarry and associate without degradation on either side, but implies ... a people possessing the same general cast of character ... the same constitutional training and traditions.'

As Prime Minister, 1903-4, he pronounced: 'To my mind the White Australia policy covers much more than the preservation of our own people here. It means the multiplication of our own people so that we may defend our country and our policy. It means the maintenance of social conditions under which men and women can live decently. It means equal laws and opportunities for all ... it means social justice and fair wages. The White Australia policy goes down to the roots of our national existence, the roots from which the British social system has sprung'.

The economic threat had been implicit in the resolution passed unanimously by the fourth Intercolonial Trade Union Congress, 1886: 'The time has come when immediate steps should be taken about the abolition of Chinese and coolie immigration because first the competition of Asiatic versus European labour is entirely unfair; second it is well known that the presence of Chinese in large numbers in any community has a very bad moral tendency'. This basic attitude, 'Australia for the Australians — the cheap Chinaman, the cheap Nigger to be absolutely excluded' was echoed in *The Worker*, Brisbane, March 1901: '... it is a wrong thing to have a horde of Kanakas, Chows and Afghans coming into this country, insulting your wives and daughters and taking the bread out of white men's mouths'.

On Restriction of Immigration, the Labour leader, W. G. Spence, stated: 'If we are not to have a measure of this kind I do not think it will be worth working for social reform any longer, because all such reform will be nullified by the deterioration of the race. The influx of these aliens would so lower the aggregate standard of the community that in a very short time social legislation would be ineffective ... these people would

degrade our national character, lower the standard of energy and capacity of our people, and thus weaken the Empire itself. I refuse to believe that if these coloured men were living here they would maintain our present living wage.'

In the 1901 debates on restricting immigration J. C. Watson said, 'The objection I have to the mixing of these coloured people with the white people of Australia — although I admit it is to a large extent tinged with considerations of an industrial nature — lies in the main in the probability of racial contamination... the question is whether we would desire that our sisters or our brothers should be married into any of these races to which we object. If these people are not such as we can meet upon an equality, and not such that we can feel it is no disgrace to intermarry with... we should be foolish in the extreme if we did not exhaust every means of preventing them coming to this land which we have made our own. The racial aspect of the question is to my mind the larger and more important one; but the industrial aspect has also to be considered... we know that a few years ago businessmen looked upon the Chinese and other coloured undesirables as men who could be very well tolerated, because they took the place of labourers, of men who might be unreliable, or not quite so cheap, but when it was found that these orientals possessed all the cunning and acumen necessary to fit them for conducting business affairs, and that their cheapness of living was carried into business matters as well as into ordinary labouring work, a marked alteration of outlook took place among businessmen, so far as the competition of the "heathen Chinese" was concerned... With the oriental, as a rule, the more he is educated the worse man he is likely to be from our point of view. The more educated, the more cunning he becomes, and the more able with his peculiar ideas of social and business morality, to cope with the people here.' In like vein Deakin commented, 'the good qualities of these races make them dangerous to us — their inexhaustible energy, their endurance, their low standard of living that make them such competitors'.

In all these statements is visible the same racial prejudice as that evidenced by describing the Chinese as 'not morally, physically or intellectually fit to sit down in the same continent as Europeans' or lampooning them as 'Ah filth'. This sentiment, possibly strongest in the working class, was characteristic of almost all Australians. The main dispute in 1901 was not whether there should be Immigration Restriction but whether it should be by outright specific exclusion of non whites, or, as was eventually agreed, through a dictation test. Any person who failed to write out 50 words of dictation in a European language in the presence of an officer was excluded. In 1905, due to Japanese pressure, the term employed was 'prescribed' language: the effect was the same.

The Contract Immigration Act of 1905 further modified the prohibition of indentured labourers contained in the 1901 Act. Indentured labourers would be accepted if the immigrant were a British subject of UK birth and descent. Aliens could be admitted only if no workers of equal skill existed in Australia. In these cases no dictation test need be taken.

The Pacific Islands Labourers Act brought about the eventual exclusion of Kanakas from the Queensland sugar fields. Plantation owners received a bounty for sugar grown by white labour. Kanakas continued to be imported until 1904 and were deported by 1907. In 1906 it was decided that those who owned land in Queensland and any who had resided in Australia continuously for 20 years were not to be deported.

Maoris were not prevented from entering Australia. Nor was there any move to deport those other than Kanakas. Many Australians were as hostile to immigration from continental Europe as from non-European areas.

The White Australia was the one issue on which there was virtual consensus, backed by all parties, supported by all States. Most Australians wished to exclude Asians, Pacific Islanders, Africans. The Commonwealth Parliament enabled this to be done on a nationwide basis.

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# AROUND WILLIAM MORRIS

**by Walter J. Strachan**

*William Morris, MARCH 24th, 1834: Artist, Writer, Socialist,*
*'Drink to his memory'*

SO ran an anonymous exhortation in *The Times* newspaper on the corresponding date in 1990. 'Yes, gladly, and in a burgundy wine from the Côte d'Or — the region he adored for its magnificent gothic churches.'

Since William Morris has been a peripheral presence at various stages of my life, I am responding to the challenge in what I trust is not too servile a tribute to an eccentric genius. Partly in the context of other people connected with him, and with three of whom, across the years I have enjoyed a valued friendship. Furthermore in the area where I live — the borders of Hertfordshire and Essex, there are many reminders of Morris and his associates. First, his birthplace at Walthamstow on the edge of Epping Forest; then, 'Morris Cottage' at Much Hadham which Philip Webb restored for Morris's sister. At Little Bardfield in Essex the formalised representation of a crane in pargettry on an outside wall announces a former residence of the artist-craftsman, Walter Crane; on the inside a painted wall-decoration was doubtless inspired by work in this genre by Morris. The Barclay School in Stevenage has a Morris wallpaper (one of his 600 designs) in its dining hall. The same county, Hertfordshire, can boast some of the finest stained glass by Morris & Co which I will come to later.

I am conscious of having heard my paternal grandfather invoke, almost alternately, the names of Morris and Ruskin. I had, however, little notion what — to use the modern jargon — they were 'on about' except, vaguely, art, beauty and — moral uplift. Indeed, in the latter connection, it came to me as a surprise, later on, to learn that this worshipper of gothic cathedrals, this maker and purveyor of stained glass and not above sending his trade list to potential customers among the clergy, was himself a pagan with more faith in a Utopia for the workers than a life hereafter.

I next came across his name in my junior school when we read *The Life and Death of Jason*. Returning to it in an edition I have of *The Earthly Paradise* I find it impossible to share the praise lavished on it and the whole 'Epic' by John Drinkwater. Yet, partly because the lines were easy to learn, partly because the sentiments expressed chimed in with my adolescent idealism, certain passages still stick in my memory: Aeson's parting message to Jason as he sets off on his formidable task: all will be well in the end, he will be free to wander, 'And choose thy mate and with her hand in hand/ Go wandering through the blossoming sweet land/ ... And nought of evil shall there come to thee/ But like a golden age shall all things be' ... Morris's obsession with a 'golden age', implicit in *The Dream of John Ball* which I read at my VIth-form stage when I was

fortunate enough to have a school friend precociously interested in private presses. One day he emerged from a local bookshop triumphantly brandishing a copy of the Kelmscott *Sigurd the Volsung*. I fear that my appreciation then was limited to the book as a beautiful object enhanced by all the mystique surrounding the name of Morris's residence (from 1871), Kelmscott Manor in Oxfordshire.

A quirk of associative memory links the heroic saga with Morris's heroic adventures in furniture-making twenty years earlier. Philip Webb built for him 'Red House' on Bexley Heath in Kent. Morris wanted it to be worthy of Jane Burden, the Pre-Raphaelite beauty he had married in 1859.

It was to be furnished with solid but what were even then, already archaic items. Max Beerbohm summed it up in his cartoon depicting 'Topsy' Morris and 'Ned' (Edward Burne Jones) 'settled on a settle'. Philip Webb, in a letter to Sydney Cockerell, refers to a table made for Red House. 'It was bound round the edge with scoured iron fixed with clout nails to keep the impatient from whittling away at its edges if victuals lingered on the way.' Two years later Morris moved into the public domain by founding the firm: Morris, Marshall and Faulkner & Co. They offered every kind of home and church furniture and decoration. That year, 1862, Morris designed his first ('rose-trellis') wallpaper design. Little wonder that these activities earned him the nickname 'the poetic upholsterer'. His zest for all his creativity is implicit in his assertion: 'Art is the expression of pleasure in labour.' My great-grandfather echoes the same sentiment in a lecture 'Labour's future hope', perhaps inspired by Morris, his near contemporary: 'Work must not be done in the spirit of duty alone, but the workman ... must have pleasure in seeing it grow under his hands.' And these were times of the workers' 'ten-hour day'. Unlike Morris, however, he was not prepared to go to the barricades to fight for socialism. Morris found a poetic expression for his feelings in the well-known lines: 'The singers have sung and the builders have builded/ The painters have fashioned their tales of delight/ But for what and for whom has the world's book been gilded/ When all is for these but the blackness of night?'

Yet Morris's concern to provide art as refreshment from work and his theory that the workers would ultimately make their own books and works of art hardly squares up with the luxury standard set by the Kelmscott Press. But I will not venture into the field of Morris's politics which I leave to my ex-pupil, Dr. E. Paul Thompson in his book, *William Morris: Romantic to Revolutionary*. I rest my simplistic case on an observation made by a Labour Prime Minister, Clement Attlee: 'Morris means more to us than Karl Marx.' I note that Tolstoi (an anarchist) dismissed Morris's *News from Nowhere* as 'a fantasy of socialistic ideas'. On the other hand he was full of praise for W. R. Lethaby's lecture: 'Morris as Workmaster'. Lethaby was the key figure in the Arts and Crafts movement inaugurated in 1888. Lethaby had been trained as an architect but had many wider interests. I still cherish two small works of his in their original edition, *Leadwork in Building* and *Country Arts*. In his later years he was elevated to a professorship at the Royal College of Art by Sir William Rothenstein.

My all-important link with Morris — at one remove — came about during my undergraduate years at Cambridge when I made the acquaintance of Sydney Cockerell, director of the Fitzwilliam Museum from 1908 to 1937. I had been reading A. Clutton-Brock's *William Morris* (Home University edition of 1914) and I was eager to consult the man (strangely not mentioned in that book) who had been first Morris's librarian then his secretary and finally the director of the Kelmscott Press. Cockerell first met Morris in 1886, and, as if that wasn't enough, he paid a visit to John Ruskin the following year. I managed to extract from him an article 'A Young Man's First Visit to John Ruskin' for a college magazine. Our discussions about Morris centred round the French cathedrals he had seen first in the company of Morris and his printer, Emery Walker; later, with the latter and Lethaby he had visited the cathedrals of Beauvais and Chartres. In post World War II years Cockerell passed on Morris's and his own enthusiasm for these gems of gothic architecture to a pupil of mine, Christopher Hewett — and with far-reaching results as I shall prove.

In my early teaching years I introduced my classes to my favourite Morris lyrics and the unforgettable Prologue to the *Earthly Paradise* 'Forget six counties overhung with smoke/ Forget the snorting steam and piston stroke... (now sources of nostalgia). But at least the 'Thames with its waters clean...' is in fact less polluted than in Chancer's time.

William Gaunt's *Preraphaelite Tragedy*, published in 1942, rekindled my interest in Morris (many years later Christopher Hewett reported to me the visit of the same critic to his exhibition of etchings by Alphonse Legros, Taraman Gallery, November, 1974). Gaunt's book coincided with my growing interest in calligraphy and typography. I acquired specimen sheets of their work from well-known private presses — the Ashendene, The Golden Cockerell, the Gregynog Press of Wales, the famous Nonesuch Press, founded by Sir Francis Meynell, which issued a comprehensive edition of Morris. Too often these presses eschewed modern works. One wonders how many bibliophiles would read, for example, Spenser's *Faerie Queen* in the Ashendene edition of 1923. Here were examples of fine printing which inevitably sent me back to the Kelmscotts. And by a stroke of luck for myself and my newly-formed typographical society, an ophthalmologist who was also a collector of Kelmscott editions, Charles Leonard Gimblett, was posted in the war years to our local hospital. He was keen to share his interest in Morris with the boys, and brought along to the Bishop's Stortford College library a selection of Kelmscott editions. One was *The Recuyell of the Historles of Troy* (1892) translated from the French chivalrous romance written by Raoul Lefebrès. For it Morris designed a form of black letter 'Troy'. It represented his departure from his 'Golden' — a roman fount. Morris wrote 'after a while I felt I must have a gothic as well as a roman fount. Keeping my aim (readability) in view, I designed a black-letter type which I think I may claim as readable as the roman one; and, to say the truth, I prefer it to the roman.' Tell-tale admission of his predilection for the archaic. Compare the course of typography in France where Nicholas Jenson's

roman was the model for *'le romain du roi'* — a royal monopoly adopted by the *Imprimerie nationale* and which, in its turn, led to 'modern' founts like Didot, designed by geometricians rather than artists — the reverse of Morris's practice and recommendation.

*The Well at the World's End*, which Gimblett also showed us, had a peculiarly Morris feature which he had adopted from examples of mediaeval manuscripts in his collection — the double column of text separated by decorative themes — in his case — woodcuts; another archaism.

Morris's reputation as a printer rests on his monumental *Chaucer* which gives its name to the black-letter he created — a reduced form of the 'Troy'. It is more legible than many German 'Fraktur' types. I find I can read, even in a greatly reduced reproduction the opening page which begins with the lovely lines: 'The tendre croppes, and the yonge sonne/ Hath in the Ram his halfe cours yronne...' The pages illustrated and decorated by Burne-Jones are a joy to the eye. They also explain Cobden-Sanderson's reservations: 'Morris came to printing with a mind set on decoration and a mind overscored with tapestry.' Sir Francis Meynell writes in his *English Printed Book* (1946): 'His types are archaic, his page is hard to read, his decoration insistent... but they displayed anew the grandeur of printing.'

Seeing an exhibition of modern French illustrated books — *le livre d'artiste* — in 1945 had a profound effect on me. Here were books, adventurous in the illustrations and the graphic media used by the great artists of the Ecole de Paris (as I have described in my book *The Artist and the Book in France*, 1969). Even before 1900 — when Vollard published *Parallèlment* by Verlaine, illustrated with lithographs by Bonnard — Maurice Denis had illustrated in the same medium *Le Voyage d'Urien* by André Gide. This in 1893 when Morris was making an exclusive use of woodcuts to illustrate ancient texts.

Cockerell, whom I began to revisit at his home at Kew from 1947 and corresponded with up to 1959, showed me many books and albums, bound by his brother, Douglas Cockerell — an expert in the field. On one occasion he presented me with an inscribed copy of *Fifty-one Poems* by Mary Webb, illustrated with woodcuts by his favourite artist, Joan Hassall. One time I took along a copy of the smallest format Kelmscott *Of the Child Christopher* which I had picked up secondhand. Noticing the worn label, Cockerell immediately indicated a drawer where I found a whole pile of the said label in pristine condition. I gave the book to Christopher Hewett in whom by this time Cockerell had become deeply interested — in his fine italic hand and his sketch-drawings. For his part, Christopher reported his visits to me in many letters. In one he wrote: 'My visit to Cockerell was a very memorable occasion. He was pleased to see my French sketches (of Normandy churches). He sent me upstairs to see two or three Ruskins and a case full of Kelmscott Press productions. I tore off to Trafalgar Square to meet Paul Thompson' (my ex-pupil author mentioned earlier). In future correspondence Cockerell referred to Christopher Hewett as 'your brilliant pupil', adding in one letter: 'He seems destined to win a

high place in the world.' Alas, Christopher Hewett died suddenly at the age of forty-five but already by the year of his death, 1983, his exquisitely designed catalogues of exhibitions in the Gallery he had founded in 1974 had become 'collectors' pieces'. These and the few books he published, which included texts by Nicholas de Staël and Victor Segalen, gave him the reputation of being perhaps this country's most distinguished contemporary typographer. His printer, Christopher Skelton, a nephew of Eric Gill, admits to have learned a great deal from him.

Morris's bursts of energy involved him in two other major activities. From the year 1881 he devoted much of the time he spent at his Merton Abbey workshop to dyeing and weaving without halting verse compositions ('if a chap can't compose an epic poem while he's weaving a tapestry, he'll never do any good at all!'). Like the mediaeval weavers he made his own (vegetable) dyes. He failed, however, to learn the lesson that the pioneer of modern French tapestry Jean Lurçat had learned from his study of the Apocalypse tapestry at Angers, woven at the end of the XIVth century, namely that tapestry is *mural* decoration and that it is inappropriate to extend the frontiers of the art by the pictorial devices of, e.g. perspective to create the illusion of three-dimensions. Morris's dictum: 'Tapestry at its highest is the painting of pictures with wool on a warp' is the very opposite of Lurçat's 'Tapestry is not an oil-painting done in wool; it is a thing of architecture.' Fortunately the greater part of Morris's tapestry is two-dimensional decoration in his inimitable style. The same principle applies to some extent to stained glass, in the case of work by Morris about which, happily, one has no such reservations. Their splendid colours are after the insipid tones of Victorian glass, a welcome refreshment to the eye.

Morris portrayed himself in an early window in St. Paul's Church, Brighton — let us think, symbolically — as a king! I have just freshly seen examples by Morris & Co. in St. Mary's, Furneaux Pelham, and St. Michael's, Waterford, both in Hertfordshire. St. Mary's Church has three angels by Morris on a musical theme. The angel with an organ (the first introduction of this instrument by the Morris 'team') is by Burne-Jones who also designed the Saint Michael. Morris is responsible for the portrayal of Saint Michael. The windows at Waterford are of the same date as the church — 1872 — the perfect 'period' building to house stained glass by four members of Morris & Co. They are on the eye-level and are of stunning and colourful beauty. The angels tinged with a characteristic Morris red hover round a Nativity by Burne-Jones. Morris's Annunciation in the south chancel is characterised by the artist's exquisite patterns — in greens and blues inspired by nature. Philip Webb contributed 'John the Baptist' for the west window; Ford Madox Brown 'Noah'. One is glad to see that these fine windows are adequately protected.

References to Morris and his work are ubiquitous in contemporary literature and art books. One finds allusions in odd places. T. H. White, famous author of *The Sword in the Stone*, noticed that the gas-fire in his guest-room had been designed by Morris. Bernard Shaw remarked on the

Morris curtains in Cockerell's Cambridge residence. The end-paper designs of J. M. Dent's Everyman series (Dent also from the Bishop's Stortford stable) up to 1935, a Morris tradition. All three volumes of *Men and Memories* by William Rothenstein are full of references to this great figure of the previous generation.

Morris could encourage and put down. On the one hand he belonged to a minority who appreciated *Arabia deserta* — written in Charles Doughty's idiosyncratic English, pseudo-Elizabethan — which had been unfavourably received by most critics. (As a fitting gesture Cockerell sent the author a specimen page of the Kelmscott *Chaucer* — whose works Doughty unfailingly took with him on his travels). On the other hand, we see another aspect of Morris's quick reactions when, in a fury about the deplorable restoration of Lichfield Cathedral, he founded the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings (1876).

Despite his occasional outbursts of temper — Rossetti was quite worried about his health when for some time he hadn't kicked out a single panel — Morris inspired affection. Cockerell, who was no sentimentalist, mentions in a letter dated May 17, 1902, hearing his master's voice. 'Six years ago at Folkestone I heard Morris read for the first time from his manuscript of *The Sundering Flood*', (obviously moved by this work, published posthumously in 1898).

Sir William Rothenstein who did portrait-drawings of most of the outstanding personalities of his time, was understandably anxious to add one of Morris to his collection. It was Bernard Shaw who dissuaded him. The proposal would not be welcome. Morris by the year 1896 was a sick man worn out by an over intensive life.

After Morris's death, Cockerell continued the work in hand of the Kelmscott editions, up to 1898 when the printing material etc. was transferred to the British Museum. These fifty-two titles in sixty-six volumes represent an impressive achievement. Their impact was felt on the continent. Dutch and German typographers were influenced by his experiments with the black-letter. An example is 'The Four Gospels' printed in gothic type by Rudolf Koch in 1926. The influence of this non-Renaissance *'uomo universale* — but rather a gothic version — was pervasive, often indirect (provoking, as in art nouveau and 'le style Liberty' and Jugendstil — a reaction but owing much to Morris). Sir Charles Steward Loch refers to the great pleasure he got from Morris's lectures on art. 'What a big-framed man he was in every sense', he adds.

In 1853 Morris had been greatly impressed by Ruskin's *The Stones of Venice*, the first volume of which had just been published. He seized on the point Ruskin made about the freedom of expression enjoyed by masons working in the great gothic cathedrals compared with the limitations imposed on their equivalent working in the classical buildings of the Renaissance which Morris grew to hate.

It seems appropriate, therefore, that the last word should come from Ruskin: 'Morris', he said 'was beaten gold, a great rock with a little moss on it perhaps.' I think it is a fair appraisal.

# LECTURING IN SPAIN ON THE BLOOMSBURY GROUP

## by Robert Kubens

RECENTLY I learned that *El Grupo de Bloomsbury* is much more well known in Spain than I had expected. Not only are many Spaniards familiar with such novels as *Al Faro* (*To the Lighthouse*), *La Señora Dalloway* and *Habitación con Vistas* (*A Room with a View*), but many of them have read *Maurice* as well and they know that E. M. Forster was a homosexual and that Virginia Woolf drowned herself in the River Ouse by filling her pockets with stones. The method of her suicide is graphically described in the potted biographies which appear on the back covers of the translations of her novels. The Spanish do not shrink from the morbid details of life—or death—and there is nothing voyeuristic about their interest in the emotional or sexual vicissitudes of the Bloomsbury Group.

When I gave my first lecture on these writers for the British Council in Palma de Mallorca I chose not to explore their personal lives, and I concentrated almost entirely on their literary achievements, although I did explain briefly about Mrs. Woolf's delicate mental state and its relationship to her writing.

I was surprised and caught off guard after my lecture when I was asked by members of the audience such questions as — 'Wasn't Virginia Woolf a manic depressive?'; 'Would she have been cured had she lived now?'; 'How did Leonard Woolf react to his wife's affair with Vita Sackville-West?' and 'Don't you think that Mr. Emerson (in Forster's *A Room with a View*) was really pleading for an acceptance of homosexuality as a natural part of life when he told Lucy Honeychurch that love is "... *of* the body. Ah! the misery that would be saved if we confessed that!"?'.

While the conversations after my talk in Mallorca were stimulating, the discussions that followed the very same lecture which I gave later at the British Institute in Seville were even more bracing. One young woman asked me why Vanessa Stevens emerged relatively normal after the sexual molestations by her half-brother and the emotional sadism of her father, while her sister Virginia who had gone through the same experiences, grew up to be a bisexual neurasthenic... How does one answer such a question at a genteel reception while sipping a sherry and munching a potato crisp? I did my best and explained that I am not a psychologist, but I rather think that Vanessa was a woman of stronger emotional fibre and, after all, she did marry earlier than her sister and she quickly established a stable home life and sex life and she had children as well.

But I was stymied when a student asked me why E. M. Forster killed off poor Mrs. Moore at the end of *A Passage to India*. 'Was that symbolic?' she wanted to know. 'Did that represent the death of the "developed

heart'... Did Forster have Mrs. Moore die for the same reasons that Mrs. Wilcox died in *Howard's End*?'... At that point I accepted another sherry and said something about being unable to delve into Forster's creative processes. But when I saw that my companion seemed disappointed and possibly annoyed by my response, I quickly surfaced and said, 'I assume that Mrs. Moore was meant as a missionary of compassion, an angel of mercy and when she had served her purpose in India, Forster felt that her destiny was to die, but to die fulfilled'.

My reply seemed to satisfy the young woman and I thought then that the conversation might take on a lighter tone — to the Hogarth Press dust jacket designs? or Virginia Woolf's talent for baking bread? But a moment later I was buttonholed by another student who asked me, 'How do you feel about Sally Seaton?'... 'Sally who?' I replied... 'Sally Seaton', the student persisted. 'Mrs. Dalloway's childhood friend'. I was silent for several moments. Then I said, 'Yes, of course, Sally Seaton — she had a very vivid personality, didn't she?'

'Vivid of course,' said my inquisitor. 'But don't you think she had all the natural warmth and spontaneity that Clarissa Dalloway lacked? And wouldn't you agree that Clarissa always envied her for that?'

'No, I'm afraid I don't agree', I replied. 'And just because Sally had great warmth doesn't mean that Clarissa was essentially cold'.

'But surely her remoteness *and* her snobbery was what the novel was all about?' said the student.

'Well, some of her friends *thought* her distant and snobbish and so there were moments when *I* think it was the power of suggestion that made her see herself in that way'.

'Then you don't really think she was a snob?' asked the young woman.

'Well, everyone is snobbish in one way or another'. I replied.

'But certainly you will admit that Sally Seaton was really Clarissa's alter-ego?... that she was the vibrant, fulfilled woman that Mrs. Dalloway could never be?'

'No, I think that's rather a simplification', I said. 'Because you must remember that Clarissa was really in love with Sally. It was the only great love in Clarissa's life and she knew it. You see the point about Mrs. Dalloway was that she understood everything about her own life. No, she wasn't really so cool and conventional... I would say that she was a sympathetic character whose best qualities were her honesty and her awareness of her own failures.'

'I quite agree with you,' another student spoke up. 'And I think it's Mrs. Dalloway's faults which make her so interesting — in fact I prefer her to Mrs. Ramsey in *To the Lighthouse* — Mrs. Ramsey always seemed a bit too good and kind and perceptive...'

And so the conversation went on — corruscating through the novels of Woolf and Forster, the biographies by Strachey, the aesthetics of Roger Fry and the poetry of T. S. Eliot. Later as I left the Institute and walked down the narrow winding streets of the Santa Cruz quarter, I kept thinking about the questions which the young Spaniards had asked and I began

wondering if my answers had been correct. Perhaps I had been wrong, perhaps Mrs. Dalloway had been suffering from an essential *froideur* and perhaps her awareness of her failures had not, in fact, mitigated her coldness. And what about the deaths of both Mrs. Moore and Mrs. Wilcox? Had I somehow failed to see the meaning in Forster's symbolism? As I pondered on these questions I suddenly felt that it really didn't matter whether I was right or wrong in my interpretations. The important thing was that my lecture had set off a spontaneous and enthusiastic response from the Spanish students which made me question some of my own preconceived ideas. And what I found most gratifying was the fact that the books I had discussed had been read by the Spaniards with admiration, respect and lively perception. It seemed to me that I had not had as stimulating a literary discussion in my own country for many years.

As I got into a taxi to return to my hotel, I began to wonder where it would be possible in England to have a similar discussion of the novels of Miguel Delibes, Gonzalo Torrente Ballester, Camilo José Celar or Lorenzo Villalonga. Most of these distinguished modern Spanish novelists are hardly known in Britain and only a handful of their books has been translated into English. While I was being driven through the Moorish streets of Seville, it occurred to me that since the death of Franco, Spain had certainly shaken off its long period of insularity. Aside from the Bloomsbury Group, the Spanish are intensely interested in many more recent English writers as well as those of other foreign countries. My visits to Palma and Seville confirmed my feelings that Spain is experiencing a creative resurgence which will have wide-ranging cultural influence.

When I returned to my hotel, I began to think that, aside from Federico García Lorca, there are very few other Spanish authors about whom the average well-read Englishman can talk intelligently. And it seemed to me then that while Spain continues to develop and become an essential part of Europe, perhaps England has taken the opposite course and is becoming increasingly more insular.

# THE SPA TOWNS OF BOHEMIA

## by Lucy Lethbridge

BOHEMIA should be a mysterious place. It covers the Western hills of landlocked Czechoslovakia. Forests, castles and ruins have always dominated its landscape; nowadays it is the skeletal machinery of open cast mines and the tower blocks of industrial new-towns that loom on its horizons. It is the centre and heartland of Old Europe where the Baroque splendour of Catholicism, the zeal of Lutheranism and the mysterious minarets of Russian Orthodoxy all contribute to the vast melting pot of what was the centre of the Hapsburg dominions.

In the Bohemian spa towns the excessive *Fin de Siècle* spirit of the Austro-Hungarian Empire sits uneasily beside the drab frugality of modern Czechoslovakia. Although the colonnades are still packed with people filling their mugs with curative spring water, the Duty-Free shops with their cameras and Sony Walkmans appear to prove a more tempting attraction to a new generation with a few dollars saved. However, though in decline, the great spas decline with dignity, and it does not take much imagination to picture the infamous Colonel Redl betraying state secrets to the enemies of the Empire in a dark corner of the Hotel Pupp in Karlsbad, or Chopin battling with his consumption in a tiny Marienbad inn.

Karlsbad is clustered narrowly along the River Tepla with the high, wooded banks of the valley towering above the town. As one approaches its outskirts by road one has the unmistakable feeling of entering a place devoted to health, with its tidy flowerbeds, benches, rest spots and neat little lawns. A bronze statue of Beethoven, who was a visitor to the spa, dominates one particular park, and his glowering passionate countenance looks curiously out of place above the convalescing couple sitting cautiously on the edge of his pedestal. The town is six hundred years old: the largest and oldest of all the Bohemian spas. Its springs were discovered by Emperor Charles IV, who reputedly (and quite literally) stumbled upon them while hunting in the forests. There are several springs of varying temperatures, said to cure all manner of ailment, and the steaming water is drunk from a kind of mug with a spout. This is usually decorated (somehow inappropriately) with entwined roses or gilt scrolls and each colonnade has a storeroom where the owner can leave his mug and then re-claim it when he needs a dose of water from the beefy, grim-faced mug-wardress. I found the taste too foul for more than one, tentative sip, although everyone around me was imbibing with every indication of huge enjoyment.

Karlsbad is a long, thin town, largely concentrated along a main street, with monumental Edwardian sanatoria squatting above the town in the hills. Most of the buildings are the muted shade of saffron that is characteristic of Bohemian architecture, becoming intensified in the rain to the colour of egg yolk. Given the seriousness of 'taking the waters', there is a marvellous sense of elderly decadence about the buildings here. Not a doorway is left undecorated with a cherub or a cornucopia or a huge,

bearded Triton. Wrought-iron balconies are twisted into wilful *Jugendstil* contortions and, to show that adornment is not a thing of the past, most windows have a box of geraniums.

There are some splendid monuments to past pleasures. There is a highly decorated theatre which now looks rather desolate and a vast casino with a late nineteenth century interior of mesmerising vulgarity. Gambling is illegal in modern Czechoslovakia, so entry is only for those with foreign currency to burn. In the centre of the town, the glorious Baroque church by Kilian Dietzenhofer, built from 1732-36, is representative of an older opulence. Its cherubs, clouds and Madonnas look dusty and uncared for now, and when I was there the congregation boasted few members under the age of fifty.

I stayed in what used to be the Hotel Pupp, now the Hotel Moskva. It was built in 1701 by Pupp the confectioner and stayed in the family until the second World War. It is a vast wedding cake of a place; long corridors lead into coffee rooms, salons and suites. The Grand Salon in particular is magnificently ornate, with an encrustation of moulding and a rather grimy stained glass cupola. I found it was difficult to imagine couples gliding to the strains of a Strauss Waltz beneath the busts of Smetana and Dvorak, as there was a conference of West German Acupuncturists going on and a fevered speaker was standing under the white and gold organ (reminiscent of a piece of Pupp confectionery) waving a luridly coloured model of the human arm.

It is both refreshing and (occasionally) depressing to see that the dread hand of 'heritage-centre' style restoration has not touched the spa towns or their surrounding villages. Farmyard barns are left unconverted into second homes and wild flowers poke their way through the cracks in Karlsbad's first, now deserted colonnade. Everywhere stone nymphs and water maidens are covered by a mossy mould. This adds a kind of poignant melancholy to the place but does not bode well for its future. On one porch I saw the remains of a satyr clinging vainly to what remained of one leg, which dangled by a last few fibres of plaster.

The road to Marienbad (Marianske Lazne) runs south of Karlsbad. The scenery along the highway is largely rather dreary, with huge fields relieved only by the odd 1950s housing estates towering in the distance and looking as though they had been stuck into the surrounding countryside. Off the main road, however, smaller, very bumpy lanes lead to a fascinating glimpse of Bohemian rural life. Geese and ducks scatter at the car's approach and the nests of houses with their faded orange walls and the invitingly dark, steamy interiors of local hostelries look as though they might come out of some Ruritanian operetta. It isn't all so cosy; most villages have a tiny, modern shop which displays a few dingy tins and some speckled vegetables and the churches which dominate the smallest of villages are usually sadly boarded up, their stained-glass windows broken and black with dirt. The churches give no hint of this from far away, when one can just see their spires or onion domes in between the hills.

The entrance to Marienbad is unprepossessing; low farmyard buildings

and a muddy potholed road are the traveller's introduction to the most famous and celebrated of the spa towns. Like Karlsbad one soon begins to feel the indescribable sense of convalescence; measured plantations of fir trees and the kind of genteel hotels that wouldn't look out of place in Frinton, with their damask tablecloths and carthorse lifts. Much of these have been 'done-up' and the result is usually a chunky sixties relief and some G-plan furniture.

Marienbad's central square is vast and almost free of cars. Its disconcerting silence is curiously at odds with the whimsical, almost too excessive decoration on its buildings. These vast sanatoria are teeming with aqueous sirens, eagles, *putti* and on one rooftop a pair of awesomely realistic angels, their wings half folded as if they had just alighted on their perch. In the colonnade I was shown, with pride, the roof which has been recently painted by a leading Czech artist. The result is a garish medley of hallucinatory images, like a Heavy Metal album sleeve of the 1970s. Through the arches of the colonnade, Marienbad climbs into the thickly wooded hills; belfries, turrets and pinnacles look like the follies of some eccentric millionaire burgher. A more modern folly is to be found in Marienbad's centre. A nondescript modern fountain apparently 'sings' a tune especially composed as a 'hymn' to modern Marienbad. The phenomenon occurs at certain times during the day and knots of people gather to await the moment. When I was there it was pouring with rain and from just above the fountain the massed black umbrellas of the waiting crowd looked like citizens in the thrall of some ominous and faceless political rhetoric. The tune when it eventually blasts out is vaguely rousing like a cinematic theme tune.

On my way out of Marienbad I passed the English church, built for Edward VII. Situated in a grim little compound, next to the Russian Orthodox church, it is boarded up and used to stockpile corrugated iron. Its Home Counties red brick looks sober and dingy beside the pinky pastels of the little orthodox church.

Of all three spas, Franzensbad is smaller, quieter and more devoted to simply being a place of convalescence. It is not used as a set for West German TV period dramas as much as the other two and has escaped some of the soulless tourist trade hallmarks. It is almost completely yellow and white and this gives it a peculiarly *Toytown* feel; added to which the town is very compact, few houses are over two storeys high and each one boasts green, wooden shutters. There are fewer reminders of the famous here, although there is a bust of Lenin standing disconsolately on a plinth too big for him, in the middle of an unweeded flowerbed.

On my way back to Karlsbad that evening I stopped at the old abbey of Tepla. It had once been one of the finest and richest abbeys in Central Europe and after the monks fled in the fifties became a barracks. It has recently been reopened for visitors. The road to the abbey had clearly once been a drive as along its edges, torsos, plinths and the mossy stumps of statuary could be glimpsed in the tangle of the hedgerows. The abbey itself is vast and crumbling. Its courtyards are filled with mud and the

masonry is flaking away under the pressure of weeds forcing their way through every aperture. The Abbot's magnificent greenhouses, once filled with exotic fruit for the monks' refectory, are now a tangled mass of iron ribs and shattered glass. Inside, the old Dietzenhofer church is untouched and the Baroque saints are coated with dust and lit only by a single, naked light bulb which makes them look like grotesque figures in some circus of the macabre. I walked round with a schoolteacher from Slovakia who was taking the cure at Marienbad. We went to the monks' library together, sliding over the parquet in vast cloth slippers, provided by the curator to protect the floor. The marble busts of the abbots looked down on us, two of the plinths had never been filled. The schoolteacher told me that they wanted to make Tepla a big tourist attraction and were going to 'clean it up' for the coachloads of West Germans they hoped to attract. The thought was depressing. Although the abbey clearly needs restoration, the idea of a sterile display of a religious 'heritage' is a gloomy one. It was the abbey that provided the money for the foundation of Marienbad, insisting that it be called 'Mary's baths'. There is a hint of what may be in store for Tepla in a recently mounted exhibition about the spa in what was once the monks' reading room; winsome views in oil in tacky frames look embarrassingly lost in the high-ceilinged room.

I left Karlsbad the following morning, driving in the streaming rain past the statue of Beethoven and the new one of Yuri Gagarin. The great hotels give some hint of the faded glamour of their past and also of the vigorous and somewhat punitive reality of the present. As I left, another coachload of cure-seekers swarmed into the hotel. Within an hour or so they would be sitting in a damp steam room clad only in a thin and scratchy hotel towel, prior to a seriously energetic massage on a couch covered by a thin layer of grubby paper. The Emperor Franz Josef and jolly, hedonistic old Edward VII would not know what to make of it.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### Europe and the Common Man

Dear Sir,

Most of us from the armchair together with our colleagues on the Clapham Omnibus must be forgiven for forming the impression that the majority of politicians and experts in this country upon European affairs have for some time failed to discern the wood from the trees. What possible future can be envisaged in isolation from Europe? Total independence or some potential trade link with Commonwealth countries or others offers no sensible alternative whatever and fails to stand up to the most superficial analysis.

Full constructive participation in all the shaping and setting up of the structures must be the task. So much emotional and superficial criticism is ill fitting in the member with perhaps the worst performance economically in so many areas.

As regards German characteristics those of us having served in the armed forces in the last war will have observed at first hand their organising capacity and their discipline and tenacity. The prospect of these qualities devoted to the welfare of Europe as a whole instead of selfish national interests must be grasped.

Much of the bleating about loss of sovereignty and whipping up of resentment of bureaucracy and lack of democratic control clearly stems from fear of loss of power and protection of special interests. With full and enthusiastic involvement we have much to offer.

The rush to one huge central independent bank and full economic and common currency arouses misgivings right across the Community in one way and another. Whilst our hard separate ecu is hardly likely to be the final solution, it could stimulate useful discussion leading to a central currency development period. On the Central Bank issue, Professor Charles Goodhart's proposals of independent national central banks linked to agreed exchange rate policies, and each holding calculated reserves of each other's currencies for balancing purposes, is most sensible and practical and should find solid support even if only for a transition period.

As regards accountability, relations between the Commissioners, and the Council of Ministers, and the European Parliament itself are all subject to change and tightening up. Let the necessary proposals be formulated and pressed. The political objectives in any case dwarf the economic aims. We can win the respect and attention of our European partners by recovering and returning to the vision and ideals of the great European statesmen, Monnet, Schuman, Churchill. What other way can provide the political will and resources to tackle our daunting ecological problems?

Nothing should harm or obstruct our commitment to the great European venture, the newly liberated countries from the East in the near future becoming full participants and partners.

Yours faithfully,

95 The Crescent, Stockport. SYDNEY SHENTON

# Literary Supplement

## A STUDY OF BRITISH WAR-TIME INTELLIGENCE

*British Intelligence in the Second World War, Volume 4.* F. H. Hinsley and C. A. G. Simkins. HMSO. £15.95.

Her Majesty's Stationery Office describe this study as 'unique'. They do so to emphasise that its two authors were given unrestricted access to intelligence records of the inter-war years and of World War Two, and that without such access the account could not have been written. But the record is unique in another sense: whereas the three preceding volumes in the series were concerned with the influence of intelligence on military planning and on operations, this volume's themes are the activities of the subversives in 1939-40 like the IRA, Mosley's Fascists or the Communist Party, or the countering of German plans for subversion, sabotage and intelligence-gathering in Britain. More than this, in fascinating factual appendices as in the text itself, names are given; and the authors provide a mass of mini-biographies of German agents, and of their 'turning', to become the (not always reliable) instruments of an elaborate and tortuous double-cross. The book thus becomes a valuable factual handook to Sir John Masterman's own study — and he had been, as a MI5 officer, chairman of the Twenty (XX) Committee.

And conclusions? There are a legion of them. No one who has ever been in the game will need to be reminded that most agents have mixed backgrounds, are multi-lingual, and are not always sure of their own fixed allegiance. Very few of the agents analysed here, for instance, were Germans dropped by parachute or landed by submarine — although there is evidence that that tale of the Welshman 'Jones the Spy' may, after all, not be apocryphal: the agent known as 'Swan', with his own sub-agents, would fit the part perfectly. Most of those who came to Britain as German agents were, in fact, seeking escape from Europe, or were nationals of countries under German occupation. Of the 21 German agents known to have landed in Britain between the beginning of September and 12 November 1940 (ten from dinghies and four by parachute) only five were German nationals; there were five Dutchmen, three Cubans, two Danes, two Swedes, two Norwegians, a Swiss and a Belgian. Few of them were fully trained. And, later, as decrypts and Signals Intelligence became more reliable, MI5 sometimes knew who was coming, and awaited him (the number of women were few) with keen anticipation. The authors endorse the view of MI5: that by July 1942 all the German agents operating in this country were not only known to it, but were under its control.

Truth is stranger, and more compelling, than fiction. Who would credit the tale of the German agent, an anti-Republican Spaniard, who 'turned' by MI5, pretended to send reports to Berlin on conditions in Britain, though he never left Lisbon; and he was armed only with reference books, a few magazines, and a Blue Guide to England? The agents described here, many of them with complicated stories to tell, were real people, most of them simply trying to survive in complex times. Some did come down on one side — but was Charles Oliver Pry a Belgian, a South African or a German? The writer of thrillers is provided with a host of models here. The authors are to be congratulated not only on their meticulous scholarship, and on disentangling the narrow and

jealously-held departmental lines between Intelligence, Counter-Intelligence and the Security functions, but on the reminder to us that the most vivid history is always rooted not in themes or trends or issues, but in the story of people.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## THE EVENTS IN TIANANMEN SQUARE

*Moving the Mountain: My Life in China from the Cultural Revolution to Tiananmen Square.* Li Lu. Macmillan, London (1990). 211pp. £13.95.

This book was released one year after the massacre of Chinese students in Tiananmen Square. The author, one of the leaders of the student uprising, is now in exile at Columbia University where he is, as with many of his compatriots, no doubt dreaming of 'waging revolution' back home. It is this wish, implicit rather than expressed in Li Lu's work, that has prompted many reviewers, wise one year after the event, to question the viability of the students' programme, to describe it as nebulous, and to ascribe to the Chinese students the universal attributes of youth — idealistic, unrealistic, headstrong.

For anyone who has grown up Chinese, however, this book only reinforces the moving memory of what the students attempted. The opening chapters of biographical scene-setting may appear mawkish and sentimental to western readers, but are an exact depiction of that hierarchical vindictiveness which has been peculiarly Chinese, and which the Chinese students sought to overthrow. The revolution of Li Lu was as much a cultural as a political one and, because of that, was a grand enterprise. Li Lu, for all the influence of the western literature he devoured, is also inescapably a Chinese writer: his metaphors and motifs, his semi-mythological reference points, and his romanticisation of hardship, put his book firmly in the tradition of Chinese popular literature. His barely expressed hope that he was born under a star betrays the student wish for the mandate of heaven to be lifted from the old men and placed upon them. It was to be a culture rejuvenated by democracy and fairness — not a new political culture or a new political programme. To a significant extent, western reviewers have missed this point and have, therefore, missed the point entirely. This is a Chinese book about a Chinese uprising.

But it is also a most poignant book in anybody's terms. The events in the square are related breathlessly. The students did not know what the authorities had in store for them. Many of them would have died, not only bravely, but surprised. June is a beautiful time in Beijing; it carries the heritage of spring where, after the harsh winter, residents come out to take snapshots of the first flower-buds because they seem remarkable; it is a time for marrying — and, here, with his own wedding, Li Lu hits a western chord as well. But, to me, there seems barely a false note about the book. That so many young people were massacred on a June night will enter Chinese folklore. Here, reviewers harden their hearts and the politicians and merchants have rationally continued their programmes and business as usual.

STEPHEN CHAN

## CARDINAL NEWMAN, CHURCHMAN AND HUMANITARIAN

*John Henry Newman: A Biography.* Ian Ker. Oxford University Press. Paperback £12.95.

This is the centenary of Cardinal Newman's death and it is therefore appropriate that Oxford University Press should bring out a paperback edition of this magisterial biography. It is worth mentioning that unlike many paperbacks

this one is printed on good paper and should last.

John Henry Newman fascinated his contemporaries and has continued to exert a powerful hold upon succeeding generations. To a considerable extent this is due to the magnificence of his prose and the moving way he depicted his continual quest for truth.

Ian Ker is unquestionably the great Newman expert. He knows Newman's writing with an unrivalled comprehension. He has set out to write a biography for this ecumenical age. Thus he gives a much clearer portrait of Newman the Anglican. The book is almost at the half-way point before Newman 'goes over'. Ian Ker also gives the best account of Newman's life as a Roman Catholic. Not only does he cover the well known disputes with Cardinal Manning but he reveals the oft-forgotten work Newman did in ministering to the poor. This is important as Newman is often dismissed as a self-absorbed intellectual with no concern for the outside world.

Fr. Ker examines Newman's writings with a theologian's precision. If a reader is not interested in a particular aspect of Newman's theology, it is easy to skip that section without losing the flow of the biography. This book will be particularly enjoyed by those who already have some knowledge of the Oxford Movement and the Victorian Church.

Newman was, even by Victorian standards, a tremendous letter writer. Certainly no one has ever rivalled him in that most difficult of epistolatory art: the letter of condolence. His published correspondence is larger than any of his contemporaries, including even his Sovereign. The author makes judicious use of these letters, which he is now editing, to allow Newman to tell his own story, perhaps best of all in Newman's few foreign trips.

By presenting us with so many quotations from Newman's letters and his lesser known works, his biographer reminds us of the Cardinal's gift for the short aphorism such as 'Human nature is not republican.' Has anyone ever found a better response to the latest book of religious doubts than: 'The author treated things as discoveries, when they were only new to him.' He could also be scathing towards the rather dull hierarchy of his new Church: 'They forbid, but they do not direct or create.'

Newman's old university and Fr. Ian Ker are to be thanked for providing such a definitive and elegant account of the life of a man who was proud of being an Englishman and a Christian, a work well worth studying in an age that finds it is fashionable to apologise for both.

RICHARD MULLEN

## RECALLING A FORGOTTEN GENIUS

*William Gerhardie: A Biography*. Dido Davies. Oxford University Press. xviii + 411pp. £25.00.

The name Gerhardie has probably little significance for most contemporary readers. He died only in 1977, but his last book was published in 1939. He had long been forgotten by the general public. Yet during the twenties and thirties he was regarded by literary critics as an original genius, and his name was often in the newspapers. As late as 1953 Graham Greene wrote in *The Times* that 'to my generation he was the most important novelist to appear in our young life'.

He was a compulsive writer. Right up to the end, throughout his last thirty years as a recluse, he went on writing. Whenever an idea occurred to him he wrote it on a card three inches by five inches, and the cards were neatly

indexed in cardboard boxes. His flat was stuffed with these and other papers he collected. He was supposed to be working on a tetralogy in one volume which would 'represent a new departure in fiction . . . a logical and necessary (r)evolution of the Novel' (p.362). In his will he left everything to a woman friend, and, in 1981, 59 large boxes of his papers were purchased by Cambridge University Library. The 85,000 cards have not yet been catalogued, but Dr. Dido Davies has rummaged among them to produce a judicious and entertaining biography.

He wrote an autobiography when he was in his thirties. It is certainly frank but obviously a theatrical performance. His experiences were also used in his fiction, though often rather fantastically. Almost anybody he met was fair game. But he never even tried to distinguish fact from fiction. Dr. Davies has wisely corroborated evidence from his writings by copious reference to other sources of information.

The first forty years of his life were unusual and exciting. Both his grandfathers were Englishmen who had emigrated to Russia, lured there by the high standard of living they could enjoy in a backward country seeking foreign technicians to help it industrialise. Though the British colony in St. Petersburg, where he was born, participated in Russian life, they regarded Britain as their home. His maternal grandfather eventually retired to his native Yorkshire. They wished their children to have English educations. Both William's father and mother went to schools in England, though his father had to return to Russia after a short time because of illness. With French and German governesses William grew up speaking four languages. His autobiography is entitled *Memoirs of a Polyglot.*

He read widely and early in life began to write, but in Russian: it was only when he came to England at the age of 17 that he learned to read English fluently enough to discover English literature. His speech in English remained distinctly odd. He began to write in English and was soon projecting a novel in two languages, interpreting the English and the Russians to each other. He actually wrote a long play and several scenarios for films, but nobody was interested in them.

When war broke out in 1914 he enlisted in the British army, trained as a private and became a candidate for a commission. Because of his fluency in Russian he was then sent to St. Petersburg as assistant to the military attaché in the British Embassy. There he witnessed the whole of the Revolution and, when the Bolsheviks seized power, was evacuated with the Embassy staff to Finland, taking his family with him, except for a sister who had married a Russian. He kept in touch with her right up to his death — a remarkable achievement, considering the horrors of the Stalinist period and the Second World War, and one which gave him an exceptional knowledge of Russia.

His next assignment was to Vladivostok to join a military mission organising assistance to White Russians trying to fight their way across Siberia to Moscow. Two years in this anarchy and squalor must have confirmed his view that 'real life was as inconsequent as dreams' and often like nightmares.

After his discharge from the army he decided to invest £1,000 he had saved in a course at Oxford. While there he did not pursue his studies at all ardently (his ardour went rather into casual sex adventures, always the chief rival of writing among his passions), but by the end of his first year he had produced a substantial novel and enough material to go a fair way towards another novel. He could find no publisher. He therefore sent his typescript to as many popular writers as he could think of. Surprisingly he got a response from

Katherine Mansfield, then desperately ill and lonely in Switzerland. She not only found him a publisher but kept up a correspondence with him until she died.

The novel, *Futility*, was an instantaneous success. It came at a time of post-war disillusion and impatience with traditional forms and techniques. Its setting was unfamiliar and exciting, and it presented 'a world that is absurd, often extravagantly so, but which is also naturalistic and in which the characters are obliged to make what sense they can of a bizarre universe.'

Inevitably Gerhardie was compared with Chekov and immediately published a critical study of that author. It reveals as much about himself as about Chekov, but he does try to correct Chekov's 'English reputation for quint-essentially Russian gloom' by pointing out it is based on translations and that in the attempt to translate idiomatic Russian humour, 'a good 60 to 70% evaporates on your hands'. (p.128).

Among the many readers who wrote to congratulate Gerhardie on *Futility* was Edith Wharton. He had never heard of her but quickly got hold of two of her books and wrote a flattering letter to her, asking permission to use her letter for publicity purposes. She not only agreed but supplied a short preface for the American edition. He dedicated to her his next novel, *The Polyglots*, which partly consisted of material left over from *Futility* but added further experience and showed 'an increased verve, confidence, and dash.' (p.141). He later visited the rather formidable lady, at her invitation, in her chateau in the south of France. Though she thought him 'more like a troll than a human being', (p.133) she apparently enjoyed his conversation. For one who despised women he was always astonishingly fortunate in getting their help.

He was taken up by Lord Beaverbrook and through him met most of the prominent people of the day. The press lord gave him an advance of £250 for the serial rights of a new novel of which he was to be the hero. But it had hardly begun. The hectic social life in Beaverbrook's entourage proved too much for him, and he fled to France, where he had already taken his mother because it was a comparatively cheap country to live in. A bizarre year in a rented hovel near Toulon, relieved only by visits to Edith Wharton, was followed by six months in Algiers. During this time the novel *Jazz and Jasper* was finished, and Gerhardie decided he must return to London. A play and five short stories and then the novel were published. He resumed his active social life and kept himself going with popular journalism. He courted any sort of publicity and got plenty of it. As Dr. Davies says, 'he took almost perverse delight in living up to the role that had been pushed upon him — not quite English eccentric egocentric . . . From this time on William Gerhardie was always more famous than his books.' (pp.204-5). Indeed the books never sold very well, in spite of the critical acclaim and the publicity about his personality and affairs. A lecture tour in America, following a sensational trip to India with a rich Maharani, sold only 3,000 copies of his next novel, *Pending Heaven*, in America (2,000 were sold in Britain). It is surprising that nevertheless he continued to be offered advances for forthcoming books.

In 1931 he moved into a flat in Hallam Street, where he was to remain for the rest of his life — 46 years. His autobiography, *Memoirs of a Polyglot*, soon appeared. *Resurrection*, a curious experiment in 'astral projection', followed in 1934, *Of Mortal Love* in 1936, and *My Wife's the Least of It* in 1938, and there were some not at all successful collaborations.

The 1939-45 war put an end to his social life, and he withdrew more and more into seclusion. Two attempts to win readers by reference to contemporary events, *The Romanovs* and *God's Fifth Column*, had little success. Financial difficulties obliged him to work for the BBC, but he left it as soon as the Germans surrendered. He did not want employment; all he wanted to do was to produce his peculiar kind of fiction. He continued to write, surviving with the help of a small but loyal band of friends and admirers, who got him a Civil List pension in 1959 and an Arts Council grant of £800 in 1966. Soon after the war, in 1947-9, they persuaded the publisher Macdonald to issue a Collected Uniform Edition. It attracted little attention. Another re-issue between 1970 and 1974 had little more success, though he was elected a Fellow of the Royal Society of Literature. He had been forgotten.

Whether the biography will revive interest in his work is doubtful. But it is well worth reading as a study of an extraordinary personality and a new perspective on the first half of the present century.

BRUCE PATTISON

## THANK YOU, JAN KOTT!

*Is Shakespeare Still Our Contemporary?* Edited by John Elsom. Routledge. Hardback £25. Paperback £8.95.

The account of the International Association of Theatre Critics' Seminar, 1989, (Introduction and Notes by its President, John Elsom) is a most unusual book recording a unique occasion. It is unlikely that there will ever be quite such an event again. Every library should possess a copy and anyone interested in the theatre in general and Shakespeare productions in particular should read this fascinating account of a public seminar, held at the Young Vic Theatre, London.

John Elsom must be congratulated on his scholarly introduction and his intelligible and entertaining recording of this memorable gathering of international specialists and men of the theatre. What a task but what an achievement!

In 1961, Jan Kott published his startling and influential collection of essays, best known under the title *Shakespeare, Our Contemporary*. Never again would Shakespearian productions and criticism be quite the same. Professor Jan Kott could not be ignored. The seminar celebrated the anniversary of Kott's studies and enabled his admirers and critics to pay tribute to this remarkable man and to consider whether Shakespeare is *still* our contemporary. Here were writers, directors, critics and actors provided with a lively audience to reveal their erudition, skill, wit and ignorance. The book itself provides much food for thought and is stimulating to read. John Elsom has captured the 'feel' of the occasion, preserving the flow of conversation and argument and reflecting the spontaneous exchange of ideas.

Kott drew topical connections between Shakespeare's plays and the world of the 1960s. His intention was to bridge the gap between the stage and the market-place. Under Kott's influence, directors such as Peter Brook, Peter Hall and Michael Bogdanov interpreted the plays as allegories of modern times. Many critics, directors and scholars feel that trying to prove Shakespeare is our contemporary results in the loss of vital Elizabethan references and distorting the plays' 'meanings'. However, the actors will always bridge the gap between the stage and the market-place, as they come from the market-place.

In one sense, Shakespeare will always be 'contemporary'. He was pre-eminently a man of the theatre. He wrote for specific actors and audiences and for many particular occasions, both public and private. To disregard the time in which he wrote and the significance of the plays in his world is to lessen the impact of his art. He knew every aspect of the terrifying and creative world in which he lived and he extended the language to reveal every nuance of human frailty, cruelty and despair. He was optimist, pessimist, poet, politician and entertainer.

I remember with horror my own experience of Sir Laurence Olivier's film of *Hamlet*. (I dare not describe my reaction to Richard IIII ) Never has anyone done more to change the plays for his own purposes even if his intention was to bring Shakespeare to modern audiences (and filmgoers). However, if Othello is seen only as a possessive husband (as Brecht would have us see him) and Desdemona is seen as a sophisticated Venetian charmer, the words 'Divine Desdemona' have no more significance than the 'darlings' and 'dears' of theatrical parlance off-stage. Shakespeare knew human nature to the depths (and heights) long before psychiatrists and psychologists studied the nature of insanity or encouraged us all to find our own identity.

It would be impossible to convey the range and variety of the contributions to this exciting and informative series of discussions which focussed on such topics as: Is Shakespeare sexist? Does Shakespeare's verse send you to sleep? Does Shakespeare translate? This book must surely be a triumphant success for John Elsom and for the International Association of Theatre Critics. I intend to read it again and again. Read it! If only I had been there!

NONIE BEERBOHM

## THE HISTORY OF TEA

*The Gunpowder Gardens: Travels through India and China in search of tea.* Jason Goodwin. Chatto and Windus. 1990. £14.95.

'Who says that "Tu" is bitter? It is as sweet as the shepherd's purse.' Confucious, he said: 600 BC. For tea is as much part of Chinese legend as of English history. Cha was first revealed to the Healer Emperor Shen around 2737 BC and it was rated just below the heavenly gifts of fire and husbandry; above that of the vine. Tea reached its peak in terms of ritual and reverence during the Tang era when the Cha Ching (Tea Classic) was written and it had profound effects on ceramics during the Ming period when new methods of making tea required light glazes to set off new delicate colours. All this and more, is revealed by Jason Goodwin in his anecdotal gallop through tea history by way of a trip to China and India.

Tea in India was never, as in China, part of local mystique. Rather, it was part of the British Raj, from Tommy Atkins, who seized on the word 'char', to the American millionaire Tommy Lipton, who developed packaged tea in Ceylon, freeing the housewife from the grocer's dubious scoop. We are also taken to Assam, not only the home of the best teas but also the area where teabag tea, which now has a lion's share of UK trade, was developed by simpler methods (no more tatching in a hot wok, says Mr. Goodwin learnedly)!

From Boston to the Mad Hatter's Tea party; from Pepys to Dr. Johnson; Henry James to Conrad, English history and literature are tea tinged. Cobbett and Wesley thundered against the extravagance of tea in vain. The people wanted tea. So did the temperance lobby.

Tea, at first a gentleman's Coffee House drink, soon gravitated to the distaff

side. Indeed 'Tea kettle' was a slang word for old maid during the 19th century. Anne, Duchess of Bedford, is credited with the invention of afternoon tea, in the 1850s. With this came the English tea ceremony with all the paraphernalia of caddy and silver kettle, trays, porcelain and cream. It would appear that the English habit of putting milk in tea was invented by Mme de Sévigné.

Mr. Goodwin skips lightly over Tibet and Japan, and his book ends before the invasion of Africa by tea. Perhaps his lively imagination will find some interesting facets of British Colonials on the vast Brook Bond estates in Kenya. He might even consider the environmental protection of tea.

MOLLY MORTIMER

# SHORTER REVIEWS

**All Grass Is Flesh.** (Carol Martin. An Ethnographica Book published for Find Your Feet, 318 St. Paul's Road, London N1 2LF. £8.00 paperback).

Many people have become increasingly wary of the large foreign aid charities with their tendency to promote their own political nostrums. The work of the late Carol Martin was a happy contrast to this. She spent 20 years promoting a simple method to produce food for malnourished people. During the war a Scottish biochemist developed a process to turn leaves into food. In 1960 Carol Martin formed a charity, Find Your Feet (FYF), to promote self-help for refugees. Within a few years FYF became the main promotor of the use of leaf-concentrate as a means of alleviating the problems of the developing world. This process should appeal to those concerned with genuine development as it enables people to make a highly nutritious food from local ingredients by the use of uncomplicated machinery. It also encourages the idea of self-help and develops leaders among the native population. This book is a moving account both of Carol Martin's success in some parts of the world as well as the shocking neglect of her crusade by the professional 'foreign aid lobby'. Anyone who is anxious to bring about genuine improvement rather than to engage in guilt-mongering could do well to read this inspiring book.

**The Passion Killers** (Robert Hale, £11.95). With this fifth collection of stort studies of murder cases, well-known and not so well-known, Georgina Lloyd is building most adequately upon the well set foundations of her four previous volumes of case studies. Her narratives are presented with dignity and sensitivity, and not only does she take obvious pains to preserve accuracy in her presentation of the facts, but she does not perpetrate any excesses of theory or the transplantation of bogus dialogue and 'psychic' interaight into the imagined contemporary workings of her protagonists' minds. Having served fourteen years in a solicitor's office, she happily unites a sophisticated awareness of the evil that men do with an unjaded and appreciative palate for the finer points of such enterprises as engage her fancy and her pen. This selection of hot-blooded bizarreries, culled from the wide expanse of years between the Madeleine Smith affair of 1857 and the exercise in uxoricide undertaken by William Waite in 1969, can be confidently recommended in cold-blooded honesty. (R.W-E.)

# Contemporary Review

124th YEAR OF PUBLICATION

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© 1990 Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southend Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage): U.K. £24.00, U.S.A. and Canada $100.00. Rates for all other countries on application. Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 10B Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.

(ISSN/0010/7565)

# Contemporary Review

**Founded 1866** **incorporating The Fortnightly**

**October 1990** **Vol. 257** **No. 1497**


## RAPTURE AND REALITY — LEADERSHIP AND DEMOCRACY

**by Bernard Rubin**

RAPTURE seemed reasonable as popular reaction to the alleged victories of Democracy in Middle Europe since November, 1989. Overthrows of Communist oligarchies and the new atmosphere, after the Wall was breached, seemed to usher in a new and progressive political age.

After the long and painful transformations of Solidarity in Poland, from an outlawed workers' movement to the foundation of lawful government, the swift collapses of regime after regime in the old Red Empire swept away many of the traditional cautious warnings of experienced political watchers in the West. All were aghast at the totality of change.

It seemed a bizarre playing out of the so-called 'Domino Theory' in reverse. American alarmists had concocted that theory decades ago to warn that the failure of the US effort in Vietnam would surely lead to the tumbling of all friendly states in southeast Asia. Vietnam would pitch over Malaysia, Indonesia, Thailand, Singapore, etc. As we know, that did not happen! However, the surge to separate from Communist control in the German Democratic Republic did, within months, lead to the overthrow of regimes in Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Bulgaria, Romania and radical changes of political demands or deportment in Yugoslavia and Albania.

Mikail Gorbachev's concepts of *perestroika* and *glasnost* as stimulants to basic reform in the USSR slowly filtered into the satellite states as the basis for public action to remove dictatorial elites. Gorbachev, more realist than ideologue, realised after five years of frustration with his own country's problems, that the USSR could no longer pretend to be able to control half of Europe — the half joined with the Soviets in economic failure. He set the stage to let the Empire slip away to independence, knowing that he and his colleagues had their work cut out to stop the slide of the Soviet Union from great power to a Third World status.

Glasnost (openness) was Gorbachev's only opportunity to kickstart engines of change. Soon, glasnost ushered in the necessity for representative government and objective management of every economic organisation in his nation. Perestroika (restructuring) was, by him and his allies, accepted as dependent upon the replacement of all the dogmas of communalism

with the dogmas of 'market forces' as cherished in the capitalist West.

Considerably before the smashing of the Wall in Berlin and the discrediting of all it stood for, Gorbachev was hard at work revamping the central government of the USSR and dealing positively with the matter of tearing down the structures of censorship.

Western politicians measured Gorbachev against all his predecessors and found him to be unique. They wondered whether he was more Peter the Great than traditional protector of the Revolution of 1917. The man who had the true grit to stand firm for revolutionary changes in Eastern Europe and who did not, to use the vernacular, 'lose his cool', had learned from history in the Communist world. He did not want to inaugurate a Soviet version of the Chinese 'Hundred Flowers' (1957) and then crush it like Mao Tse-tung and lead the Soviets down the dark path to another 'Cultural Revolution', which had set back Chinese progress so long.

Gorbachev, who the fates manoeuvred into a state visit to re-establish relations with Beijing, saw first-hand the tribulations of his hosts in May of 1989 when they, Mao-like, decided to put the cap tight on the bottle of true reform. No doubt, his natural inclinations towards rationality were strengthened by that experience: there could be no Tiananmen Square massacres in Moscow or the centres of protest in Eastern Europe. He concluded that the octogenarians and their cohorts of slightly lesser age in Beijing would one day soon pay an exorbitant price for a temporary setback to democracy.

The swift and dramatic changes in Middle Europe from autumn of 1989 to the summer of 1990 seemed to assure the peaceful transition of the era of East-West conflict to the era of East-West co-operation. Opportunities for co-operation seemed greater every day. Cordial leader to leader relationships between Gorbachev and Thatcher, Kohl, Bush and Mitterand were a good sign. Willingness of Western and Soviet conferees to co-operate on significant arms reduction agreements was another. The reserve of the Soviet leadership, in the face of the tumults in Middle Europe, was perhaps the most direct signal that the continent was in the process of peaceful restabilization. Constant exchanges between Soviet diplomats and experts from all fields, from industry to agriculture, stimulated opinions that a new world order of economics based upon free market traditions, was on the verge of creation.

Nevertheless, more cautious thinking began to replace the unbridled optimism of observers who were enthusiastic about the possibilities for constructive reformations. Several constaints had to be dealt with.

First, once the new administrations in Middle Europe took a hard look at the needs of their long mismanaged economies, the need for capital investment of enormous levels became obvious. The requirements for fiscal investments in basic industries have to be matched against the enormous debt burdens inherited from the Communist rulers. Response to the investment need-debt servicing equation for the new democratic leaders requires the solution of popular sacrifice whilst reforms take hold. There is not a government in the world, Capitalist or Socialist, which can view

such a situation without concern. Having suffered so much in the past, the playing-out of the new democracy in terms of individual sacrifices required can produce most dangerous politics. Looking back to the 1920s and 1930s, history shows how fascism erupted as a response to the alleged failures of democracy. Most of those alleged failures were of an economic nature. In reality, the situations then are not entirely separable from the dilemmas in Middle Europe and the Soviet Union today. Democracy works best when operated in an environment of reasonable opportunities for popular well-being.

Second, the political situations are highly divergent within Middle Europe, influenced by varied social and economic situations. However downtrodden the populace of the former German Democratic Republic was, signs of resurrection quickly appeared in tandem to the smashing of the Wall. The Federal Republic represents the economic success of capitalistic Germans and the hope of all those brought back into the folds of traditional culture. By July, 1990, the Federal Republic's currency replaced the near-worthless money of the old GDR. German entrepreneurs from both segments of the nation travel back and forth making deals and bringing prosperity as an expectation. There is no doubt that, within a decade, the new Germany will be a dominant economic power of Europe and the world. There is also no doubt that the evidence of democratic well-being and participation will be before all Germans. The political consequences of the special German situation are most beneficial to Democracy. This will cause some consternation in other states of the old Empire which must follow a much more difficult path. They must depend upon their own initiatives and outside aid.

Third, the Western powers, particularly the United States, are not as forward with fiscal assistance to the newly liberated as they would have been in decades past. Constraints imposed by past grants of huge sums to stimulate development in Third World countries are real. The enormous burden of debt to Western governments and private organizations makes it difficult for a number of developing countries to even pay the interest due on those debts. Negative flow of repaying of principal on those debts complicates the issue internationally. 'Market forces' are relied on to answer the grave needs of Middle Europe and the USSR. Czechoslovakia, it is said, with comparatively manageable national debt will fare better than other neighbouring states. There will be no easy path to prosperity in Middle Europe for the next decade and more. The wealthiest nation in the world, Japan, will assist through mutually valuable trading agreements and manufacturing schemes. On the basis of reciprocal advantages, all the capitalist market structured states will participate in the recreation of Middle Europe and the USSR. The rub is that more than a half century of war and Communist maladministration have stripped Middle Europe and the Soviet Union of the infrastructures and the trained personnel to make for rapid transition even if resources are provided.

Fourth, the political-economic agenda is *not* subject to a world master plan into which Middle Europe and the Soviet Union clearly fit. The

United States has had a fairly long history as a major influence in the shaping of foreign policies of all the Democracies. In effect, American foreign policies after 1941 have shaped the world of today for good and bad. Now, American concentration is on rapprochement with its old adversary the Soviet Union. Reduction of the military threat is of the greatest importance. Mutual US-USSR agreements become more significant as Gorbachev is forced to deal on behalf of a severely diminished great power. American statesmen are also anxious to curb the military confrontation because of economic problems at home. The US is one of the outstanding debtor nations. Its prosperity is seriously threatened by failures of the leadership to get a handle on the problem. In a world more peaceful and incredibly more pragmatic when it comes to 'market forces', American idealism, hinged to its Constitutional Bill of Rights, seems harder to relate to in the rest of the world. Just at the moment when 'market forces' should be appreciated as inevitably connected to human rights, economics is propagandized as a subject independent of softer concerns. Japan is appreciated as the example for all to follow. Japan is so enchanted with its own success that it is now acceptable for Japanese influentials to deride the US as a nation whose days in the sun are past.

The European Economic Community can establish itself as the great instigator of good business and healthy politics in the whole of Europe. The question is, will it? 1992 and all that seems a modest EEC programme for mutual benefits, given the upheavals which have become of continental and global importance. Will the EEC manage its own reforms quickly enough to bring in as junior partners the formerly Communist states? Will the expected German economic miracle of the current decade spill over or be moderated by design to facilitate weaker, more desperate neighbours? Will human rights as inspired by President Havel of Czechoslovakia temper economic myopia? Will the Romanians and the Bulgarians, at this writing, dominated by 'reformers' who were Communist officials at the start of 1989, manage to avoid slipping backwards through reformulations of dictatorship painted as Democracy?

What Gorbachev introduced with his Glasnost plans has changed the face of politics the world over. Perestroika is quite another matter. Failures to reorganize the national economic structures will threaten the new freedoms emergent in every sector of public life. Every nation of Europe has a stake in the success of Glasnostian approaches to problems. Should the spectre of economic failure rouse the public to seek scapegoats, a dark age could descend on Europe with rippling consequences.

A fifth reality is that the gripping problems of Middle Europe and the USSR must be treated by all of the world's regions as part of a new interest in interdependence between all nations and continents. The United Nations should act as host to a series of practical negotiating conferences between all the world's trading and political associations. The totality of Third World needs and situations must be examined with the goals set to develop means to raise economics and human rights standards. It has been

wisely opined that the greatest shortage in the world is the means with which individuals can practice happiness.

Human dignity implies all the traditional political rights represented by the British, American and French revolutions. Human dignity now requires that individuals have the privilege to develop mentally and physically and the opportunity to achieve according to their talents and their respect for the welfare of others. In short, we require that every human being lives in dignity and expect that every human being can rise in stature through individual effort.

The earth must be recognized as a single eco-system which all nations depend upon. Therefore, energy from whatever source derived, is to be considered a shared resource. The oil, coal, wood, shale, solar, and nuclear sources of power cannot be made subject to monopolistic control without impinging on human dignity. Sharing of power between the endowed areas of the globe and the deprived will probably be the greatest test of leadership. Food, too, is a derivative of the global eco-system. With the population of the world expanding geometrically in the least-endowed areas and arithmetically in the most endowed areas, food must be understood as an energy resource. How to deal with food — a negotiated matter between communities of nations — should be high on the agendas of international conference organizers.

Steps to protect the cocoon earth, which is wrapped with the thinnest tissue of protective atmosphere, must be practical and timely. Desertification of the planet must be reversed. The causes, be they traced to deforestation run rampant or chemicals which deplete the ozone layer, must be handled by politicians and scientists supportive of workable plans. Pollution of the water supplies upon which all creatures rely must be sharply reduced through international activity. Causes of pollution have to be linked to those who profit and to those who are victimized. Manifestations of environmental distress, such as the elimination of fauna, flora and animal and insect life are signals of suicide to be taken with utmost seriousness.

Within the eco-system, urgencies must include new plagues such as AIDS, which spread so quickly from community to community that attempts to find cures became priorities everywhere. Leaders, political, medical, religious and social, are beginning to sense that civilization, however we may quibble about its constitution, is at stake.

Sixth, war in all its versions is destructive to humanity. Its only valid purpose is to protect freedom. Today, that purpose cannot be achieved without the victimization of multitudes of the innocent. This fact is so well respected in the highly developed states that they have armed to the teeth and, strange as it may seem superficially, taken every practical step to avoid battle in or near their homelands. War has been relegated to the outerlands of the Third World, where there are frequent outbreaks born of inabilities to maintain human dignity. Leaders of the highly developed communities will have to find ways of sharing to stifle the fevers which lead to war elsewhere.

Seventh, the concepts of development must be reformulated. Large portions of this world will never be suitable for manufacturing and the urbanization so long viewed as the symbols of modernity. Where those symbols are most present, the stresses upon resources and upon the human psyche are reaching the danger points. Cities are outgrowing the capacities of the eco-systems to sustain them. London, Tokyo, New York, Mexico City, Cairo, Bangkok, Lagos and Beijing have in common a degree of urban concentration far too frail to sustain any break of supplies. Review of the frailties of these mega-centres of population, all of which have a short background of stupendous growth — a century or more — is of the gravest importance. Human habitation and hopes go hand in hand. We are outstripping transportation, energy and psychological requisites to optimum living standards. We are crazily building upwards, ever higher our structures. We are clustering tens of millions together without regard for the consequences. We are draining available resources to meet the needs of mega-centres, watching while slums grow as fast as or faster than sections favourable to human needs. We observe the lowering of the average age in the great cities and wonder how to keep youngsters in check — youngsters who dominate populations in the Third World. Crime and despair fuse to the detriment of civic ambitions.

Eighth, the communications technologies that bind the world have two major purposes today: business-information exchanges (in the widest sense), and entertainment. The power to go from those two purposes to the true upgrading of general education is available. Lacking is the planning to make education via mass communications truly potent. Education can impact upon every facet of human curiosity. Relating human curiosity to practical plans for individual advancement is the prime task of all leaders who influence or manage communications systems nationally or internationally. In this century, communications power and prosperity have gone hand in hand. How to raise the potency of informational systems in those places where poverty is now reflected by minimal utilization of the mass media for the public good, is the task of all leaders.

Ninth in this abbreviated and incomplete list is research, be it about opportunities for space exploration, the application of computer technology to improve or increase food supplies, or about how to reduce carbon in the atmosphere. Leaders of the present and future must superintend the development of research as a shared area of activity. Proclivities to maintain research fundings most vital to human progress as treasures to be utilized for private treasure-building must be countered.

The reorganization of Europe and the world thrust upon the world by events of 1989 and 1990 may be viewed as the greatest beneficial historical development of our times. When a gigantic system collapses, which was touted as a great hope at its initiation but became an inquisitional structure, its demise sparks questioning about all systems.

A mature person active in politics today, has in one lifetime already seen the demise of colonialism in its 19th century versions, and of Fascism, and of Communism. *The Coming Victory of Democracy*[1] which Thomas

Mann forecast in the dark days of 1938, in his American lecture tour, has in 1990 become visible on the horizon. The 'thoroughly aggressive impulse of nationalism' 'directed against the outer world' has been generally subdued. (Exceptions are numerous — the Peoples Republic of China, of North Korea, of Syria, and now, especially, Iraq.)

However, despite euphoria about the re-emergence in Eastern Europe and in the USSR of democratically-impelled governments, caution is necessary about the future. The world's most prominent leaders are products of the political world that *was*, for good and bad. They are untrained for the leadership needed in the world emerging. Most pertinent leadership experience has been garnered from dealing with the political rivalries between nations and between international alliances. Their lack of training does not preclude their positive contributions as the situation develops. However, one must keep mindful of the fact that they did not rise to the key posts in their nations because they promised dedication to global problems. The parochial nature of politics is the hallmark of all national governmental organization. Constituencies the world over have not been educated to see the big picture emerging. So, today's leaders will venture forth timidly whenever adventurous speeches might be perceived as preludes to practical commitments. The selfish interests of the haves of the world will take precedence over the needs of the have nots, until leaders are able to demonstrate that the uplift of strangers is vital to the health of relatives.

One gains confidence that the future promises more than the past has revealed, from what might be called the poetry of democracy. Poets have proven to be closer to the truth about the human condition than have political consultants to candidates for governmental office. Indeed, all artists — painters, novelists, sculptors, etc — reach the emotions and nerves of the human being in all his complexity. Democracy, as poetry, cannot be stymied or contained because its origins are impractical, and stem from the human spirit. That spirit, despite every brutality which attempts the subjugation of individuality, rises above the obvious to the desired. Democratic leaders, having responded to past needs by catering to one standard of public service, will adapt to new needs by redrawing constituencies and thereby reformulating the motivations for catering.

Prospects for the future of Democracy, the world over, depend upon the effectiveness of international and intercultural dialogue between proponents of open and participatory government.

Today, we are all challenged by the new situations caused by the collapse of Communism as a system explaining how to live collectively and think about the future. That challenge, added to the long existing issues framed by the so-labeled North-South debate between champions of the have and have-little nations, forces us to the conclusion that the time for toleration of piece-meal solutions has run out.

Answers to the perplexing problems — ranging from how to conduct elections to how to protect the global environment and restore the balance between creatures which walk or swim or float or fly, with nature — are

elusive. It may be that meaningful actions in positive directions, be they small or decisive, are more important than solutions. As we progress, so the situations to be addressed will alter.

It is hopeless to look to present day masters of market forces for the most critical advice. After all, the most successful of them were trained to achieve production and profit, without adequate regard for how materialistic competition despoiled the environment. They have been tutored in the arts of acquisition for corporate gain rather than in the arts of co-operation and sharing. Masters of market forces, in positions of great authority today, tend to appreciate modest regulation permitting continuation of practices more than radical reform questioning utility of those practices.

We require new settings for inter-cultural and international dialogue. To replace emphatic reliance on negotiations between officials, there is worth to the concept that discussions between experienced and aspiring Democrats be more theme focused, with the purposes of education predominant.

To illustrate, the subject of leadership is vital in democratic societies. What are the styles, the purposes, the goals, the difficulties, the issues of, etc., leaders. How do democrats and demagogues vie, and why? Why is compromise better than victory when the populace is divided politically, socially, ethnically, morally and opportunistically? What does *power* mean to chief of state, or legislator or jurist and how does power depend upon responsibility? When do leaders persuade, cajole, or demand, attempting to garner support? How are elections, freely and openly conducted, the foundations of all democratic leadership? What can be done, within the parameters of constitutional appreciations and requirements, when leaders fail? How much influence should constituents have over their chosen leaders, and when should that influence be manifest as suggestions or as demands? How do democracies cope with the growing bureaucracies which assert leadership between elections or without regard to the results of elections? How do we correspond in modern societies? Do the media of communications, electronic and print, explain the leaders of the day and their programmes, or do they annoint leaders and exert strong influence to direct opinion about their selections? Are the mass media directors and managers leaders in the most direct political sense? When a crisis is to be faced, how do leaders from pressure and interest groups compete or co-ordinate with leaders from the established political parties or government?

Learning about leadership, we learn much about the roles and obligations of citizenship. That is vital to the success of Democracy.

If I was looking out at the world from a newly earned vantage point in a nation just turned from authoritarianism to democracy, I would certainly want to learn how to manage affairs so that my democracy would endure and grow. As a citizen of an established democratic state, I want to learn how to create the basis for perpetual dialogue between myself and my world neighbours whose fate will determine my own. Should the new democracy be overthrown by cynical forces symbolic of past cruel regimes, I will be threatened directly.

Let us keep every form of negotiation going while creating new partnerships. Private associations (of legislators, jurists, bureaucrats, executives, teachers, students, mass media practitioners, medical experts, technocrats and scientists, literati, musicians and poets and painters and sculptors) should represent all exponents of democracy. More will be learned from the frequent big and small meetings of such associations than from the study of all the formal histories of the democracies. More will be deduced about what it is necessary to contemplate and to accomplish.

There should be only one requirement for any such free associations. There will be no teachers and no students — only participants.

President Vaclav Havel of Czechoslovakia inspires us all:

> Without a global revolution in the sphere of human consciousness, nothing will change for the better in the sphere of our being ... We still don't know how to put morality ahead of politics, science and economy. We are still incapable of understanding that the only genuine backbone of all our actions, if they are to be moral, is responsibility — responsibility to something higher than my family, my country, my company, my success.[2]

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NOTES

1. Thomas Mann, *The Coming Victory of Democracy* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1938), p.43.
2. 'Excerpts from Czech Chief's Address to Congress', *The New York Times*, February 22, 1990, P. A-12.

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# IN THE RED AGAIN: DOES BRITAIN'S CURRENT ACCOUNT DEFICIT MATTER?

by Nigel M. Healey

BRITAIN'S current account deficit exceeded £20bn in 1989, the second largest in the developed world after the United States. As a percentage of gross domestic product, the only meaningful basis for comparisons across countries and time, this represented (at 4%) the largest deficit in the developed world last year and the worst British trade figures on record. In the 1960s and '70s, such an outcome would have been regarded as a national catastrophe. Today, however, the Government maintains that the deficit is evidence of economic success, rather than failure.

The Government's view is that, unlike current account deficits in the past which were 'associated with large budget deficits and poor economic performance' (Lawson, 1988), today's trade figures reflect Britain's renewed economic strength, with investment-led growth causing a temporary deficit which can be easily financed with capital inflows from abroad. Ministers point out that the 'deficit is entirely the result of private sector decisions' (op cit) to invest and save which are, by their nature, 'efficient and self-correcting' (op cit), increasing, rather than reducing, the country's future economic welfare. This article examines the debate over the significance of the present current account deficit in the light of both economic theory and recent developments in Britain's balance of payments statistics.

Table 1 charts the deterioration of the current account over the last decade. Although the balance of payments figures are undoubtedly subject to a large margin for error — 1988's current account deficit of £14.6bn clashed starkly with the recorded capital account surplus of only £2.3bn (which it should have exactly matched) — it is generally recognised that the main source of inaccuracy is the under-reporting of capital, rather than current, account transactions. Even the most sympathetic adjustments to allow for underestimating invisible earnings leave the deficit for 1989 well above £15bn.

Table 1: The Current Account (£bn)

| | Non-oil Exports | Non-oil Imports | Non-oil Balance | Oil Balance | Trade Balance[1] | Invisible Balance | Current Account |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1980 | 41.0 | 40.0 | 1.0 | 0.3 | 1.3 | 1.8 | 3.1 |
| 1981 | 41.6 | 41.3 | 0.3 | 3.0 | 3.3 | 3.6 | 6.9 |
| 1982 | 44.7 | 47.1 | −2.4 | 4.6 | 2.2 | 2.5 | 4.7 |
| 1983 | 48.2 | 56.7 | −8.0 | 7.0 | −1.1 | 4.9 | 3.8 |
| 1984 | 55.4 | 66.9 | −11.5 | 6.9 | −4.6 | 6.6 | 2.0 |
| 1985 | 61.9 | 72.3 | −10.5 | 8.1 | −2.4 | 5.7 | 3.3 |
| 1986 | 64.5 | 77.2 | −12.8 | 4.1 | −8.7 | 8.9 | 0.2 |
| 1987 | 70.9 | 85.3 | −14.4 | 4.2 | −10.2 | 7.3 | −2.9 |
| 1988 | 74.6 | 97.5 | −22.5 | 2.3 | −20.2 | 5.6 | −14.9 |
| 1989 | 84.6 | 109.3 | −24.7 | 1.0 | −23.7 | 3.6 | −20.1 |

Sources: CSO Economic Trends, Balance of Payments Accounts.
Notes: 1. Balance on Visible Exports and Imports.

In a keynote speech to the Joint Annual Meeting of the International Monetary Fund and the International Bank for Reconstruction and Development (the World Bank) in September 1988, the former Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Nigel Lawson, set out the basis of the Government's present policy towards the balance of payments. It is instructive to recall two key passages of this speech:

> The current account reflects the difference between domestic savings and domestic investment... [and] the profound changes in world capital markets [mean that...] there is no reason why, with free access to world capital markets, domestic investment should be limited to what can be financed from domestic savings.
>
> Governments do... have a clear role when a current account deficit is accompanied by a budget deficit... The position is totally different when, as in the United Kingdom, there is no budget deficit at all and the current account is entirely the result of private sector decisions... To the extent that the deficit is the result of higher private sector investment... the future returns will finance the original investment. To the extent that the deficit is the result of low net private sector savings, this too should correct itself in time... Higher consumption now is at the expense of consumption in the future (Lawson, 1988).

There are thus two dimensions to the Government's view that the present deficit should be seen as efficient and self-correcting: firstly, the belief that 'the virtual abolition of foreign exchange controls in the major economies, coupled with domestic deregulation and advances in information technology, has led to the creation of a global financial market' (Lawson, 1989), in which internationally-mobile capital freely flows to wherever the rate of return is highest. And secondly, the fact that the present deficit reflects an excess of private sector investment over private sector saving, rather than a budget deficit. To the extent that this 'savings gap' results from an upturn in investment, this implies higher living standards in the future (since the associated overseas borrowing can be financed from the higher output the extra investment makes possible); and insofar as it is due to a fall in the savings ratio, this part of the deficit will be self-correcting, since unlike the government, the private sector cannot default on its obligations by 'printing money', so that its borrowing must eventually level off as a prudential debt : income ratio is reached.

This approach to Britain's current account deficit is intellectually elegant and intuitively appealing. But sadly, this simple view of the link between investment, savings and the current account has important limitations, notably the scant attention paid to the monetary system in general and the process by which capital inflows actually finance the domestic savings gap in particular. The misleading impression given in the above story is that domestic firms compete for the shrinking pool of domestic savings, thereby bidding up interest rates in the domestic capital market and sucking in excess savings from overseas. At the margin, capital-hungry firms accordingly find their new equity and bond issues being bought by overseas, rather than domestic, savers.

The reality, in Britain at least, is rather different, as Table 2 shows. In net terms, 'direct' foreign investment (which measures overseas lending to domestic firms already under foreign control) and 'portfolio' foreign investment in domestic equity and bonds have both been strongly *negative* in

recent years. In 1989, net outflows of direct and portfolio investment together amounted to £31bn. In other words, rather than oveaseas funds being attracted into British firms by profitable investment opportunities, thereby supplementing domestic savings, precisely the reverse has been happening. Domestic capital has been flooding out of the country into overseas assets, so effectively increasing the size of the gap which needs to be financed. Overall in 1989, the deficit on the so-called 'basic balance', which comprises the balance on the current account and long term flows of capital taken together, was an estimated £52bn.

Table 2: The Capital Account (£bn)

| | 1987 | 1988 | 1989 |
|---|---|---|---|
| Balance on Current Account .. ... | −3.7 | −14.6 | −21.0 |
| Capital Account Transactions: | | | |
| — Net Direct and Portfolio Investment ... | 2.6 | −13.0 | −31.0 |
| Basic Balance . ... .. | −1.1 | −27.6 | −52.0 |
| — Net Other Investment[1] ... ... | −12.8 | 0.7 | 11.2 |
| — Net Overseas Deposits with UK Banks | 2.5 | 14.6 | 25.3 |
| Balance on Capital Account .. ... | −7.7 | 2.3 | 5.5 |
| Residual Error ... ... ... ... | 11.4 | 12.3 | 15.5 |

Source: CSO Economic Trends, National Institute Economic Review.
Note: 1 Includes Official Foreign Exchange Market Intervention.

This deficit on 'basic balance' is, at first sight, perplexing. If Britain's savings gap has not been financed by inward direct and portfolio investment, where has the money come from? How have British residents managed to not only pay for a domestic investment boom, but extremely substantial net direct and portfolio investment abroad as well? How can Britain, which presently has the world's second largest current account deficit in absolute terms (after the United States, the world's largest net debtor) also have the world's second largest deficit on its long term capital account (after Japan, the world's largest net creditor)?

The answer is by borrowing newly-created money from the British monetary system. In 1989, British banks and building societies increased their sterling lending to the private sector by over £88bn (16% GDP), providing the funds that domestic and foreign savers were unwilling to make available. In other words, the circle was squared, not by reining in investment in line with domestic savings or resorting to long term borrowing from abroad, but by borrowing newly-created money from the domestic monetary system. When British residents spend this newly-created money buying the foreign currency they need to pay for imports and foreign assets, their transactions give rise to an automatic, or 'accommodating', capital inflow. This is because the overseas residents who supply the foreign currency acquire, in exchange, the newly-created sterling deposits and this appears in the balance of payments accounts as a 'short term capital inflow' or, in terms of Table 2, as an increase in 'Net Overseas Deposits with UK Banks'.

The problem is that overseas residents are unlikely to want to continue holding these sterling deposits indefinitely. And while, like the unwanted

package in a game of 'pass-the-parcel', they cannot collectively rid themselves of these excess sterling balances unless they are repurchased by British residents, their attempts to do so put downward pressure on the exchange rate, intensifying domestic inflationary pressures (by increasing the sterling price of imported goods). In line with its commitment to defeat inflation, the Government has been forced to raise British interest rates far above those on offer in other financial centres, in order to persuade foreign residents to hold, rather than sell, these extra sterling balances. To the extent that this strategy has been only partially successful, the Government has also had to buy back a considerable proportion of the unwanted sterling deposits in the course of its daily open-market operations in the foreign exchange market.

Table 2 shows that, of the £52bn initial increase in overseas holdings of sterling bank deposits which financed the basic defict, £25bn remained in overseas hands at the end of 1989 ('Net Overseas Deposits with UK Banks'), while 'Net Other Investment', which is dominated by official open market purchases of sterling, amounted to £11bn. Significantly, nearly £16bn remained unaccounted for ('Residual Error') and, as overseas holdings of UK bank deposits are a major source of statistical error in the accounts, it is likely that 'Net Overseas Deposits with UK Banks' significantly understates the true picture for 1989.

While the Government's argument that the present current account deficit is not a cause for concern is intuitively appealing, its flaw is that it implicitly assumes a world in which the money supply is fixed. Under such circumstances, investment would have to be financed by 'genuine' savings, rather than newly-created money, and it would not matter whether the lenders were British or overseas residents. The reality, however, is that in recent years domestic credit creation has been plugging the gap, allowing British residents to invest more than they save and buy overseas assets at the same time.

In a closed economy, excessive monetary growth ultimately leads to inflation. In an open economy, the inflationary consequences of rapid credit creation can be avoided, or at least eased, in the short term by using high interest rates to induce overseas residents to hold on to the newly-created sterling bank deposits with which the country is financing its imports and long-term capital outflows and by selling official foreign exchange reserves to 'mop up' whatever sterling remains unwanted. In the long term, however, unless the policy of high interest rates closes the savings gap — by choking off investment and calling forth higher domestic savings — the authorities will run out of foreign exchange reserves and the exchange rate will depreciate, causing inflation to accelerate.

The Government, of course, has a clear policy of using high interest rates to fight inflation, but the analysis above illustrates that — in an open economy like the UK — inflation and the current account deficit are not independent policy issues, but inextricably interrelated. The current account balance is not something to be ignored provided that inflation is being tackled; rather, attacking the causes of the current account deficit is a

prerequisite for the defeat of inflation. This analysis also suggests that, with interest rates at record levels, the Government may be forced to consider other ways of closing the savings gap.

There are several policies options that the Government could explore. First, the Government could tighten the fiscal stance by raising taxes. There is a strong case for directing tax increases at higher income-earners, who have enjoyed substantial reductions in recent years and whose propensity to buy imported goods is well above average. One obvious and equitable means would be by removing the present ceiling on national insurance contributions, so raising the effective marginal rate of 'tax' for higher income groups by 9%. The 'perk' of a company car should also be much more heavily taxed: 60% of all new cars are registered by companies (compared with 10% in Germany and France), while Britain's net imports of cars reached a staggering £5bn in 1989 — one-quarter of the total deficit. Abolishing this unjustifiable tax break would also be desirable on environmental grounds. Finally, the review of the tax treatment of savings media started in the 1990 budget should be extended, with a view to making savings more attractive to households.

Secondly, the Government should urgently consider reimposing some form of direct controls on the growth of consumer credit. The almost wholesale deregulation of the financial markets over the last decade has not only allowed domestic credit to grow at dangerously unsustainable rates, but it has spawned a growing number of finance companies which are patently in need of tighter regulation in any case. As a short term 'emergency' remedy, direct credit controls offer a well-tried alternative to higher interest rates and have the advantage that they can be directed at households, rather than companies, so protecting investment and jobs.

Finally, the Government should explore ways of, on the one hand, encouraging the big City institutions (e.g. pension funds, life offices, etc.) to reorient their portfolios away from overseas investments in favour of domestic companies (e.g. by restructuring the tax incentives to investors in much the way that the Business Expansion Scheme has tried to do in the small company sector) and, on the other, trying to promote long term, rather than short term, capital inflows to fill whatever gap remains (e.g. by offering Treasury guarantees to stimulate the issue of foreign currency bonds by domestic companies). Taken together, such a package of measures would ensure that the burden of adjustment falls on consumption rather than investment and on the rich rather than the poor, while at the same time channelling the fall in demand into lower imports rather than a contraction in domestic output and employment.

To conclude, current account deficits do not necessarily constitute a policy problem, but decades of experience teaches us that large trade imbalances should never be treated lightly. Moreover, private sector decisions to save, invest and borrow are never independent of government policy and governments must recognise that there is nothing 'rational' or 'efficient' about the out-turn for the current account in any one year. Whether or not policy should be altered depends critically on the causes

and likely results of the imbalance, not on whether the government's own budget balance is, of itself, in deficit or surplus.

In the last few years, the proximate cause of Britain's current account deficit has been a sharp move into financial deficit on the part of the private sector. This is a cause for concern because it has been financed via the intermediation of the UK banking system, obliging the Government to maintain interest rates at very high levels in order to maintain the attractiveness of short term sterling assets to overseas holders. This is an unsustainable position which can only be resolved in the longer term by an inflationary fall in the exchange rate. The Government should have acted sooner, but even at this late stage, concerted action to tackle the deficit would help moderate the costs of adjustment for the British economy.

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# SOME ASPECTS OF THE IRAQ ADVENTURE

## by Leo Muray

AS events continue to unfold dramatically around the Gulf a glance at the background will help. The various Arab speaking countries have only had independence and freedom of action in varying degrees since the end of World War I and every country has had a different experience. At the end of World War I the Ottoman Empire was broken up because it had sided with Germany. Britain and France, in the famous Sykes-Picot agreement, divided up the Arab speaking provinces of the Ottoman Empire. The borders drawn on their maps more than 70 years ago are still the borders, with a significant exception. France surrendered to the Turkish Republic a key coastal district of northwestern Syria, Iskenderun. At the time France held the League of Nations Mandate over Syria as did Britain over the West and East Banks of the Jordan, Palestine, until with a strike of his powerful pen, Winston Churchill divided the East Bank from the West Bank and created the Kingdom of Jordan.

The countries of the Middle East, on the Asian side of the Suez Canal, thus have new borders and new, short-lived identities. Their nationalities are new and events, as we have seen, are testing them all the time. Iraq has a distant past, Assyria, Babylon, the Caliphs of the early Middle Ages. The great Moslem hero, Saladin, who defeated the Crusaders, was not an Arab but a Kurd, Yussuf ibn Eyub. Its borders with Iran are old because they were the borders between the Persian and Ottoman Empire. But it was a decision of the British to incorporate the Kurdish districts in the North, Kirkuk, Mosul, into the new Iraqi Kingdom because the oil was there and Britain at that time controlled Iraq. Oil had to be made safe. World War II proved that this had been the right decision. Turkey remained carefully neutral and Britain had to remove Rashid Ali, the pro-Axis leader, in World War II to save the oil.

Iraq has the Kurdish population in the North and the Arabs themselves are split between the Shi'ite majority in the south and the ruling Sunni minority in the middle. The Sunnis have been ruling what is now Iraq for a long time under the Turks. Until now, despite all the upsets, the Shi'ites have submitted to Sunni rule. In the Iran-Iraq war they resisted the appeal of the Ayatollahs because the fellow Shi'ite Arabs in neighbouring Iranian-oil-bearing-Khuzestan were uneasy. But Iraq is a new nation with an ancient history, hardly connected with the present.

Syria and Lebanon too have new borders. Lebanon, of course, is the only Asian Arab country that has a Christian minority, or majority, according to the last census 50 years ago. Syria claims that what is now Israel and Jordan was part of its own province under the Turks and ought to be part of Syria.

The other main player, Saudi Arabia, is also new. The huge Arab Peninsula always had recognized tribal areas and principalities. The Saudi dynasty came to power about 70 years ago by seizing Riyadh, the capital.

At that time there was the Hejaz, a vast area, further south, with Mecca and Medina, controlled by the ancient Hashemite family that claims descendence from the Prophet Mohammed. The Saudis themselves were leaders of the Wahabite Sect of Islam, a fairly recent unit in terms of Arab history, fierce fundamentalists. Further south, on the Red Sea, was the principality of Asir, the region where agriculture could be pursued and still further south was the ancient independent Emirate of Yemen. In the east, on the Persian Gulf coast, was the Al Haza region that had largely a population of Shi-ites. The Saudis established control easily. It is there where the oil is. The Saudi structure within its present borders is thus 70 years old.

The Saudi dynasty clan is vast, around 2,500 princely people. They were tutored, so to speak, by the British Colonial Service. Based on their vast oil revenues — and it was the British who discovered the oil — their way of life was an amalgam of Arab princely and English gentlemanly luxury. They still kept to the rules of traditional Islam — women were not allowed out or to drive, alcohol was banned. There was a sound political motive in this, the need to maintain their authority over a population overwhelmed by Western known-how.

The Oil Emirates along the Persian Gulf and Kuwait modelled themselves on Saudi Arabia but paid less attention to the strict rules of Islam. Oil and the new life style that grasped all Western means of transport and communications had, as a consequence, a vast influx of immigrants who did the work. This happened in all the newly shaped countries: Egyptians, Pakistanis, Bangladeshis, Turks, Yugoslavs — 800,000 Egyptians in Iraq, 90,000 Pakistanis in tiny Kuwait. There were also the Palestinians, tens of thousands of them, better educated than the others, and determined to do well to achieve influence to firm up the alliance against Israel. Nearly all of them paid an additional personal tax to the PLO. This, incidentally, made it a very wealthy organization with investments in many countries of the West.

The Palestinians are a real force in Jordan, over half the population, a force King Hussein, a Hashemite from what is now Saudi Arabia, has to bear in mind all the time. Jordan's original population is made up of ancient tribes and it is significant that tribal leaders published statements of support for Saddam Hussein as representing tribes, like Clans in Scotland.

The fabulous oil revenues of Iraq, the Saudis, and the Gulf Emirates, Kuwait in the first place, not only changed the lifestyle but also the political atmosphere of these countries. The presence of thousands of immigrant Asian workers created what had not been there before, an exploited class that remained largely outside the structure of society. Egyptian workers, for instance, were treated badly one reason being that they were not true Middle Eastern Arabs but African Arabs. In Saudi Arabia, for instance, slavery was only practically abolished and discontinued after World War II.

In the oil countries only a few long-time Arab immigrants were granted

citizenship. This was resented because citizens got generous subsidies while immigrant workers, unless they had good technical or business knowledge as many Palestinians had, were lowly paid when compared with the life-style of the 'natives'. This caused enormous and largely suppressed resentment. Saddam Hussein explored this brilliantly in his attacks on the Saudis and the Oil Emirs. This, although he had left Iraq a low income country for he had spent his vast oil revenues mostly on building up his army with its advanced equipment and on chemical and nuclear armament plants.

Thus the upsurge of support for him was not only due to his much publicized threat to wipe out half of the hated Israel but also on his loudly propagated charge that the Oil Kings and Emirs had cruelly neglected their own people. This charge was willingly accepted and taken up by many of the Western educated young middle class people. There is a deep emotional reason for this. Many Western educated people, men and women, harbour a curious sense of inferiority against the West. Not that they think they themselves are inferior. But their historical background makes them feel that about their recent past.

Islam and the Arabs rose to power 1,200 years ago and saw another peak after the Crusaders gave up in defeat. At their peak the Arabs very nearly controlled territory from the Pamir Mountains in India to the Pyrenees. Then the Turks appeared and pushed to the gates of Vienna. They were not Arabs but Moslems all right.

Saddam Hussein's actions have to be seen as a challenge to the West, embodied by the US and Britain and, from his supporters' point of view, the appeal made by the Saudis for American and other Western help is a success. This because his seizure of Kuwait forced the Saudi Kings to ask for that help thus showing that left on their own they would lose. And again Saddam's move also provoked a traditional struggle for leadership of the Arab world going back to the wars for the Caliphate in the Middle Ages. Saddam made his bid for leadership and obviously Egypt had to oppose him. The Syrian leader, Hafez Assad, of the National-Socialist Baath Party's rival wing to that of Saddam Hussein himself, would, naturally, also oppose him and send troops to defend Saudi Arabia. The Saudi dynasty itself had also been charged with having betrayed Islam and its holy places by letting the 'infidel' troops in. A pattern of conflict has thus emerged that fits into the inter-Arab historical background. Added to this is the stirring argument that despite its fabulous oil wealth and implicit political power no Arab country is even a medium ranking power. But Saddam Hussein showed at least that the US superpower had to mobilize its full strength against him.

Thus Saddam Hussein's challenge will outlive him. The search for an Islamic and Arab identity able to put Western society and its developing structure in its place will get more intense and emotional. The Saudi dynasty will remain under dangerous pressure for a long time and American troops in Saudi Arabia will draw their vital five gallons of water per day for quite some time. The November elections in the US will be fought in the shadow of the Arab Peninsula.

# THE PALESTINE MANDATE

## by Sarah Newman

AT the end of the First World War, Germany and Turkey, defeated empires, were stripped of their colonies. The Allied powers held the principle that there were to be no annexations of conquered territory: where such territory had been part of the imperial domains of an enemy power it was to be either restored to sovereign independence or held in trust by a victorious power. The Mandate system was incorporated in the Charter of the League of Nations, to which body the power exercising a mandate was responsible. Biannual reports were to be made to the Permanent Mandates Commission. This was made up of independent experts, not government representatives, and was to tender relevant advice to the Mandatory and to the Council of the League.

The Mandate system applied to former Arab territories of Turkey. In 1920, at San Remo, Syria and the Lebanon were assigned to France, Iraq (Mesopotamia) and Palestine (including Transjordan) to Britain.

The text of the Mandate was confirmed in July 1922. The text of the Mandate from the Council of the League of Nations, 24 July 1922, reads:

> ... the Principal Allied Powers have agreed, for the purpose of giving effect to the provisions of article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations, to entrust to a Mandatory selected by the said Powers the administration of the territory of Palestine, which formerly belonged to the Turkish empire, within such boundaries as may be fixed by them; and
>
> Whereas the Principal Allied Powers have also agreed that the Mandatory should be responsible for putting into effect the declaration originally made on November 2nd, 1917, by the Government of His Britannic Majesty, and adopted by the said Powers, in favour of the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, it being clearly understood that nothing should be done which might prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the rights and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country; and
>
> Whereas recognition has thereby been given to the historical connection of the Jewish people with Palestine and to the grounds for reconstituting their national home in that country; and
>
> Whereas Principal Allied Powers have selected His Britannic Majesty as the Mandatory for Palestine; and
>
> ... His Britannic Majesty has accepted the Mandate in respect of Palestine.

In consequence the military administration of Palestine ended and a civilian one began. It was formally put into force in September 1923. Incorporated into the Palestine Mandate were the terms of the Balfour Declaration of 1917, by which Britain was to set up a National Home for the Jews while safeguarding the rights of the non-Jewish communities; the mandatory was to facilitate Jewish immigration 'while ensuring the rights and position of other sections of the community are not prejudiced'.

The Arabs of Palestine, affected by the upsurge of Arab nationalism, saw no reason why they should accept a status inferior to that of the Arabs of Syria and Iraq, who were promised independence as soon as they were ready for it. They argued that they had never agreed to either the Balfour Declaration or the Mandate, and that both were in conflict with McMahon's wartime promises to Hussein. They wanted independence. Failing that, they

would have preferred the USA to be the mandatory.

But Palestine was not considered to be in the same position as Syria and Iraq. The difference was set out in a letter to the official Arab delegation by Winston Churchill, Secretary of State for the Colonies, 1st March 1922:

> With regard to Article 22 of the Convenant of the League of Nations, I am to observe that this Article, in so far as it applies to territories severed from the Ottoman Empire, has been interpreted by the principal Allied Powers in Articles 94-97 of the Treaty of Sèvres. Syria and Iraq are explicitly referred to in Article 94 of the treaty as having been provisionally recognised as Independent states in accordance with the fourth paragraph of Article 22 of the Covenant of the League of Nations. Article 95, on the other hand, makes no such reference to Palestine. The reason for this is that, as stated in that Article, the Mandatory is to be responsible for putting into effect the declaration made on the 2nd of November 1917, by the British Government, and adopted by the other Allied Powers, in favour of the establishment in Palestine of a National Home for the Jewish People... there is no question of treating the people of Palestine as less advanced than their neighbours in Iraq and Syria, the position is that His Majesty's Government is bound by a pledge which is antecedent to the Covenant of the League of Nations, and they cannot allow a constitutional problem to develop in a country for which they have accepted responsibility to the Principal Allied Powers, which may make it impracticable to carry into effect a solemn undertaking given by themselves to their Allies.

The obligation on the Mandatory to promote Jewish immigration and the Jewish National Home seemed to postpone the day when Palestine would be 'able to stand alone', but the Churchill Memorandum of 1922 made it clear that Palestine as a whole was not envisaged as the National Home, rather that a Jewish National Home would be established in Palestine, and that the British government did 'not contemplate the disappearance or subordination of the Arab population, language or culture in Palestine'. Nothing was said of independence. Lloyd George later stated it had been intended that Palestine should become 'a Jewish Commonwealth'. But his main interest in 1917 had not been concern for the Jewish people, rather to keep Russia in the war effort and to increase American support for the *Entente*.

At the same time Churchill emphasised that the Jewish people would be in Palestine 'as of right'. By Article 4 of the Mandate the Jewish Agency was to advise and co-operate with the Mandatory on such matters as affected the establishment of 'a Jewish national Home and the interests of the Jewish population'. No such body was originally considered necessary for the Arabs. Later they refused to form one. Zionists were ready to consider Britain as the Mandatory.

Transjordan, geographically part of Syria, was included in the British Mandate for Palestine, but the 1922 White Paper excluded it from the areas open to Jewish settlement. In the spring of 1923 Sir Herbert Samuel, first High Commissioner for Palestine, promised Transjordan independence. In 1928 it gained its own government — with British tutelage over finance and foreign policy. British officers organised the army and formed the 'Foreign Legion'. This area came within that promised independence by the Hussain-McMahon correspondence in a way the rest of Palestine arguably did not.

For most of the 1920s Palestine enjoyed comparative peace. Clashes

were unimportant before 1928. In 1920 there had been 5,500 Jewish immigrants, in 1925 34,000, between 1920 and 1930 about 100,000 in all.

A Commission of Enquiry, under Sir Walter Shaw, was set up following a series of attacks beginning in the winter of 1928-9 on Jews in Palestine. The report was published in March 1930. The Shaw Commission concluded: 'A National Home for the Jews, in the sense in which it was widely understood, was inconsistent with the demands of the Arab Nationalists, while the claims of the Arab Nationalists, if admitted, would have rendered impossible the pledges to the Jews'. It was this incompatibility in the pledges of the Balfour Declaration that was finally to cause the breakdown of the British Mandate and eventual British withdrawal.

The Shaw Commission reported that there had been excessive Jewish immigration. The issue of immigration certificates was suspended during the subsequent enquiry by Sir John Hope Simpson. The Shaw Commission and the Hope Simpson Report — which stated that further Jewish land purchase would be unwise — resulted in the 1930 White Paper comment on 'the double undertaking' of the Balfour Declaration and on failure by both Arabs and Jews to realise the limits of the possible. 'Economic absorbative capacity' was given as the principle to be applied to limiting Jewish immigration.

The Peel Report of 1937 condemned this 1930 White Paper as 'insensitive' to Jewish feelings; its stress on obligations to non-Jews and on Arab anxieties was resented by Zionists as a 'reversal of policy'. It led to Macdonald's 1931 letter to Weizmann, condemned by Arabs as 'The Black Letter', for its attempt to lessen Jewish resentment roused in 1930.

During the 1930s disorder in Palestine grew. British loss of control began. The immediate cause was the Nazis gaining power in Germany in 1933. This led to rapid increase in Jewish immigration: 33,000 in 1933, 42,000 in 1934, nearly 60,000 in 1935. The resultant Arab strike of 1936 led to the Peel Commission of Enquiry, 1937.

The chairman of this Royal Commission was a Conservative politician, former Secretary of State for India, Earl Peel. Its report stated:

> An irrepressible conflict has arisen between two National Communities within the narrow bounds of one small country.
>
> About 1,000,000 Arabs are in strife, open or latent, with some 400,000 Jews. There is no common ground between them. The Arab community is predominantly Asian in character, the Jewish community predominantly European. They differ in religion and language. Their cultural and social life, their ways of thought and conduct are as incompatible as their national aspirations. These last are the greatest bar to peace. Arabs and Jews might possibly learn to live and work together in Palestine if they would make a generous effort to combine a nationality. But this they cannot do. The war and its sequel have inspired all Arabs with the hope of reviving, in a free and united Arab world, the tradition of an Arab golden age. The Jews are similarly inspired by their historic past. They mean to show what the Jewish nation can achieve when restored to the land of its birth. National assimilation between Jews and Arabs is thus ruled out.

Concluding that the Mandate was unworkable, the Peel Commission put forward the following plan for partition:

1. A Jewish State which would include Galilee, the Plain of Esdraelon and the coastal plain.
2. An Arab State of the rest of Palestine and Transjordan.

3. Permanent Mandate for Jerusalem and other Christian Holy Places.

The Jews, though critical, were ready to negotiate on this basis, the Arabs were not. The permanent Mandates Commission also objected to the idea. The Technical Commission sent to consider partition reported unfavourably in November 1938.

The British Government then called in London a Round Table Conference of Jews, and Palestinian and other Arabs. Arabs refused to sit with Jews. No agreement was reached. Next the British Government produced the 1939 White Paper. This too rejected Partition; it announced that the Balfour Pledges had been fulfilled: a Jewish Home in Palestine now existed. Jewish immigration was limited to 75,000 over the next five years, then no more without Arab agreement. Jewish land purchase was to be restricted.

In the May 1939 MacDonald White Paper is the British Statement of Policy:

> The Mandate for Palestine, the terms of which were confirmed by the Council of the League of Nations in 1922, has governed the policy of successive British Governments for nearly twenty years. It embodies the Balfour Declaration...
>
> The Royal Commission and previous Commissions of Enquiry have drawn attention to the ambiguity of certain expressions in the Mandate, such as the expression 'a national home for the Jewish people', and they have found in this ambiguity and the resulting uncertainty as to the objectives of policy a fundamental cause of unrest and hostility between Arabs and Jews. His Majesty's Government are convinced that in the interests of the peace and well-being of the whole people of Palestine a clear definition of policy and objectives is essential. The proposal of partition recommended by the Royal Commission would have afforded such clarity, but the establishment of self-supporting independent Arab and Jewish States within Palestine has been found to be impracticable...
>
> ...His Majesty's Government believe that the framers of the mandate in which the Balfour Declaration was embodied could not have intended that Palestine should be converted into a Jewish State against the will of the Arab population of the country...
>
> ...His Majesty's Government therefore now declare unequivocally that it is not part of their policy that Palestine should become a Jewish State. They would indeed regard it as contrary to their obligations to the Arabs under the Mandate, as well as to the assurances which have been given to the Arab people in the past, that the Arab population of Palestine should be made the subjects of a Jewish State against their will... Since 1922 more than 300,000 Jews have immigrated to Palestine... the population of the National Home has risen to some 450,000, or approaching a third of the entire population of the country...

Under Article 6 of the Mandate, the Administration of Palestine, 'while ensuring that the rights and position of other sections of the population are not prejudiced', is required to 'facilitate Jewish immigration under suitable conditions'. Beyond this, the extent to which Jewish immigration to Palestine is to be permitted is nowhere defined in the Mandate....

> Although it is not difficult to contend that the large number of Jewish immigrants who have been admitted so far have been absorbed economically, the fear of the Arabs that this influx will continue indefinitely until the Jewish population is in a position to dominate them has produced consequences which are extremely grave for Jews and Arabs alike and for the peace and prosperity of Palestine. The lamentable disturbances of the past three years are only the latest and most sustained manifestation of this intense Arab apprehension... fear of indefinite Jewish immigration is widespread among the Arab population...
>
> His Majesty's Government are conscious of the unhappy plight of large numbers of Jews who seek refuge from certain European countries, and they

> believe Palestine can and should make a further contribution to the solution of this pressing world problem... this would allow of the admission, as from the beginning of April this year, of some 75,000 immigrants over the next five years... after the period of five years no further Jewish immigration will be permitted unless the Arabs of Palestine are prepared to acquiesce in it.

The Mandates Commission of the League did not accept this, and stated: 'The policy set out in the White Paper is not in accordance with the interpretation which, in agreement with the Mandatory Power and the Council, the Commission has placed upon the Palestine Mandate.

The 1939 White Paper finally alienated Zionists from the Mandatory. But the outbreak of World War II led to a more drastic development. Ben Gurion stated, 'We will fight the war as if there is no White Paper, and the White Paper as though there is no war.' After 1945 the problem was to intensify, and Anglo-French paramountcy in the area soon to end. The British government, unable to cope with the 'double undertaking', returned the Mandate to the League's successor.

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# IN THE SHADOW OF THE RED ROCK: JORDAN'S LEGENDARY CITY OF STONE

## by Andrew Beattie

IN some respects, the world owes a great deal to Johann Burckhardt. Although, like Magellan or Columbus or any other explorer you care to mention, if he hadn't discovered it then someone else would have done sooner or later, it was Burckhardt, a justly unknown nineteenth century traveller and explorer, who first led the eyes of the world to the marvels of the lost city of Petra.

On a journey from Damascus to Cairo in 1812, the Swiss explorer heard local Bedouin Arabs talking of fantastic ruins hidden in mountains near the small village of Wadi Musa. Reasoning that this might be legendary Petra, which had never before been seen by Western eyes, he pretended to one of the Bedouin that he had made a vow to slaughter a goat in honour of Aaron, the brother of Moses, whose tomb lies very close to Petra. Taken in by his story, the Bedouin revealed the site of the tomb, and before bluffing his way through a bloody sacrifice Burckhardt was able to see a couple of Petra's monuments, carved out of the red stone.

The goat's death may have done little for Aaron but it meant Petra's location was no longer secret. To the possible chagrin of the descendants of the man who showed him the tomb, Petra now has a five star hotel and plays host to many a package tour of Palestine, or to coach loads of tourists from cruise ships which dock at the port of Aqaba, over a hundred miles away, who come a great distance solely to see its wonders.

Burckhardt's obligatory fifteen minutes of fame has revealed to future generations one of the world's most fascinating and unique archaeological sites. What he had discovered was the city which, by the time of Christ, housed over twenty thousand people, and was the capital of the flourishing and powerful kingdom of the Nabatean Arabs. In 600 BC, they had discovered the spring that Moses had supposedly created when he struck a rock with his staff and demanded water, as told in Exodus 17. (His actions are remembered in the name of the nearby village, Wadi Musa, which means *Moses' spring* in Arabic.) Finding what amounted to a freak oasis in the middle of a parched desert, the Nabateans were well prepared to found a prosperous city which flourished on the trade between Arabia and Syria.

During their colonization, the city that they had selected for their capital was not constructed with free-standing buildings, but, uniquely, took the form of elegant facades carved out of sheer rock faces, and of caves dug out of the mountainside in which the inhabitants lived and buried their dead. Later on, the Romans lived in peaceful harmony with the Nabateans at Petra, and contributed some of their own monuments to those the Nabateans had already created.

Today's travellers to Petra do not need to think up ingenious means

of deceit to reach the place, and nor must they assume Burckhardt's grandiose title of explorer. The desert highway, a strip of bitumen laid across flat desert, which leads from the Jordanian capital Amman to Aqaba, the country's only port, passes close to Petra. Both tour group coaches and the independent traveller must reach Petra by this road. There are daily buses from Petra and Wadi Musa to Amman, and to Aqaba, from where there are ferries to Egypt. The Desert Highway makes for a long and painfully monotonous journey; but, approaching Petra, the uniform horizontal surfaces baked bare by desert sun are suddenly and gratefully replaced by craggy mountains and narrow valleys over which the archaeological remains are strewn. The entrance to the site, the famous *Siq*, is set in a huge bowl in the hills, with the town of Wadi Musa scattered up the opposite side.

Nothing quite prepares the modern traveller for Petra. There is much to whet the appetite: since Burckhardt left people have not stopped coming back, and Petra has evoked rich travellers' tales and descriptions, including the over-worked Shelley quotation, 'the rose-red city half as old as time'. Well, it is certainly not half as old as time: the Pyramids had already been standing for two thousand years before even the first column had been chiselled out. And, though it may be redder than the Red Sea, the colour of the stone that characterizes the place is more a rusty brown, which may admittedly glint a deep, light red in the evening sunlight. But it is hard to eradicate such superficial preconceptions from the mind. The traveller stands at the entrance to the famous *Siq*, and almost begs to be amazed, thus inevitably commencing the visit with the kind of expectation that normally leads to profound disappointment.

But Petra, needless to say, does not disappoint. It surprises and stupifies at almost every turn. You approach it like the child exploring his new holiday home for the first time: gingerly at first, with some trepidation, willing the amazement to dawn, but fearing the disillusion of travel-guide hype—until the realization comes that each new experience merely augments the original impressions of the place, and the yearning for more becomes intense and powerful. After seeing everything, you only wish there was more: Petra has an addictive appeal that most other places claim, but lack. It has even conveniently arranged itself so that the most obvious tour of its vast site ends with its greatest treasure. Such fulfilled expectations exist only rarely. Petra is there to be savoured.

The entrance through the *Siq* is a glorious introduction to the ruins. The city of Petra is an exhibition of the power and beauty of human creativity; but the *Siq* is nature's contribution to Petra's awesomeness. It is a geological fissure between rocks that tower at their greatest height to two hundred metres above you. It winds around like a meandering river channel for a full half mile, always just wide enough for a Landrover to drive through, but never more. Sunlight is able to filter through this crack in the rocks at some points, and the rusty hue of the sandstone is brought out. Arab horse riders, making the best of the bad job of Western tourists, ride their beasts up and down the *Siq*, offering carriage in return for a few

dinars. 'You want a ride on my horse? What country you come from? Tired feet—I take you to ruins'; and then grin a horrible toothless smile. Some of the horses tow little black carts, intricately made vehicles where retired Americans sit and rest their feet in a comic, unassuming elegance as they are taken off to the ruins or, going the other way, back to their hotel. In the evening, the *Siq* smells of fresh horse manure, as all the tourists hurry home just in time for dinner.

The *Siq* ends unexpectedly in a great clearing in the rock. The Khazheh, or treasury, stands guard over the exit, carved out of sheer vertical rock face and reaching a dazzling height of 30 metres. The rock-hewn designs never protrude from the face more than a metre or so, and are on two levels of columns which support carved urns and squat towers with sloping roofs. The whole thing is an elaborate facade to some imaginary palace which never existed, like a folly in Georgian England. Between the two main columns is a huge door, over six metres high, which opens up into a dark empty space of cathedral-sized proportions. In here, the bodies of various Nabatean rulers were placed. Bullet holes in the carved urn above the door testify to the belief that it contained treasure (hence its name—the treasury), and that the treasure was sealed inside the unreachable urn, which would yield its booty if burst. But Bedouin would-be robbers found themselves out of luck. The urn is solid rock, like all Petra's monuments.

The effect of the Khazneh is heightened by the nature of the squat valley it is situated in, which makes it impossible for the observer to step back very far and view it properly. It looms above one, and its bleak vastness and touchable indication of an ancient and forgotten world has a menacing and vaguely eerie air about it. Turning a corner of the *Siq* and coming face to face with it is an unforgettable experience, and one that requires the observer to stand in silence and simply stare upwards.

After the Khazneh, the *Siq* widens and becomes a craggy, shallow valley, which contains the majority of Petra's monuments. First is the Roman amphitheatre, in a sorry state of repair and crumbling through weathering of its sandstone blocks (a fate which mercifully has not befallen Petra's other monuments). It was built in the second century AD, and is being restored for shows to be enacted to twentieth century audiences. The theatre is built right into and almost under a steep cliff face, and also displays a more definite (and satisfying) red colour than the Khazheh.

Next to it, there are a few small stalls, shaded from the sun by black canvas, which sell all manner of artefacts and souvenirs. Two of the products of Petra Tourism PLC are bottles of Petra sand and genuine Nabatean coins. The former, comprising multi-coloured grains fashioned into absorbing patterns, are ideal for the adornment of any surburban mantelpiece but are actually factory-made from chemically-coloured dust. In the case of the 'genuine' coins, the stall's owner, another elderly Bedouin whose facial wrinkles have been accentuated by lifelong exposure to torrid sun, takes you aside gently as if his actions might unwittingly arouse the attention of others; he then shows you a couple of coins in his hand as if they are some sort of slightly illicit commodity, and proudly handles the

round pieces of faded metal as though they were prized family heirlooms, which he is loth to part with. Actually, as you might have guessed, there are probably enough 'genuine' Nabatean coins on sale in Petra to pay off a modest student overdraft. Wise tourists smile politely but do not reach for their money belts.

The valley becomes ever wider, and is peppered on either side with tombs, merely caves dug into the rock with square openings the size of a garage door, jumbled randomly over the face of the cliff. There are also some faded facades higher up on one face, complete with the curious crow-step formation that forms part of all the carvings in Petra. The remains of a short Roman street run along the valley bottom, and on either side there are collapsed ruins of temples, which constitute the only free standing buildings in Petra. Compared with what surrounds them, these remains are interesting, but unremarkable: the Temple of the Winged Lions, still being excavated, is dedicated to Atargatis, the Nabatean fertility goddess. It had a colonnaded entrance with arches and various porticoes. The valley stops abruptly in a dead end, complete with museum, low-brow cafe populated by mangy cats, and the fancy Forum restaurant, where a bottle of mineral water served by an adolescent Arab in ill-fitting dinner suit will set you back a pound. Add a couple of camels (for hire) to the scene, together with their genial owners, and package-tour Petra is ended.

For those with time and energy, however, Petra's finest monuments are still to come. There are two hikes that can be made from the area of the cafe and restaurant. The first is to the place of high sacrifice, Jebel al-Madbah, which requires one and a half hour's walk up a narrow valley, past two remains of Petra's Roman heritage: the triclinium is a large building, where Roman feasts took place, unique in Petra for its decorated interior, and opposite it is the Tomb of the Roman Soldier, with a statue of its deceased incumbent above the door. Both buildings are set in a narrow, shallow valley, and are free standing rather than carved from rock. The High Place, reached after a hard climb, provides for Petra's most stunning viewpoint. Standing by the neatly cut altars and gutter systems which drained away the blood of Nabatean sacrifices, the whole of the Wadi Musa valley is laid out before you.

The view is intense: barren hills, shimmering and rust-coloured, stretch for miles in all directions, with neither tree nor bush to lighten the scene. Lacking the aesthetic beauty of a pine-covered Alp, these mountains are harsh and unforgiving: burnt dry, they are unsafe to wander in without an experienced Bedouin guide. Their complete lack of any discernible life form is almost physically frightening.

This is not the heavily romanticised desert of *Lawrence of Arabia*, or one of convoy camel-trekking; but some of the least appealing environments man has ever had the courage to settle in. The achievements of the Nabateans becomes even greater set in the context of the physical nature of the lands they ruled for hundreds of years. Now, except for a few passing nomads, the endurance levels of twentieth century man does not include living in this god-forsaken place. Life polar ice caps, hot, stony deserts are

still one of the few remaining triumphs of nature.

Petra's final and greatest attraction, the monastery, is a two and a half hour round trip from the restaurant area. The climb is not steep, but follows an ancient path cut into the rocks of a gully, whose seasonal water flows have created a thick vegetation cover into which snakes periodically dart at the first sign of approaching human beings and the warm sound of a few cicadas, and even the occasional bird, reduce for a time the desolation that envelopes the rest of Petra. The dry undergrowth is also home to varying types of brown and green lizard, some of which are nine or ten inches long, which sporadically flit across the path or sun themselves on the bare rock.

Thus reached, the monastery is set high up on an isolated hillside. It is similar in design to the Khazneh, with the same arrangement of columns and urns, but half as big again as the former monument. The door alone is a vast nine metres high. In addition, the monastery is set in a far more open location, and it is possible to step back more than a hundred metres to gain a satisfactory vista. Even from this distance, the astonishing magnitude of the building is striking. A stall set in a cave sells cold Pepsi, which seems to have the status of a national drink in Jordan, and, of course, the obligatory coins and coloured dust. From here, you can contemplate the monastery in shaded luxury. There are never more than one or two people at the monastery at any one time; most of the tour groups never make it here, and have headed for their air-conditioned bus back to Aqaba or Amman. Their loss is the ambitious traveller's gain.

From here, it is also possible to look towards Mount Hor, on top of which sits a minute white dome, a bright pinprick of light set against the brown rock. This marks the supposed burial place of Aaron, the brother of Moses — the tomb which showed Johann Burckhardt the location of Petra. It is possible to walk to the dome from Petra and back in a day, with a guide and plenty of water. Other distant places to visit include the remains of the Biblical town of Sela, a three hour hike leading to piles of collapsed rubble; and Beidha, four kilometres away, which is one of the oldest archaeological sites in the world (inhabited in 7000 BC), where there are ruins of houses and workshops.

Petra is now a found city. The signatures in the visitor's book in the museum testifies to this: tourists come from all over the Arab and Western world to immerse themselves in its wonders. The preconceptions in many people's minds about the Middle East being full of terrorists and similar nasties is completely unfounded in Jordan: it has, for example, one of the world's lowest crime rates. But its relatively inaccessible location in the heart of a little visited country slap bang in the centre of the Middle East has ensured that its tourist business is nowhere near as great as it could be: an ever more leisure seeking world could turn the place into something akin to an archaeological Disneyland, as is the current sad condition of many of the sites of ancient Egypt. If this ever happens, the few Arabs who live in the area may curse their ancestors, who showed Burckhardt the location of Petra, with an even greater vehemence.

# LOCAL AUTHORITIES AND THE BLITZ

## by A. D. Harvey

'IF they declare that they will attack our cities on a large scale — we will rub their cities out!' Hitler announced on 4 September 1940, and after 7 September, though daylight raids continued for some weeks, the Luftwaffe began to shift its effort to the night bombing of London: 15 September, which saw one of the largest daylight battles and which has since been commemorated annually as Battle of Britain Day, turned out to be the Luftwaffe's last really serious attempt to engage Fighter Command. The 'Blitz' had begun. London was bombed nightly from 7 September to 13 November (with a break on 3 November) after which various provincial cities were pounded in turn, with London being attacked less frequently but with increasing intensity until the night of 10-11 May 1941. Though the most spectacular raid was that of 29-30 December, 1940, which ignited a larger conflagration than the Great Fire of London and burnt out three quarters of the City of London, the heaviest German raids of the entire war were those of 16 and 19 April 1941, involving respectively 685 and 712 sorties against London, with many crews making double or even treble sorties during the course of both nights; on the 19th of April over a thousand tons of bombs were dropped, and 1,200 people were killed; but of the total of 61 heavier raids between 19 February and 12 May 1941 only seven were directed against London: 46 were directed against provincial sea ports.

The actual provision of air raid shelters, and the establishment of A.R.P. organizations was the responsibility of the municipal authorities (assisted by central government grants) and by the fifth week of the London Blitz the Foreign Secretary was writing, 'I am afraid the administration of the London County Council and some of the Boroughs has been badly exposed'. Perhaps as Ritchie Calder pointed out, 'To leave local officials to deal with the battle situation was like leaving the Mayor of Dunkirk to evacuate the British Expeditionary Force'.

At the outbreak of war the government had divided the country into civil defence regions and when the bombing had started the Commissioners in the London Region began to hold (and make a point of attending) regular meetings with the Town Clerks of the boroughs of the region: the Town Clerk was the permanent official who headed the executive administration of each borough and in most cases was also A.R.P. Controller. The meeting held on 23 October 1941 is the earliest for which the minutes are preserved; it was apparently the 54th meeting, indicating that the first meetings had been in October 1940. This meeting of 23 October 1941 was held at what for London was a quiet period of the war: it was attended by 16 Town Clerks, though there were over forty borough administrations in what might be called the London target zone. On 20 June 1944, after the Germans had begun bombarding London with robot bombs, 18 Town Clerks came to the meeting. The Town Clerks of Poplar, Islington and

Shoreditch seem to have been regular attenders; those of Hackney, Stoke Newington, Finsbury and West Ham appear never to have attended. This seems to indicate fundamental differences of attitude in different boroughs. Poplar appears to have been an outstanding example of organization and commitment, initially under the leadership of Alderman William Key. Key had been Mayor and leader of the famous Poplar rates strike in the 1920s, and had written of this in his book *Red Poplar*, published in 1925. It is said to have been due to the preparations made under his leadership that Poplar had the lowest death toll per weight of bombs of any East End borough, and his achievement was recognized by the government in his appointment as a Regional Commissioner in January 1941.

At the other extreme was West Ham, where some Labour councillors had opposed even setting up an A.R.P. Committee until it was known how much money the central government would contribute. Once the A.R.P. Committee was established, spending on civil defence preparations was stinted because it was felt that the government should cover the entire cost. When the bombing started the Mayor proved to be a notably ineffective A.R.P. controller, and when a new Mayor was appointed he was a councillor who had not previously been on either the A.R.P. or the Emergency Committee and was consequently scarcely qualified to take over an organization in the midst of a crisis. The Regional Commissioners suggested that the Town Clerk should take over as A.R.P. Controller, but the council preferred to appoint the Mayor, with the Town Clerk as his deputy. After a month this arrangement was dropped and the Deputy Town Clerk took over as A.R.P. Controller; as one of the council said:

> The Council had some right to govern its own household. This has been a matter of intrigue for the past 12 months . . . They were fighting dictators abroad and creating them at home.

After a brief trial with yet another unsuccessful A.R.P. Controller and a threat from the Regional Commissioners that they would intervene and impose direct control, West Ham finally appointed the Rev. Wilson Paton, a 39 year old Presbyterian minister from Glasgow whose church in the Tidal Basin had been one of the first victims of the bombing; he had been a councillor (left-wing) since 1938 and had been serving with great credit as chief shelter marshal. He was an excellent A.R.P. Controller: except that he was only appointed after the worst of the bombing was over.

Both Poplar and West Ham were Labour-controlled councils. The Metropolitan Borough of Stoke Newington claimed to be one of the few local authorities run on non-party lines although the council was in fact dominated by the United Ratepayers Party. Stoke Newington at this time was a prosperous London suburb which still preserved much of the ambience of a small country town, and, unusually for a Ratepayer regime, it had invested quite extensively in community buildings during the 1930s, including blocks of council flats, a swimming pool and a new Town Hall which had been opened by no less a personage than the Lord Mayor of London just two years before the war. Unfortunately the council proved to be more concerned with preserving this civic investment than with protecting the rate-payers. Although the Town Hall and the Public Library

(an older building standing on the site of Edgar Alan Poe's old school) were masked by commercial buildings of similar height on the opposite side of a rather narrow street, money was wasted painting camouflage on them (this is still visible today) while half a mile away an unstrengthened cellar under a block of flats named Coronation Avenue, in Stoke Newington Road, was made to serve as a public air raid shelter — until the evening of 13 October 1940 when a bomb (possibly a relatively small one of 250 kg) exploded in ground floor premises just above the shelter and caused the party walls of the basement to collapse, killing 161 people, most of whom died, it is said, as a result of flooding and leaking domestic gas.

Most of the victims are named on an economical civic memorial over the mass grave in a disused and now subsiding roadway in nearby Abney Park Cemetery, and one can see how many of the victims were couples or sisters — Aurichs and Coopersteins and Danzigers and Edelsteins, Golda Moscow and Hilda Muscovitch, the names of the diaspora brought together with the grandchildren of George Eliot's England, Hephzibah Elizabeth Towells, and Walter Abraham Wilson. That same night the Town Hall was almost miraculously spared from a direct hit by two different sticks of bombs, one of which stomped its way north-westwards across the borough from Palatine Road (about 300 yards south of Coronation Avenue), wrecked the two churches in Stoke Newington Church Street, one of which is only thirty paces from the Town Hall, and ended with an unexploded bomb in the tennis court of Clissold Park; the other stick fell almost simultaneously but on a more northerly line from Cowper Road, intersected the first stick in Albion Road, and ended with another unexploded bomb directly across the street from the Town Hall itself. At the meeting of the Emergency Committee next day the Coronation Avenue incident was not mentioned (they had only just begun to bring out the bodies) but discussion about camouflaging the Town Hall was renewed; at a subsequent meeting two days later camouflaging the Town Hall came on the agenda immediately before a report on the Coronation Avenue disaster.

Perhaps on balance the United Ratepayers' regime in Stoke Newington didn't do too badly. The Ministry of Home Security had had to intervene and nominate its own A.R.P. Controller in Stepney as early as 4 October 1940 — and also had to replace him ten weeks later. When Southampton was bombed it was found that the Town Clerk (and A.R.P. Controller) was 'entirely unsuited to cope with emergencies', that the Mayor was 'a poor creature' and that the Chief Constable went sick after the second night's bombing: for a period a group of RAF officers, acting without official instructions, took over the management of Southampton's civil defence and later Robert Bernays, MP for Bristol North and a Deputy Regional Commissioner was appointed by the Commissioners of the Southern Region to take charge of co-ordinating the civil and military authorities in the city. There were also signs of incompetence at Liverpool; at Coventry, while the elected leaders of the community were said to be excellent ('although curiously enough the majority of the council are very

advanced Labour and the Chairman of the Emergency Committee, Alderman Hallwell is, or at any rate was, a Communist') the Town Clerk, in the Regional Commissioner's opinion 'is a joke and a nonentity, and no one pays the smallest attention to him'.

The inadequacies of the local authorities was exacerbated by lack of direction from central government. A reasonably thick file compiled by the Ministry of Home Security labelled 'Relationship between Central Department & Local Authorities (withholding grants etc.)', indicates concern for theoretical guidelines but contains no evidenve that the Ministry ever considered tackling individual instances of the problem, prior to the onset of heavy bombing: the communications from central government with the boroughs are typified by a letter of 27 October 1939 from the Ministry of Health to the Town Clerk at Stoke Newington on the subject of the attractively titled 'Civilian Death Squads':

> One driver and two men for collecting the bodies from the streets [would] be adequate for a mortuary capable of accommodating 60 to 100 bodies... the Minister would not regard it as essential under existing conditions to maintain more than a skeleton staff on duty at each mortuary.

Indeed, though the establishment of a Ministry of Home Security had been projected before the war, the Ministry was in fact an off-shoot of the Home Office, with the same ministerial head, and the government department which continued to handle most of the transactions between central and local government was the Ministry of Health, which was however by no means well equipped to exercise the functions of a Ministry of the Interior in wartime. Nor was much guidance available from the War Office, which might have been supposed to have some experience of dealing with war situations, but was unable even to organize the removal of shattered glass from its own corridors for two weeks after its windows were broken by blast (it took still longer for the windows to be boarded up). The Regional Commissioners, being a new concept with no established role, were also poorly placed to provide leadership. H. U. Willink, MP, a Deputy Regional Commissioner for the London Region, told the Commons that representatives of three foreign governments had asked his office for information on how to deal with air raids — possibly the US, the Portuguese and the Swiss — but that not a single British local authority had ever asked 'for any general information on the way London attempted to deal with these problems'. It is not clear why the Ministry of Home Security or the Regional Commissioners should have expected the local authorities to take the initiative in this, especially bearing in mind how small and poorly qualified town hall staffs were in those days. Yet the fact is that some local authorities had taken the initiative and had been rebuffed; when the Borough Engineer of Stockton on Tees mentioned that several northern towns had sent informal delegations to London and suggested a properly organized visit under official sponsorship, the proposal was brusquely vetoed by the Ministry of Home Security.

It is also worth noting that, until a city was actually bombed, wartime censorship guaranteed that the city officials remained in almost complete ignorance of what was in store for their communities. The attack on

London on the evening of 13 October 1940 was not a particularly heavy one: the War Office estimated about 188 planes flying at 15,000-20,000 feet, the Coronation Avenue incident which involved the highest death toll from a single conventional bomb (in Britain at least) during the whole of the war, occurred at 9.20 p.m., about 25 minutes after a direct hit on Bounds Green tube station had caused hundreds of tons of earth to cave in on a tunnel where people were sheltering, killing 25. The stick of bombs which wrecked the two churches in Stoke Newington Church Street also killed three people at 41 Nevill Road and there were other fatalities in Hackney, in Paddington where the Metropolitan Line station in Praed Street received a direct hit, and various other parts of the metropolitan area. Excluding the Coronation Avenue disaster, casualties in the London area were initially estimated as 163 dead and 243 injured; yet *The Times* reported on the morning of 14 October, 'In one London district two bombs damaged nine houses... Two houses were wrecked in a square in London, and it was feared some people were trapped'. The 'square in London' possibly refers to Coronation Avenue, which consists of rows of buildings with courtyards in between — not what one would normally regard as a London square though difficult to describe briefly in any other phrase. The Coronation Avenue incident was successfully concealed from the neutral press, and though the Bounds Green incident leaked out its seriousness was minimized and the Swedish paper *Dagens Nyhter* reported that 'the number of victims fortunately was considerably smaller than at first feared'.

Two nights later a public shelter at Dame Alice Owen's Girls' School received a direct hit. *The Times* reported 'A number of casualties are thought to have occurred when a school building in a London zone was struck. Scholars and teachers left the school for another place some time ago'. Only the next day, after another night's bombing, was it admitted that 'a big death toll is feared'. The actual number of dead at Dame Alice Owen's Girls' School was over one hundred: and the fact that an even larger number had died in a public shelter at Coronation Avenue only two days previously was not even hinted at. Though local casualty lists could be posted up in Town Halls 'the reproduction of these figures in the press, either individually, or in the aggregate' was strictly forbidden, and at the end of October one well-informed air raid warden at Shepherd's Bush, only seven miles to the west of Stoke Newington, could refer to the death of fifteen people in a Shepherds Bush public house which received a direct hit during a sing-song as 'a very horrible incident... one of the worst smashes London has had'.

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# THE BLACKS AND SELF-RULE: THE SOUTH AFRICAN SITUATION

by Godwin Okebaram Uwah

THE dramatic turn of events in South Africa has reopened the old debate — the ability of the Black Africans to rule themselves. Ever since the South African situation came to the spotlight in the mid-eighties, a small but vocal segment of the US mass media has wondered aloud whether the European surrender of power in Africa in the early and mid-sixties — decolonization — was not a serious mistake. (Let me confess that I have not been privileged to know what the group feels about Abraham Lincoln's 1863 Emancipation Proclamation!). This vocal group claims that the concern for the suffering Black Africans is their main motivation.

Briefly stated, their position is that these Blacks were doing 'well' during the colonial era until the Western colonial powers cowardly surrendered power to native Blacks in the name of Independence. The black leaders, the argument goes, systematically destroyed these countries and forced their people to sub-human existence as is evident in Somalia, Ethiopia, Mozambique, Sudan, and in other poverty ravaged regions of the continent. The warning, sounded in the wake of the new announcement of reform in South Africa, is that the mistakes of the early sixties should not be repeated. According to this school of thought, South Africa is the only 'democracy' that works in that continent. If sanctions and western interventions force another surrender of power in the name of 'black majority', the warning continues, the West will have itself to blame for the predictable disastrous consequences that will inevitably ensue.

The recent problems of the Washington D.C. mayor, Marion Barry, have given this group a new ammunition. In talk shows, one after another, articulate spokespersons of these cynics publicly claim vindication. The mess in the nation's capital, they conclude, is a result of Black leadership. The fact that there are Black mayors in other cities of the US who have enviable records of efficiency and good government seems to be ignored.

Now that Mr. de Klerk appears poised to display wisdom and vision by in effect repudiating a discredited and an immoral practice, there is panic in certain quarters that the much dreaded 'black majority rule' may be unavoidable. This article is not so much about the black majority rule (or absence of it) as about the logic that tends to discredit it. The 'logic' is that based on the track records of these black leaders in Africa and in Washington D.C.: enthronement of black rule in the Cape of Good Hope would spell catastrophe in an area of vital interest to the West. Since it is no longer fashionable for pundits to admit racist motives, this article will not second-guess them. I would prefer to say that the self-elected alarmists are blowing things out of proportion and that based on past, recent and present events, they are wrong to single Black people out as agents or perpetrators of bad governments.

Granted that Africa has given the world an Idi Amin, a Boukassa, and other dictators, granted that the policies of some African governments have not served their people well; granted that some African governments have gone to war against their own people and, in some instances, butchered their people in cold blood; granted that these and other undesirable things have happened in that continent in the last two or three decades, and granted that famine, malnutrition, and disease still plague a good portion of the continent's population, it is at the same time very easy to allow ourselves to be willing victims of short memory or amnesia. We seem to have forgotten that the 'civilized' world of this century has given the world a Ceausescu, a Stalin, and a Mussolini. We seem not to remember that the worst carnage and holocaust in human history took place not in Africa but in Europe. Hitler and his Nazi Germany were the products, not of black African 'bad' governments, but of white European civilization.

The recent unravelling of events around the globe has revealed that when it comes to groping in the dark, Africa is not alone in the world. After all, with few exceptions, Africa is relatively young in nation-building; the colonial powers gave them no lessons in modern government and the present political map of Africa is essentially a creation of the West. On the other hand, we have now seen that some European countries have all this time been sailing with neither rudder nor compass and are now virtually beckoning to America to come to their rescue.

During and after the last great war America rescued Europe from its attempted mass suicide. America also saved Japan from the ruins of its miscalculation. Today, the erstwhile Eastern bloc, together with billions of people in the far East, are drawing inspiration from America in their struggles for democracy.

Even the god-father of the socialist system — the giant Soviet Union — has, in effect, publicly admitted the folly of its costly experiment in Marxist-Leninism. Some three decades ago, Nikita Krushchev boasted before the World Assembly that they, the Soviet Union, would bury the West. Ironically, now America seems ready to bail out a Soviet empire on the verge of 'burying' itself. Why, then, one is tempted to ask, should America not be encouraged to help South Africa in its present morass? Why shouldn't the American people — through their Congress — continue to rescue South Africa from its apartheid bondage?

Yet, the cynics are warning America against accelerating the pace of reform in South Africa for fear such a policy may eventually lead to black majority rule. Americans are constantly reminded of African experiments that collapse but little is heard of experiments that have started bearing fruits. A recent US Department of Commerce publication, *Business America*, names Nigeria, Ghana and Zimbabwe as attractive areas for US investments. There are also other success stories such as Ivory Coast and Cameroun. Americans, for example, are told little about the bold and significant strides which Nigeria — a country that houses one-fourth of Africa's entire population — is making. The country at the present time is embarking on a very aggressive but peaceful transition to its third Republic

while undertaking a rather painful massive restructuring of its economic base. Few people have been told that investment opportunities in that free market economy are boundless.

When Africa is mentioned in the western media, it is often to X-ray its shortcomings, including its presumed excessive love for Marxist ideology which is said to have exacerbated its problems. In an article in a London-based journal back in 1986, I challenged critics of African political systems to cite one single African nation that practices communism as a political philosophy. In a sense, there may be some truth in the contention that the socialist systems and rigid government planning and control adopted by some African governments tended to weaken or destroy their economic base. But these measures were not adopted because the rulers are communists. Private ownership of property is as African as Apple Pie is American. But I do not know of any African who would like to 'have it all' while his people are starving. Africa is a community-based society deeply rooted in the value of sharing and caring and in being one's brother's keeper. With few exceptions (and the inevitable human flaws of greed and hubris notwithstanding) African heads of governments were honestly experimenting on the best ways to deliver the goods to the starving and unemployed and under-employed masses.

The African leaders that toyed with socialism did not do so because they were black or because they were greedy, although greedy some of them were. The almost saintly Julius Nyerere (former president of Tanzania) for example introduced his own brand of African Socialism as a means of transforming his country from a state of poverty and dependency to a state of self-sufficiency and self-reliance. He abandoned the experiment when he knew it had failed. What has not been said is that over 50% of Africa's problems are not man-made. When it is not the invasion of locusts, it is drought; when it is not malnutrition, it is preventable diseases. Grappling with some of these problems, particularly the persistent drought that ravages crops and livestocks alike, is evidently beyond the near-absent resources of the African governments. Yet, inflexible as some of the leaders may be and misguided as they may appear, concern for their people seems to be a significant motivating factor. Despite ruined economies, homelessness, for example, is rare in Africa.

Nobody is saying that concern for the less privileged is necessarily an exclusively African value. Nor is an attempt at 'radical' measures to feed the hungry necessarily a monopoly of the African political system. If anything, one can say that Africa is a newcomer in this experiment. Other non-black nations in the far East, in parts of Europe, and even in South and Central America, have attempted the same experiment. At the time of writing, a superpower with no shortage of intelligentsia and superior minds appears to be dumping its 73 year old experiment in favour of a Western-style system, or what looks like it.

The attempt at stable government and at raising the standard of living of African people has had problems, not because these experiments were conducted by 'incompetent black folks' incapable of managing their own

affairs, but because the rulers and planners embarked on a tortuous journey that was being tried elsewhere in the white culture: a journey, as it turned out, that did not have a destination.

Knowing what we now know, it would be foolish for any African government to embark or stay on the perilous path of excessive central control and planning that has wrecked what used to be the second strongest economy in the world. I therefore do not expect the ANC and other anti-apartheid groups in South Africa to give even a hint of state control of the economy or to oppose free enterprise and private ownership of property. What kind of government South Africa eventually adopts is a matter to be decided by the South African people. But if the principle of majority rule is to be accepted by all parties, it is unlikely that a country with no shortage of experienced people in business and government would permit the head of government to turn the economic hand of the clock back.

Nobody can deny that, partly due to rich natural resources, partly due to privileged assistance from the West and partly due to cheap labour, South Africa has enjoyed a relative economic and technological success. No African in his right mind, black or white, within or outside South Africa, would like to tinker with a successful economy. It is expected, however, that those repressive laws that might have perpetuated cheap labour and fuelled the economy will have to go. On the other hand, maybe when reform allows South Africa to compete on level grounds, we shall be better able to assess the ingenuity of its entrepreneurship.

It is the position of this article that if the magic term currently catching on around the globe — democracy — is not to be redefined and distorted in South Africa, the principle of majority rule should be upheld, regardless of the colour of the majority. The details of such an arrangement are for the South Africans to work out themselves but it is only reasonable that the principle of minority right should be considered as sacrosanct as that of majority rule. The immoral apartheid policies notwithstanding (and thank goodness their days appear to be numbered) white South Africans have made a significant contribution to that country's economy, a contribution that should be acknowledged through constitutional guarantees.

It remains to say that the ANC should confound the sceptics by displaying increased vision and statesmanship in its utterances and future actions. If it had previously hoped for a Zimbabwe-type military solution to the struggle, it should now consider that idea a dead proposition. For the good of humanity and for the prestige of the black man, in and outside South Africa, and more importantly for the good of the oppressed people of South Africa whose cause the ANC have been championing with their blood and sweat, the high command should now be more reasonable in its demands and give the now almost embattled but skilful de Klerk the support he needs (which obviously he cannot get from the conservative wing of his party) to do what neither Vorster nor P. W. Botha ever conceived of doing — bringing the majority Blacks into the political mainstream and, in the process, dismantling a system that has disenfranchised the Black majority for centuries.

# EDINBURGH INTERNATIONAL FESTIVAL 1990

## by Laurence Green

I suppose it was inevitable that with the breakdown of barriers that accompanied the dissolution of tyrannical Communist regimes in Eastern Europe, the new-found freedom that emerged should have permeated the arts and nowhere was this more apparent than at the 1990 Edinburgh International Festival.

As well as celebrating the centenary of the prolific Czech composer Bohuslav Martinu with a series of concerts, the festival brought us the Bolshoi Opera of Moscow on their first visit to Britain with a production or Prokofiev's *The Betrothal in a Monastery*, based on Sheridan's lively musical play *The Duenna*, and the Slovak National Opera and Chorus, who, renowned throughout Europe both as a centre of excellence and singing, brought a total of 280 performers to the city and four productions — *Prince Igor*, with music and libretto by Borodin, *The Whirlpool*, with music by Eugen Suchon, *Julietta*, with music and libretto by Martinu, and *Faust*, with music by Gounod.

The rich diversity and inventiveness that results from a marriage of ballet and opera was strongly conveyed in this latter production, *Faust*, which was the highlight of the visit by the Czech company. This was no straight-laced production of the classic opera but a dazzlingly inventive free-wheeling interpretation that set the action within the confines of a delapidated theatre with an audience watching from the boxes and the changes of scene achieved by a mobile wagon which serves as bedroom or prison, according to what's required. Mephisto is portrayed as a gangster figure wearing sunglasses, while Marthe, Marguerite's companion, becomes an ageing prostitute in red satin and black leather. The strong sexual undercurrents were reinforced by a vamp in lingerie and black suspenders who accompanies Mephistopheles on his evil travels. The production was full of striking images — Faust's transformation from a tired, balding actor/clown to a dashing young blade in a white suit, matching shoes and bright red shirt, in the twinkling of an eye, or Marguerite transported to heaven in a white car driven by angels. In an exemplary cast I would single out Miroslav Dvorsky as Faust, Peter Mikulas as Mephisto and Livia Aghova, delightful as Marguerite, who gave fine performances, both dramatically and vocally. This indeed was a show to sing the praises of, which brought a welcome breath of fresh — and liberated — air from Eastern Europe.

Elsewhere the influence of Eastern Europe was evident with performances by the Prague Symphony Orchestra, the Suk Quartet of Prague, an evening of Romanian poetry and even in jazz where a special gala evening was billed as 'East Meets West'. Should have been quite a celebration!

The Festival also began a two-year focus on the arts and culture of the countries of the Pacific rim. From the Republic of Korea, for the first

time, performers of the Korean National Theatre and National Classical Music and Dance Company brought music, drama, dance and spectacle, while three major theatre companies from Japan performed work by contemporary authors, and English-speaking theatre companies from New Zealand (with a production of *Hedda Gabler* updated from 1890s Norway to 1950s New Zealand) and Australia (with the much acclaimed *Greek Tragedy*, devised and directed by Mike Leigh, and dealing with the conflict between aspirations and ethnic allegiances in the Greek-Australian community) made important debuts. Even the regular festival production did not escape — this year it was Frank Dunlop's rumbustious version of Robert Louis Stevenson's *Treasure Island*.

As usual the Fringe played a vitally important role in fostering and promoting new talent, but, with over five hundred new companies presenting more than one thousand shows (an increase this year of forty seven shows, thirty one companies and four hundred and fifty three more performances overall) it was difficult to get more than a sample of what was on offer. I would recommend, though, the American Festival Theatre's production of Tom Griffin's *The Boys Next Door*, set in a group apartment centre for the mentally handicapped and focusing on the joys and frustrations of the four men living there. An acutely observed comic drama, the play invites us to laugh with the characters, not at them.

*Curl Up and Dye* is the name of a hairdressing salon offering such specialities as 'Black Like Me'. However this is no ordinary salon in an ordinary town but located in a run-down urban area of Johannesburg where violence is endemic and, despite the enormous changes that have taken place, an uneasy peace reigns in this racially mixed neighbourhood. Susan Pam's impressive new work, excellently performed by the Market Theatre at the Traverse, explores the racist attitudes that have been indoctrinated into even the most reasonable white individuals by apartheid. The play centres on Rolene (also played by Pam), the owner of the salon, who is a mixture of ignorance, compassion and prejudice: she shows kindness and understanding to a white drug addict whose boyfriend has been knifed in a fight, but shamelessly exploits her black cleaner cum assistant whose salary she has not increased for twenty years and who now urgently needs more money to pay for her children's education. Rolene's double standards are exposed when a new customer arrives — a black nursing sister from a private clinic. Pam adroitly explores the various layers of her all female characters but the production really catches fire in the sharp exchange between a 'regular', a white woman with a lowly job as an apartment block caretaker, and the nursing sister. And although by the end we have little cause for optimism that the situation will improve, we have at least been enlightened in the process.

Back to the official festival — and an entertaining divertissement by Honor Blackman. *Yvette — the Life and Times of Yvette Guilbert* is a musical biography of the life of this turn-of-the-century Paris singer, idolised by Toulouse-Lautrec, Verdi, Edward VII and Freud. Basically a rags to riches tale, it is packed with delicious details but fails to reveal

the private life behind the public image. Still it provided a welcome antidote to some of the more serious stuff on view.

The most eagerly awaited event was the return visit by the Music-Theatre Group of New York with a strange, spellbinding spectacle called *Juan Darien*, based on the story by the Uruguayan writer Horacio Quiroga. Without words, but using an imaginative blend of music, mime, masks, puppetry and silhouetted figures on a shadow screen, it tells the tragic tale of a jaguar cub which is transformed into a child by human caring, but is then changed back, by human cruelty, into a jungle beast. In a succession of short, sharp and often intensely moving, scenes the theme of man's inhumanity to his fellow four-legged creatures achieves its full power. Humans are seen as gigantic, foreboding figures such as the hunter with a large rifle, ready for the kill, or the jaguar tamer, whip in hand and cage at the ready, and animals their unwitting victims. The most stunning scene comes near the end when Juan, his shirt ripped off his back, is placed atop a whipping block and slashes of red are painted on his chest, while the chorus in sinister black hoods and candles shout for him to be branded with stripes of fire. All of a sudden there is a large catherine wheel of coloured lights and Juan reverts to his natural animal state. Magnificent and memorable — with an environmental message to boot!

## THE NATURE OF INTERNATIONALISM

### by Lynne Gillett

WHAT is an international festival? Is it only a collection of works from around the world, focused perhaps on one or two cultures in particular? If this is all that can be achieved, the official Edinburgh festival was a resounding success, exotic and interesting, a showcase of all that glitters. Surely there should be more to it than this, a reason for drawing together people from all over the world beyond putting them on show to each other. Something else was happening in Edinburgh, beyond the theatre stages, even beyond the stages of the Fringe.

The official Edinburgh festival this year centred somewhat disjointedly on the Pacific and Czechoslovakia, veering off to include the Bolshoi Opera and the unavoidable Branagh and Co. But alongside the spectaculars and established favourites was a quieter, and a much more thoughtful theme. From The National Gallery exhibition of Cezanne and Poussin, through to the innovative Demarco gallery exhibition of Uecker, from the only specially commissioned exhibition in The Queen's Hall, to the tiny Portfolio photography gallery, it was our relationship with the natural world that was being questioned, examined, and brought to task. Both as a celebration and as an approach to a crisis, here was a truly international subject. The same concerns came from every corner, from East Germany as was, from France, from travellers to Greece and Mexico, from America and from the Scots themselves.

The most publicised scoop of the exhibition programme was the Cezanne and Poussin exhibition, an event that took much time and effort to set up, and seems to have been the envy of the art world. Although two centuries apart, much literature has linked the two artists, initiated by Cezanne's comment that he wanted to 're-do Poussin over again, according to nature'. Rather than concentrating on the fact that Cezanne had the freedom of his period to paint landscapes for their own sake, whilst Poussin was trapped by the historicism and moralising of his age, the organisers laid the stress on the 'spiritual affinity' between the two artists' attempts to impose order upon nature.

Unfortunately any comparative exhibition encourages competition. Everywhere in the cramped display you could hear people arguing that Poussin was better in this aspect than Cezanne, or vice versa. The layout made this all too easy; Poussin's *St. Matthew and the Angel* beside Cezanne's *Gulf of Marseilles* made surface similarities too obvious, and the jostling crowds made further contemplation impossible. The same proportion of land to sky, hills in the background, water in the mid-distance, and buildings in the foreground do not say much about a 'spiritual affinity'.

Seeing them side by side, Poussin's historical subjects began to seem an excuse for forays into grand landscape painting, even if his clarity and incisiveness establish themselves as boldly as Cezanne's. But it can be distorting to look backwards like this, either through Cezanne's eyes, or our own when we are forced to see the two together. The wonder of seeing these paintings justified this, but it would be true wherever and in whatever context one could see them. Although the questions surrounding our wish to organise nature underlay the project, opportunities were missed and the excitement was muted. At least the theme had been set for further exploration, and other exhibitions at the festival took the subject on into more challenging debates.

Enter Ricky Demarco. Since his involvement with the shamanistic artist Joseph Beuys twenty years ago the Demarco projects have been the most provocative events in the festival's exhibition programme. His exhibition this year presented the work of Gunther Uecker, a German sculptor who owes much to the example of Beuys, but is never left in the shadow of his predecessor's extraordinary mission to make art interchangeable with life. Instead he takes the strongest elements of practical and mystical ecology and creates his own statements for today.

Huge, monolithic constructions of earth, paint and canvas told the story of working with the land, from the time of the first Pictish settlers on into our future. *Witchfield* struck the first blow the minute you walked through the door, two earth giants held within rolls of canvas that spoke of ploughed fields. The sense of awe, of reverence and of immeasurable age followed through every piece in the spaciously arranged gallery. Here there was no way of avoiding the essential subject of our relationship with natural history. Confronted by the series of *Garden* canvasses the stones that thrust through the broken canvas gave hope, whilst the smears of shiny acrylic

paint covering the surface seemed to mock their efforts. Nature met man, and the impact hasn't yet been resolved. The power struggle that was only an aesthetic question in the Cezanne and Poussin exhibition became, in these works, a question of our history, past and future.

And still the debate continued. The next line of reasoning, of what we, now, internationally can do to meet the questions head on appeared triumphantly, not in a gallery space, but outside the city centre, in the grounds of the Edinburgh Royal Botanical Gardens. Andy Goldsworthy has now been exhibiting for fifteen years, but his work has only recently been gaining the wide attention it deserves. Working only with natural materials, Goldsworthy creates pieces ranging from fragile patchworks of leaves, sown together with thorns, to stone walls and wells, following the shapes that the ground, the materials, the situation and the weather allow him. Many works are destroyed by the conditions under which he works as soon as they have been completed, and survive only as echoes in the beautiful photographs recording the event. Others are lasting monuments in slate, whose surroundings will change before they do. All are answers to a relationship we could have with nature if we had the patience, sensitivity and respect that Goldsworthy has developed in his work.

Despite the social pressures that force us to make the traditional comments of the trainee connoisseur in the hushed halls of art establishments, you can still catch the impact of an exhibition from the whispers of the crowd. The Cezanne and Poussin exhibition was a competition; between the paintings, to hold their own against one another, between the visitors to claim the better artist, and between exhibition organisers to get such a major event off the ground. Demarco has carved out his own style, and gives us a statement, whether we like it or not. Here discussion comes later, when the impact has sunk in. This kind of gallery gives out in itself a slightly elitist feeling of being in the know, not helped by the British reluctance to greet the new and unknown. But in the Botanical Gardens families and individuals of all ages and nationalities talked quite openly about their feelings towards the works, about the country crafts of their homes, and about the countryside they know, how it has changed and what they want of it.

The visual arts are at last holding their own at the Edinburgh festival. The Fringe still hasn't left the Sixties, the official festival prefers to pretend they never happened, but assimilates the elements that are now acceptable. Both have become self-involved and self-perpetuating, losing some of the excitement that must have created them. The enthusiasm that lies behind most of the gallery exhibitions could provide a new start for the longer established programmes of theatre and music, and encourage the organisers to find themes of truly international worth and relevance for festivals in future years.

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[Lynne Gillett, a writer and art historian, is interested particularly in the legacy of classicism in art.]

# GOODBYE BRITANNICA

## by Molly Mortimer

THE London office has been closed and the *Encyclopaedia Britannica* has become entirely American. The last British editor, William Haley of *The Times*, gave up after one year in the sixties, when the new fangled *Propaedia* volume was propounded. Such fangles would have turned those 'gentlemen of Scotland' who started the whole idea awa' in their graves.

An American connection, sometimes disreputable, has always existed from the early editions pirated across the Atlantic, sometimes page by page, to the spectacularly unsuccessful attempt by Sears Roebuck to hang it among the gingham dresses. Indeed the whole image, popularly pictured as 200 years of austere and scholarly development, is far from the rumbustious reality. Four times on the verge of bankruptcy, six years of court wrangling, accused of every kind of bias and anti-bias, and with two full length books of denunciation, the EB has sustained enough adverse publicity to ensure its immortality.

The first, 1768, edition was created by Colin Macfarquhar, an Edinburgh printer, and Andrew Bell, a skilled engraver. They employed as editor another printer, William Smellie, boon companion of Burns, and said to be his equal in bawdy, wit and whiskey consumption. After three years (and £200 for some three million words) he was replaced by 'Balloon' Tytler, whose passion for flying was faithfully recorded in the second edition, 1783, even before Montgolfier's first ascension. The third observed prophetically while the American Constitution was being ratified that 'this may be productive of more important consequences than can yet be foreseen'.

When Bell died in 1819, a budding publisher, Constable, took over and survived the 5th and 6th editions before bankruptcy intervened. A. and C. Black, the next owners, survived the 7th, 8th and 9th. The 8th edition of 1853 was notable for Black's friend Thomas Macaulay, who wrote in handsome biographies, and for some percipient contributions on Photography and Communism. The 9th (1875-89) marked the end of the Victorian era of immense erudition. Black began to find financial and marketing problems overwhelming and was soon overtaken by an aggressive American with money. Horace Hooper acquired selling rights and in 1898 approached the august *Times*, itself approaching a state of insolvency. Hooper's very trans-atlantic proposition was that *The Times* should run somewhat flamboyant advertisements for the EB in return for a guinea a sale in commission. *The Times* was doubtful, nay, shocked; but by the end of the year had netted some £12,000 profit from the American association and the 10th edition sold over 100,000 copies. Before long, the EB was both produced and sold on the other side, to the lasting horror of British users.

This was mildly assuaged by the famous 'scholars' 11th edition. But war came, and in 1920 Hooper sold out to Sears Roebuck for nearly a

million dollars. Sears lost nearly two millions in three years and sold back to Hooper's widow. She failed, and Sears tried again with the 1929 14th edition. This was the first complete overhaul since the 1911 classic eleventh. The 14th edition, the last to be numbered, was praised in the USA but castigated in England, because of the prominence given to American interests. Depression followed by World War II reduced profits and, after complicated negotiations, Senator William Benton, who ran an advertising agency, acquired the EB for a far from grateful Chicago University. Yet the EB has earned the University millions of dollars and the 1974 edition sold right out. The humble sixpenny paper back in 100 instalments had travelled a long way since 1768. Its many distinguished contributors range from Sir Walter Scott to Mill and Malthus; Matthew Arnold to Huxley, Marie Curie to Einstein. Very few refuse the prestige of making a contribution, from Harold Wilson to Gilbert Murray. Only Bernard Shaw provided the ultimate in polite refusal: 'I do not believe that anything I could do for you would be worth what it would cost you to induce me to do it'.

But critics remained: Wright's 'Misinforming a Nation' published in 1917 accused the *Britannica* of narrow opinionated work of dubious scholarship and striking unreliability 'bourgeois, chauvinistic, distorted and unfair'. Another American, Harvey Einbinder, in 'Myth of the Britannica' 1963, criticised its factual acceptance of myths like George Washington and his tree. Maybe he had something. Bell's enchanting engraving of Noah's Ark, and that gentleman's adventures in China, show only too clearly how one generation's fact becomes another's fiction. Even the great 11th edition was out of date before its ten year production was completed. Indeed, one physicist only just made it. His article on Light, unready for Volume 14, was re-scheduled as Optics. Again, he missed the deadline and, after a tentative title, 'Undulating Theory of Light', just made the last volume under 'Wave Theory of Light'. On the other hand, the first edition gave 14 pages to electricity, a hundred years before Edison.

Only six copies of the first edition are known to exist, for the realistically illustrated article on midwifery so offended George III, he ordered its immediate destruction. Another item in that first edition read: 'Woman; the female of Man. See Homo'. This has been amended.

The EB's many contributors, and there are over ten thousand, struggling to beat deadlines of revolution and invention, are not well paid; but they retain a lasting affection for the old girl. They are primly repaid in the 7th edition which remarks of journalists: 'they are gentlemen of education, students of law, remarkable for their activity and intelligence'. They do not resent Messrs. Adler and Goetz, Chairman and Editor, who recently announced that the 1989 revision would run to 32 volumes, 32,000 pages, over 44 million words and sales of 300 millions. (US data.)

There are still British contributors but the basic shift has taken place. Sadly we say goodbye. 'Vale Britannica' and 'Ave Americana'.

# QUARTERLY FILM REVIEW

## by David Shipman

LAST time I promised to give my views on *My Left Foot*, but they are not entirely clear because I saw it through a mist of tears. No matter that in life Christy Brown was apparently very unpleasant, because he had every right to be — born a vegetable and described by the neighbours as an idiot, a moron. It was the aim of the producer Noel Pearson, the director Jim Sheridan and his co-writer Shane Connaughton (the only one of the three with movie experience) that above all this would be a film about life in working-class Dublin, and they easily offer sharp vignettes of Christy growing up, one of a large Catholic family. His father (Ray McAnally) moves between confusion and aggression as he beholds the boy; his mother (Brenda Fricker) understands him, as she confesses towards the end; his siblings try to help him. He eventually determines to escape his handicap by learning to paint with his feet, which is a significant moment, but the great moment — this was when I started to blub — is when the family receives help in the shape of a professional therapist. The subsequent rehabilitation, if that is the word, is cleanly, poignantly done, with Christy allowed enough ill-temper and anger for our pity to be tempered. The result deserves all the success it has had — and it's only a pity that Hugh O'Conor, playing the boy Christy, could not have shared in the praise and acting prizes so richly deserved by Daniel Day-Lewis, who plays him as an adult.

The great god Chance lined Tom Cruise up alongside Day-Lewis at award time for his performance in *Born on the Fourth of July*, in which Cruise also plays a cripple, also from a large Catholic family. This too is taken from an autobiographical account of suffering and frustration, but the immediate difference is that its protagonist was wounded in action. Like the director, Oliver Stone, Ron Kovics left for Vietnam with the best patriotic gung ho motives; in the script they wrote together he has retained these after being reunited with his family, after being 'treated' in a literally filthy hospital in the Bronx. Omitted from the film is the fact that he turned against the Vietnam War when he saw John Wayne's simple-minded, jingoistic *The Green Berets*, which had hardly a second of truth in it. This is a film about the darkening of the American dream, about the reality, a battle in itself against the lies Hollywood and television have told us about the US. It is trying to tell us that the absurd hippie movement of the 1960s was some help in exposing the horror that was Vietnam — and when I say 'absurd', it is because no one seems motivated by idealism. Kovic's own conversion to pacifism grows from bitterness at being thrown on the scrapheap of humanity. In both films the characters express those frustrations in four-letter words; in both, the loss or absence of a sexual life is deemed of major dramatic importance.

Between the two World Wars there were only two effective anti-war films, *All Quiet on the Western Front* and Abel Gance's *J'Accuse;* it took

a while after the Second War for film-makers to tell the truth about it, and they are now so virulent that the phrase 'anti-war' is inadequate. So many youngsters are still enamoured of film that we should be glad that there is now a large body of movies on the horrors of war. Similarly we have a growing number of films about the evils of Nazi-ism and racism — and Costa-Gavras's *Music Box* is one of the best. A Hungarian immigrant (Armin Mueller-Stahl) living in San Francisco faces extradition because he is wanted in Europe for war crimes. His daughter (Jessica Lange), a high-powered lawyer, supposes this merely a mix-up, but she finds herself defending him in what amounts to a trial — although technically the accusation is that the old man lied when applying for naturalisation papers. How and why the daughter arrives at the truth takes us deeply into the territory of detective fiction, as written by Joe Eszterhas, but the scenes in the courtroom say as much as can be said in a fictional work about the evil that was Nazism.

This is touched upon again in *Enemies, a Love Story*, the latest of many mistaken works from the director, Paul Mazursky, working from a story by Isaac Bashevis Singer. And which begs mention because when I saw it in New York the ads were blazing with 'One of the Year's Best' by about thirty American critics. This is Brooklyn in 1948, and everyone in sight is Jewish. The film starts in a German concentration camp, hardly the most suitable beginning for a tale of amatory misadventures. Ron Silver plays an American who had been in such a camp (we do not know how or why), where he had met his present wife (Margaret Stein) while believing the previous one (Anjelica Huston) dead; he is now having an affair with a married woman (Lena Olin) whom he thinks he prefers to both the others. Mr. Silver, so good in *Fellow Traveller*, gives no indication as to why why *one* woman should want to bed him, let alone *three*. This is all cheerful without being amusing, with a spurious feeling of 'life'; it has nothing whatsoever to say about that period, about sex, the holocaust or indeed anything.

Two major French directors have also been looking back at times of war, and at least Bernard Tavernier's *La Vie et Rien d'Autre* had striking timing, for it came out in the midst of the bicentennial Revolution celebrations, when the French were reflecting a period of *gloire*. Tavernier takes a time when that had gone stale, after the First World War, when a weary but dedicated major (Philippe Noiret) is trying to put names to the corpses still littering the countryside — while others are anxious for all of them to have been heroic or at this moment preparing village war memorials, prowling vultures in black. This was Noiret's hundredth film, and he was never better — more in command, using his hangdog expression to marvellous effect and seizing on hints of wit in the dialogue to wring a wry smile from himself: but generally this is an artidal epic, if not without moments of power and charm.

Louis Malle's *Au Revoir, les Enfants* is based on his own schooldays when one of his fellow-pupils, a Jewish boy hidden by the teachers, is captured — after an internal betrayal — and ordered off to the camps by

the Gestapo. Malle is excellent on the minutiae of boarding-school life and the uneasy friendship of his younger self and the mysterious newcomer; he has one stirring sequence in a restaurant in which some drunken German soldiers come to the aid of a Jewish diner ordered to leave by a French sympathiser of theirs. But the whole piece is too good-mannered, thought rather than felt: and when Malle's own voice at the end says that he will never forget that particular morning you wonder why he chose to remember some fifteen years after *Lacombe Lucien*, his much better film on the realities of the Occupation... 'How did you like it?' asked a friend. 'I suppose it's as close as we come these days to a great movie', I replied. 'I know exactly what you mean' she replied.

Most of the films I have discussed both this time and in my last quarterly review have been about being in a particular place at a particular time, often when issues of race, creed and/or prejudice preoccupied their characters. It is therefore somewhat of a surprise to find myself watching a film which has no higher aim than to chill the blood. Harold Becker's *Sea of Love* is quite unsettling, as several naked men are shot at close range while (we may suppose) at the point of orgasm. They are linked by having placed a newspaper ad requiring 'company'. A world-weary cop (Al Pacino) does the same, and as he and his oppo (John Goodman) work through the ladies who answer — but only to get fingerprints — he begins to find himself fascinated by one (Ellen Barkin) who increasingly looks like the chief suspect. The denouement may scare you but it will hardly convince you.

*The New York Times* recently noted this movie as one of many of this day and age in which the lovers are completely unlike those of an earlier movie era. Well, Garbo played a high-class hooker in *Camille*, didn't she? — but she is fairly maternal compared to Miss Barkin, who may be a respectable manageress of a shoeshop but once in a bedroom with a man is tearing off her clothes with abandon. The *Pretty Woman* of the title is a prostitute: 'I appreciate the seduction scene but I'm a sure thing', she tells Richard Gere, who has invited her back to his hotel penthouse on little more than a whim. He is a corporate raider with no ethics, but one so wealthy and handsome that he does not, as he admits, have to buy sex. Look at that expression again: 'buy sex'. Here is a romance between a woman who services men and a man prepared to pay for it. Hardly Bogart and Bergman. Yet Gary Marshall's film works — and commercially has done better than any of the overplugged crash-and-burn movies of these last few years. It works because the tale is part-'Pygmalion', as Gere teaches the woman to move in his world, and partly because like most tales about whores the woman is redeemed by true love — hers, not his. In the role Julia Roberts is radiant: who wouldn't want to pay for her?

*Look Who's Talking* is the other unexpected success of the season, and that's not because (as everyone knows) it has a baby which speaks with Bruce Willis's voice: indeed, this is a gimmick without any of the needed humour in it. An accountant (Kirstie Alley) is made pregnant by her lover (George Segal), another corporate bigwig, who has promised to marry

her but reneges because he is, as he confesses, going through a 'selfish period'. The girl decides to become a single parent, but the staff at the maternity hospital suppose the father to be the cabdriver (John Travolta) who has brought her there. He takes to dropping around and becomes the baby's surrogate father — while Mama shops around for a husband from her own background. It's a theme that goes back to the Silent era: the woman who takes ten reels to realise what the audience has known all along. Amy Heckerling directed, with fine regard to these old-fashioned virtues.

Recommended: *Dirty Rotten Scandals*, with Steve Martin and Michael Caine at their most typical and formidable best, as con-men outwitting each other on the Côte d'Azur, a remake of the Brando-Niven *Bedtime Story*, which it outsmarts at every turn; and *The Package* with Gene Hackman, a twisty Cold War thriller so up to date that it has the Yanks and the Russkies signing an anti-nuclear pact. Not recommended: *Steel Magnolias*, a hopelessly phoney and sentimental piece about friendship and crisis in a small Louisiana town, partly redeemed by the performance of Sally Field but not the other ladies in the cast; and *Lethal Weapon 2*, a mindless cop-bonding movie with lots of shooting and car chases, amidst which Danny Glover and Mel Gibson are discernible. It took more money in the States last year than any film except *Batman* and the Indiana Jones adventure. As to *Batman*, I was trying hard to like it when I realised that it had none of the tongue-in-cheek fun and sheer exuberance of the first three *Supermans*.

*Editor's note:*
Stanley Alderson, who wrote an article on housing problems, called 'The Forgotten Social Service', in the *Contemporary Review* (Vol. 257, No. 1495), is prepared to supply off-prints, free of charge, to anyone who requests them: Stanley Alderson, St. Anthony's Cottage, West Downs, Delabole, Cornwall PL33 9DJ.

# Literary Supplement

## THE RIVER WITH MANY NAMES

*The Danube.* Claudio Magris. Collins Harvill. £7.95.

Karl Isidor Beck called it 'Blue' — in the lines which suggested to Strauss the title of his waltz; to the Magyars it is 'a szoke Duna', a 'blond' river; to Jules Verne it was 'muddy yellow'. The water in fact grows murky as it makes its way to the Iron Gates and the sea.

This is not a conventional guide-book, except for scholars with, on their shoulders, a book-pack of classical and literary texts, in French, Italian and German, and for those prepared for detours en route. Among the texts needed for reference are Baudelaire, Pliny and Ovid, the historian Sbrik, the philosopher Heidegger, the poet Hölderlin, Stifter and Grillparzer, Musil and Kafka — to name only a few. Yet, if unconventional, this is a guide book that recalls two thousand years of history as it traces the course of the river from its source or many sources (itself the subject of a thirty-two page essay), to its outlet on the Black Sea; a journey from mountain valley and bucolic greenery to a grimy delta of industrial waste.

Professor Magris teaches literature and philosophy in Trieste, where he was born in 1939 — and which had been for more than 500 years the main seaport and shipyard of the Austro-Hungarian Empire. Moreover, when he was born, the city which had only been united with Italy twenty years before, was about to become a Nazi German city, and, even after its liberation, was for a decade a Free Territory under British control; if the open market on its Adriatic riva was, as a satellite of Venice, always Italian in its language, its currency and in the tone of its bartering, on the side streets you spoke Slovene — if you could. The river which is German-Magyar-Slavic-Romanic-Jewish could hardly have a more appropriately-equipped recorder. He spent some 20 years on the 'research' and four years on the writing and re-writing.

But it is the halts, and the vignettes they permit, that give this book its quality. Magris uses each town on the river not only for a historic scene-setting, and for capsule portraits of its personalities, but for literary and philosophical reflection: Ulm, with the world's tallest cathedral spire and scene of the state funeral in October 1944 of Field-Marshall Von Rommel, believed to have died of wounds as a German patriot, but in fact a suicide as an unsuccessful plotter against Hitler; Pasau, where three rivers meet, where the greater (the wider) becomes the lesser — and the beer flows as abundantly as in Munich; Linz, the city Hitler loved more than any other, and for which he planned, or rather had Speer plan, vast pharaonic buildings; Vienna, in appearance an imperial capital, now without an Empire; where the tombs of the Emperors are in the Crypt of the Capuchins; and the Diana Bath, where in 1767 the 'Blue Danube' was first played, is now an IBM Centre; Szeged, with its tale of the fake Czar, the Terrible Black Man; and Timisoara (Temesvar or Temeschburg, if you prefer Hungarian or German to Romanian), the scene of wars and revolutions for the Tartars and for Prince Eugene of Savoy as for today's (liberated or still-enslaved?) Romanians.

There are many fascinating side-trips, including one to Artstetten, a few miles south of the river, where the Archduke Franz Ferdinand is buried alongside his wife, Sophie Chotek, who was murdered at his side in Sarajevo

in 1914. Had he become Emperor, she could not have shared his throne, since she was only a countess, and Czech; but they were buried together, as the Archduke would have wished. The river runs east to its outlet in the sea. But, for a millenium or longer, it has as often been used as a highway to the West: by Romans, Swedes and Teutonic Knights, by Napoleon and Hitler driving East, by Goths and Huns, by Turks and Russians, by Jews fleeing from Russians, and by dissident Russians fleeing West from their own state. All such waves left tribal and linguistic debris behind them; the map of the Balkans and of the South Slav lands is a racial and linguistic national mosaic, dotted with the tumuli of vanished peoples. When President Woodrow Wilson in 1919 argued that the break-up of Empires and the application of the notion of national self-determination were the solutions for Europe's recurring wars, it was one of his exhausted staff, swamped by maps on which every group overlapped with at least one neighbour, protested: 'Must every little language have a country all its own?' Nevertheless, so it is in all the Danube lands. It was another cynic who summarised contemporary Yugoslavia as: six provinces, five official languages, four nations, three religions (Roman Catholic, Greek Orthodox, Moslem), two alphabets (Roman and Cyrillic) and — one hell of a political problem. One of Professor Magris's many comments is: 'Two world wars have not found a stable substitute for the equilibrium which was shaken at Sarajevo'.

It would be improper not to add a word of praise for the translator of this erudite and delightful literary-historical travelogue. As interpreter of Magris' Italian, Patrick Creagh has done a beautiful job.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## THE NEW GERMANY: WHAT TO EXPECT?

*The New Germany at the Cross-Roads.* David Marsh. Century Limited. £9.99.

Everybody in Europe — not Britain alone — is worried about how things will turn out with Germany in a dominating position. Will the Germans know how to behave in a leading rôle? That is the overwhelming question today. David Marsh has up-dated his book, to deal with the uniting of the two Germanies. His book is indispensable, giving us all the facts; but of course he cannot answer the question. He has to leave it open, warning us of the risks and dangers.

Western Germany alone is already the most powerful nation in Europe economically. Now, he tells us, United Germany will be a people of 78 million dominating Europe. In my view, the first thing to expect, after re-absorbing Eastern Germany, will be the Anschluss with Austria again. That means a population of 90 million occupying the centre of Europe — not only economically but strategically and politically.

They should have been the keystone of the arch long before now, if they had only known how to behave. Don't forget that Austria had quite as bad a record as Germany for murders and massacres of other peoples. And Hitler was Austrian.

What are we indeed to expect?

David Marsh, so informative about everything in the Germany of today, cannot tell us. He says, 'Now a re-forged Germany is becoming the dominant political and economic force in Europe — bringing responsibilities and challenges which the Germans as a people are not yet ready to bear'. There you are: he thinks they are not up to it.

Of course they are not. What this book brings home to us is their lack of *political* understanding — the very thing that is essential in their new position in Europe. Mr. Marsh says specifically, 'the most talented people go into manufacturing, not politics'. This is partly why they have done so marvellously in industry and finance — though they didn't have the bonus of North Sea oil. All the same their Gross National Product is 40 per cent greater than Britain's, while their workers earn 20 per cent more than ours. Another part of the explanation is their gift for organisation; and above all, they *work*.

But politically? How will they shape up in their leading position in the new Europe?

The only indication we have as to the future is the past form of a people. This is where history comes in, and the past record is not promising. It is not enough to look at the recent good behaviour since the war — when the West Germans have been essentially under the orders of the United States. (They have always been good at obeying orders, not at all good at giving them.)

Intelligent Germans have always understood this dangerous failing. One of them diagnosed the trouble: 'The Germans are an *unpolitical* romantic people who lean towards extremes — they confuse reality and dreams.' True enough. President Weizsäcker, a wise man, says 'anyone who closes his eyes to the past is blind to the present'. All the same, remember what his father wrote before the war, envisaging annexing the Polish Corridor, Austria and 'Sudetenland' from Czecho-Slovakia: this 'would be in no way obtainable if these goals, or even simply the intention, were to become known in advance. Germany needs a peaceful face, to be able to act, as the case arises, with all the more surprise'.

It cannot be said that people were not forewarned before Germany launched her wars in 1914 and in 1939. So — *Achtung*! Look out!

Chancellor Kohl, not notable for his tact — in that very German — lays down that 'the Germans are extraordinarily peaceful. They are entirely normal people just like in Britain'. The facts of history completely contradict this, and give us a longer perspective to judge from: they are the best *fighting* people, have always provided the best soldiers, in Europe.

Kohl's Foreign Minister, Genscher, throws more light on their real nature: 'We are a people of brooders. The permanent questioning — that is something which is in every German. We make every question more difficult'. That is far more to the point, as Moeller van den Bruck saw: 'We are a problematical people, born to create problems for ourselves and others'.

Mr. Marsh's book gives us facts to go on, and raises urgent questions. We learn that, when Europe was under Germany's heel, there were something like 1,000 concentration and labour camps all across the Continent. Something like 55 million lives were sacrificed all told, in the war let loose; and the Germans killed many thousands of their own people, let alone what they did to others. It is no use blaming it all on Hitler — the whole nation was involved. One of the many conclusions that emerge from Marsh's book is the extraordinary lack of a sense of responsibility among Germans — everybody else is responsible, not they. President Weizsäcker has done his best to bring this home to them, and is of course unpopular for it.

So what, in these circumstances, are we to hope, and what should the British do?

Europe would do better with a loosely federated Germany, rather than with a *Macht-Staat* pivoted on Berlin. After all, the most creative period in German culture was in the decades before and after 1800 — the years of Goethe, Schiller, Kleist, Hölderlin; of Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Schubert; of Grimm,

Herder, Niebuhr, Ranke — never mind the deleterious philosophers.

After all, the United States has virtually two capitals, in Washington and New York. So why not Bonn *and* Berlin in the North, with perhaps Munich and Vienna in the South?

In our reduced rôle in the world, Britain has been able to be very helpful to the United States in the heavy responsibilities it bears for world order. Not only with advice and long experience, but factually. Before the war Churchill warned the ghastly Ribbentrop what to expect, from Britain's long experience in world affairs.

A. L. ROWSE

## THE CINDERELLA SYNDROME

*James Joyce and the Politics of Desire.* Suzette A. Henke. Routledge. £30.00 hardback, £9.99 paperback.

A self- (I nearly wrote confessed) proclaimed feminist, Professor Henke, examining James Joyce's 'slippery and elusive politics of desire', by the post-Freudian light of Lacan through the crystal of Kristeva, perceives, in *Dubliners* and *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, Joycean invocation of masculine aggression and feminine passivity gender stereotypes for purposes of mere mockery. *Ulysses* yields instructive aperçus of the gendered subject and the unmistakable contrasting languages of Victorian sentimental fiction and Edwardian pornography in the Penelopean echoes of Molly Bloom's interior monologue. While the final babble or Babel of *Finnegan's Wake* contains, she conceives, the feminine principle as female story, which, appropriating the male principle as master narrative's textual authority, deconstructs the linguistic codes underpinning western patriarchal culture, *Exiles* she interprets as representing a turning point in the developing Joycean sexual politics.

The criminologist's doctrine of interchange applies to the reading of James Joyce. We bring, we take away — each according to instinct and capacity. There are seven, or seventy thousand times seven, types of empathetic ambiguity. But one must ever be alert to the possibility of falling victim to the Cinderella Syndrome — the forcing of the broad foot of a cherished interpretation into the opaque glass slipper of Prince Joyce's superficially ambiguous text. Let us regard Joyce, that is to say the *oeuvres*, as a great linguistic monolith. The sculptor-carver imports his technique to the material, imparting his image *to* it by carving-in, or extracts his image *from* it by sculpting-out, peeling away. Thus is the objective, unchanging materiality of Joyce, by subjective imposition, or by extraction, 'shaped', idiosyncratically metamorphosed. What are called the politics of Joyce may be only the politic observations, comments, interpretations, and impositions or extractions of the percipient, perceiving what he or she chooses, or requires, to perceive.

The words and demi-words and supra-words and infra-words of Joyce shake into a linguistic kaleidoscope, the pattern is fixed where the shaker's hand chooses to arrest it, and the constellation achieved is translated like a Rorschach blot into the desired recognition.

Professor Henke's introductive sub-heading joke about 'Defusing the Patriarchal Can(n)on', I take seriously as notice of intent to castrate — good, old-fashioned penis envy. The book claims that this is a 'radical "re-vision" of Joyce's work' and 'a striking example of the crucial role feminist theory can play in contemporary evaluation of canonical texts'. The technique employed could, I cannot help feeling, be applied with equal partisan benefit to the *apparent* misogyny of the Baker Street canon. This is a girl's eye view,

an exercise in feminine intuitional ingenuity, and all praise and power to it, but (the inevitable goatish male butt — three can play at Joycean games!) — I would wish to quote the sage words of James Joyce's grandson, Stephen J. Joyce, writing from Paris recently to *The Times Literary Supplement*:

'I am not a Joycean but a Joyce . . . I do not recognise any real authority on Joyce besides the readers, whether they be children, adolescents, men or women . . . I would add that it is too bad that certain scholars cannot be "disbarred". Take my advice, read the books, that is those my grandfather James Joyce wrote, not those written about his writing . . . The last word belongs to a distinguished critic of yesteryear. Writing in the *New Statesman and Nation* on January 18th, 1941, four days after my grandfather's death, Cyril Connolly made the following comment: "I hope, but only for the time, to read through him and one day make a study of this literary anti-Pope, this last great mammoth out of whose tusks so many smaller egoists have carved their self-important ivory towers." While Mr. Connolly was looking at the past rather than to the future, these were prophetic words indeed.'

Present company, of course, excepted.

RICHARD WHITTINGTON-EGAN

## NEW LIGHT ON SIR FRANCIS DRAKE

*Sir Francis Drake.* John Sugden. Barrie and Jenkins, 1990. £18.95.

The tradition that Drake was one of the founders of British greatness was largely created by the Victorians. With the decline in Britain's world rôle after 1945, historians have, perhaps, become more insular in their themes, more aware of 'the tawdriness of empire' and certainly less shrill in trumpeting past glories. Previous biographies of Sir Francis Drake, and they have been many, tended to present a one dimensional figure of the great Elizabethan sea-dog, his battles, voyages, piracy, and life-long struggle against the Spanish enemy, all well charted historical routes.

Dr. John Sugden's treatment on the other hand by drawing on new sources, and by probing the neglected non-maritime aspects of Drake's life, gives the reader a fully rounded picture of Drake, the man and sailor, while the specialist student of the period will be given new insights into little researched areas such as Drake's service in Ireland, his first voyage to the West Indies and his plans to support the Portuguese pretender, Dom Antonio (1531-1595) who persuaded Drake to invade Portugal. Sound scholarly revisionism is found throughout this new biography without taking the shine off the remarkably colourful corsair whom the sixteenth century Spaniards regarded as the devil incarnate. And yet, how refreshing to learn that his latest biographer considers Drake's ability to keep a healthy ship on a three year voyage of circumnavigation to rank as an unprecedented maritime achievement. How many of us will know that Drake had a pasta on board with 'a shelf life' of three years, devised for him by his friend Hugh Plat, the virtuoso inventor? Or, how many schoolboys will know that Drake's ship *The Pelican*, was re-named, *The Golden Hind* and that its effigy was on the reverse of the British halfpenny until its demise?

In previous biographies too the years 1580 to 1585 are often treated as *lacunae* in Drake's life whereas here Dr. Sugden shows they were years of precise planning of new expeditions and of public service especially in local administration in Plymouth and in the county of Devon. As an MP for Plymouth, Drake was much in demand for committee work in the preparation of bills for the House of Commons — how pedestrian for the greatest seaman of

the age. Likewise, in the post Armada years, 1589-1595, years often seen as another hiatus in a hectic career and lived in some disgrace after the debâcle of the voyage tc Portugal, his biographer again shows that far from being in idle disgrace Drake was 'overburdened with important administrative and defence responsibilities' ((p.285). What of Sir Francis Drake, the avaricious pirate?

In this respect Dr. Sugden exonerates Drake's well known plundering raids in the context of Elizabethan penury where the Crown provided less than half the funds for an expedition, so that naval commanders had to raise private finance. Taking plunder was therefore expected to be built into the system. It may be amazing by today's standards that Drake could be both an admiral and a swashbuckling corsair, but so too was the Duke of Albuquerque who supplemented his sovereign's funds by booty raids. One query however on the character of Drake which presents itself to this reviewer and which is otherwise finely drawn and balanced: how can the judicious historian *assume* 'that Drake neither approved of nor participated in the massacre at Rathin' (p.86)? The reference is to the disastrous expedition of the elder Earl of Essex to effect a plantation in NE Ireland (1572/74) and in which Drake was also employed. Some purists may be irritated by the author's penchant for pointing out relationships between famous Elizabethan seamen, and others may find his habit of dragging the present into the past somewhat journalistic for a scholarly work which is also flawed by an unreliable index. These criticisms apart, we must be grateful for a sensitive, balanced and very interesting biography which deserves a wide readership.

JOHN MCGURK

## MAHATMA GANDHI

*Gandhi! Prisoner of Hope.* Judith Brown. Yale University Press. 1989. 440pp. £16.95.

*To live with the saints in heaven*
*Is a bliss and a glory*
*To live with a saint on earth*
*Is a different story.*

*Mahadev Desai*

If Gandhi and Bernard Shaw had died in their forties, nobody would have heard of that small time attorney and the unsuccessful novelist. Longevity made it possible for them to become the most famous men of their time.

Space too, played a part. South Africa is rarely given the credit for creating Gandhi. Yet his twenty years of limitless freedom there, were vital. Indian family life and tradition stifled the young Gandhi. Only in the wide spaces of a primitive and pioneering country like South Africa was he able to found his Tolstoyan communities, start a newspaper, loosen caste ties, talk with Muslims and help women towards a better life. Discrimination against Asians in Africa was only the incidental spur for him to experiment in all directions. Even his central theme of *satyagraha* (passive resistance or civil disobedience) was tried out.

Only then, when he was ready in 1914, like Lenin, he took a 'sealed train' for an appointment with history. Not before time for General Smuts, a percipient man, who observed: 'the saint has left our shores, I sincerely hope for ever! '

Whether political saint or 'seditious fakir' as Churchill called him, Gandhi's transfer of his multifarious ideas to the complicated India of Prince and Raj

was not easy. The failure and degeneration into violence of *satyagraha* over the Rowlatt anti-terrorist laws, soon showed Gandhi that the best of ideas depend upon flawed human beings even to remove what he called the 'satanic' Raj. It also became evident that it takes two to play. *Satyagraha* was only really possible with the comparatively gentlemanly British. Japanese or German occupiers would have rolled their tanks over him without a second thought. The bewildered British had indeed too many thoughts. Faced with the complex and chameleon like Gandhi, they were never sure if they were dealing with a Hindu visionary or an astute politician, a Mahatma or a Swaraj leader ready to blackmail with hunger strikes; a celibate mystic or a national leader. Not only the British were bewildered. His own friends and people found him more than difficult. It was perhaps fitting that he was killed by a fellow Hindu, upset by his reforms.

Judith Brown struggles with the impossible task of judging Gandhi's influence yet, whether on Untouchables or on Communal relations. She observed truly — he did not find lasting solutions to many problems. Possibly he did not even see the implications of some of them. He was a man of his time but he asked many of the profoundest questions even though he could not answer them.

Gandhi never seems to have made any impact on Kipling, whose verses on the tragedy of leaders could have been written for him:

*He that hath a gospel to loose upon mankind*
*Though he serve it utterly*
*Body soul and mind*
*Though he go to Calvary*
*Daily for its gain*
*It is his disciples*
*Shall make his labour vain.*

MOLLY MORTIMER

## A WORLD OF HIS OWN

*Wings of a Man's Life*. S. Gorley Putt. Claridge Press. £16.95.

This is an impossible book to review, because it is part of an autobiography other parts of which have also appeared in separate books by its author, especially *Men Dressed as Seamen*, referring to his war experience in the RNVR and *View of Atlantis*, his experience at Yale University. Two chapters have been published in the *Contemporary Review*. It is made more difficult to assess because of its singularity. Perhaps I should assume that readers know his name and have read some of the eight other books. So let me introduce you to Gorley Putt.

First and foremost he is a student and teacher of English Literature; double First at Cambridge; expert on Elizabethan and Jacobean Drama and especially on Henry James. He is Devonian by birth and inevitably linked to the sea, especially round Brixham and Torquay where he attended the Grammar School and in an off-moment contested Torquay as a Liberal Candidate in the first post-war Election after his war time service in the RNVR. Perhaps I should add that as Senior Tutor at Christ's College, Cambridge for many years, working under Q (Quiller Couch) and with C. P. Snow and F. R. Leavis; and later teaching at Exeter and Belfast Universities, Gorley Putt is an 'Academic'.

Moreover, and this is the most important achievement of his life, he won

a Harkness Travelling Fellowship to Yale and later became the Director of the Harkness Trust, for which pioneer work he was awarded the OBE. The title of the chapter describing the wide range of his work, selecting with others of course, several hundred Harkness Fellows, many of whom succeeded in gaining important jobs in public life, is *The Burden of Benevolence*. But Gorley Putt thrived, whether at the Harkness House in Brook Street, London, or at its residence in New York. When I add that Gorley Putt found time to put in other years at the Intelligence Unit at Bletchley and also at the BBC it is clear that one man in his time has played many parts.

This review is perhaps inadequate for such a variegated career, so I will try to make amends. I met Gorley at infrequent intervals when he left Cambridge or Bletchley or New York and lunched at the Athenaeum. He was always pleasant and talked much about his Harkness Scholars and the United States because I happened to know the United States and its education system quite as intimately as himself. He often talked of Henry James, but we never became more than acquaintances. He was a singular and I thought lonely man but I admire his love of English literature and in some ways his style of writing, but perhaps he is too self-possessed or as hinted above too 'academic', though a much beloved tutor at Christ's College, Cambridge.

KENNETH LINDSAY

# SHORTER REVIEWS

**The Concise Oxford Dictionary of Literary Terms.** (Oxford University Press. £12.95.) This is a useful volume by Chris Baldock. It purports to 'clarify those thousand terms that are most likely to cause the student or general reader some doubt or bafflement in the context of literary criticism or other discussion of literary works'. It is not, and does not pretend to be comprehensive. He has excluded, for example, many terms which he regards as of general use and understanding, for example anagram and cliché. This has allowed him to include 'many terms generated by the growth of academic literary theory in recent years' and attention to 'the terminology of classical rhetoric'. There are also 'hundreds of terms from literary criticism, literary history, prosody and drama'. In relation to each entry, he has 'attempted to explain succinctly how the term is or has been used, with a brief illustrative example wherever possible, and to clarify any relevant distinctions of sense'. He has included a brief list of books for further reference. Within its admittedly limited field the volume is welcome.

**Major American Short Stories.** (Oxford University Press. £9.95.) The revised paperback edition of Professor A. Walton Litz's excellent collection is being widely appreciated. The revised edition has omitted two novellas, Melville's *Beneto Cireno* and Henry James's *Daisy Miller*. In their place, Professor Litz has added six stories, and included different stories by John Updike and Joyce Carol Oates. The revised edition should be enjoyed.

**A Dictionary of Epithets and Terms of Address.** (Routledge. £25.00.) Leslie Dunkling has produced a dictionary 'which deals as comprehensively as possible with the terms of address — names, words and phrases such as "John, darling, you stupid fool" — used by English-speaking people'. It is of interest to native speakers of English, but it will be most useful to foreign students of English throughout the world, particularly as English is becoming a global language.

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© 1990 Published monthly by the Contemporary Review Co. Ltd., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG, England, and printed in England by Mandeville Press, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ. U.S. Mailing Agent: Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 2323 Randolph Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Second Class postage paid at Rahway N.J. Annual subscription (including postage); U.K. £24.00, U.S.A. and Canada $100.00. Rates for all other countries on application Copies can be sent by airmail outside U.S. and Canada: extra costs given on request. U.S. Postmaster: please send all address corrections to 'Contemporary Review', c/o Mercury Airfreight International Ltd. Inc., 108 Englehard Avenue, Avenel, N.J. 07001. Contemporary Review.

(ISSN/0010/7565)

# Contemporary Review

**Founded 1866** **incorporating The Fortnightly**

**November 1990** **Vol. 257** **No. 1498**


## THE FALKLANDS WAR AND A VERY SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP: THE HISPANIC WORLD AND THE ANGLO-SAXON WORLD: PART ONE


**by Anthony Gooch**


1988, the fourth centenary of the Armada, has slipped away astern of us, and 1992, the fifth centenary of the Discovery of America, looms larger and larger on the horizon. 1588 was of high importance in the relationship between Spain and England, and 1492 marked the beginning of the Spain-New World saga, which was to be followed by and become entwined with the saga of Britain and the New World.

**Early Days**

Religion, power politics and commercial rivalry made Spain and England natural enemies. In the sixteenth century, with a complex pattern of clashes, made up by Henry VIII and Catherine of Aragon, Church of England and Church of Rome, Reformation and Counter-Reformation, Catholic Spain, the greatest imperial power in the world, personified in the austere figure of Philip II, was irked by a Protestant England that repressed Catholics, exacerbated the 'running sore' in the Low Countries and had pretentions to sea power. In Spanish eyes, the Great Elizabeth was neither 'Gloriana' nor 'Good Queen Bess', but *'la inglesona'*. The policies of Perfidious Albion and the escapades of *'el pirata Drake'* and his like caused no amusement in El Escorial. At the English Court, the Spanish Inquisition, Guy Fawkes and his gun-powder plot and the *'Gran Armada Invencible'* were hardly subjects for merriment. Spaniards were dark Dons or devious and dirty dagoes.

The Spanish Colossus, driven to distraction by the gadflies of England and suffering from the dire disease of imperial overstretch, sank into ill-starred decline, doomed to become a backwater of history, while the star of England rose steadily into ascendancy — a long process succinctly and wittily encapsulated in the English nursery rhyme, *Little Britain*: —

Says Big Spain
To Little Britain,
'I'm the Dog
And you're the Kitten!
So haul in your sheet
And call in your Fleet,
Or you'll get bitten,
Little Britain!'

To Big Spain
Says Little Britain,
'Dogs will run
When Cats start spitting.'
She chased Big Spain
Across the Main —
'Who got bitten?'
Says Little Britain.

The degree of inter-penetration between the two nations is graphically illustrated when we find a phrase like 'maritime guerrilla forces' used by the historian Tony Ryan to refer not to any Spanish formation but to the English gadflies afore-mentioned — the small, swift vessels of Drake, Hawkins and Frobisher.

But it was not until later, not until the Peninsular War that Spanish guerrilla fighting and the guerrilla fighter became familiar to the British, although the Britisher who most counted — Wellington — signally failed to give them their due. The fact is that, without the Spanish irregulars, Wellington's task would have been vastly more difficult than it was, perhaps impossible even. Raymond Carr has this to say on the subject: 'Wellington's graceless contempt for the Spanish war effort is as unjustifiable as the Spanish claim that the English did little but pillage... Spain would have been cowed without Wellington's field force; Wellington could not have operated with a small army without the diversionary effects of Spanish resistance'.

Spain created the basis of the multitude of nations which, frequently aided and abetted by Britain, were to spring from the wars of independence in South and Central America. The relationship of these nations with *'la madre patria'* constitutes *'la hispanidad'*, *'la comunidad hispánica de naciones'* — a communion of Spanish-speaking peoples, a linguistic and psychological network, a special relationship, second in its international ramifications only to the communion of English-speaking peoples made up principally by Great Britain, at the head of the Commonwealth, and the United States. Like the Hispanic nations to the south, these United States sprang from colonial revolt against a Mother Country to which they are now bound by a special relationship based on ties of language and ethnic cast of mind.

Spain, physically cut off from the rest of Europe by the Pyrenees, and psychologically cut off first by the superiority born of a far-flung Spanish-speaking empire and later by the inferiority born of its loss, produced no race of linguists. Britain, with a Continent cut off by the Channel and with her world-spanning, English-speaking empire, did not produce one either. Thus it was that the two inimical groups came to glare out at each other from their psycho-linguistic cocoons: *Qué se puede esperar de una gente que no habla en cristiano/como Dios manda*? asked the Spaniard; 'What can one expect from people who don't speak the King's/Queen's English?' asked the Englishman.

Alfonso XIII chose an Englishwoman for his queen, but he also chose

to speak no English: at the time of the Spanish-American war he resolved to forget all the English he knew 'because of its use by Spain's enemies, the Americans' (Gerrard Noel, *Ena, Spain's English Queen*, p.44).

**The United States, Great Britain and Latin America**

Many of the western and southern states of the great northern Union were acquired at the expense first of Spain and later of Mexico, as their names testify: California, Colorado, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico. In the transactions, Spanish and Mexican *'hidalguía'* saw the Americans as out for all they could get. Disagreements produced clashes such as the battle of the Alamo. The Americans became *'los yanquis'*, *'los gringos'*.

Apart from the innumerable place-names, Spain and Mexico left another important linguistic legacy — a whole string of words, many of them destined to become a mainstay of the lauguage of the cowboy, and a number of them significantly pejorative in sense: 'desperado', 'bandido', 'bandolero' and 'renegade'.

In 1898 the 'Maine' incident sparked off the Spanish-American War — *'el Desastre'*, in which Spain suffered the humiliation of losing what remained of her once gigantic Empire, feeling the deepest grief, perhaps, over Cuba, which Winston Churchill visited in 1895 and about which he wrote in *My Early Life*: —

> We got quite friendly with our Spanish hosts; and speaking execrable French in common, though from different angles, we managed to acquire some understanding of their views. The chief of the Staff, Lieut.-Col. Benzo, for instance, on one occasion referred to the war 'which we are fighting to preserve the integrity of our country'. I was struck by this. I had not, no doubt owing to my restricted education, quite realised that these other nations had the same sort of feeling about their possessions as we in England had always been brought up to have about ours. They felt about Cuba, it seemed, just as we felt about Ireland. This impressed me much. I thought it rather cheek that these foreigners should have just the same views and use the same sort of language about their country and their colonies as if they were British. However, I accepted the fact and put it in my mental larder. Hitherto, I had (secretly) sympathised with the rebels, or at least with the rebellion; but now I began to see how unhappy the Spanish were at the idea of having their beautiful 'Pearl of the Antilles' torn away from them, and I began to feel sorry for them (p.90).

Also in 1895 a dispute over the border between British Guiana and Venezuela led to a crisis in relations between Britain and the United States. However, the signing of the Disputes Arbitration Treaty in 1897 completely changed the picture and, in 1898, the rapprochement between the two nations was to be strongly bolstered: —

> In April of that year the United States had gone to war with Spain over her oppressive treatment of the Cubans and her slights to American interests on the island. In the face of almost universal European support for the Spanish cause Britain announced her neutrality and made her pro-American sympathies clear. Within hours of the news that the United States had declared war thousands of red, white and blue streamers decked buildings in London and the British press came out enthusiastically for the American side. American Independence Day, 4 July, was celebrated that year throughout Britain. . . .
>
> As British influence in America waned under the pressure of events in Europe, Asia and Africa, the United States was declaring its own 'Pax Americana'. For Britain the practical advantage of this growing Anglo-American accord was considerable. Many British politicians saw in it a proper recognition of the common background. Lord Salisbury, a tough, traditional Tory, had little time for sentiment in international affairs and considered America to be an upstart nation. But his Cabinet had in Joseph Chamberlain an exponent of the 'Anglo-

> Saxon race' theory. 'I refuse to speak or think of the United States as a foreign nation,' he told a Toronto audience in 1887. 'They are our flesh and blood.' In the euphoria of the Spanish-American war in 1898 he expressed the fervent hope that 'the Stars and Stripes and the Union Jack should wave together over an Anglo-Saxon alliance'. (David Dimbleby and David Reynolds: *An Ocean Apart*, pp.28, 31.)

In 1904, President Theodore Roosevelt envisaged the need for the United States to act, in 'flagrant cases of wrongdoing or impotence', as 'an international police power'. The new Colossus was, then, the United States, bestriding the peoples of Spanish America as though they were pigmies and not infrequently treating them as such, calling them, according to time and circumstance, dagoes, Latinos or Latins, Hispanos, Hispanics or spiks, Mexicanos or chicanos, wetbacks, greaseballs.

Exploitation by *'los gringos'* (which included the British), an exploitation sometimes imagined but often real, became an obsession from Ciudad Juárez to Patagonia. *'El míster'* always had his eye to the main chance. The DLCs (dark Latin Catholics) always seemed to get a raw deal; the WASPs seemed always to be the ones to gain. The United Fruit Company, the Panama Canal Zone, the base at Guantánamo are but three outstanding elements in a long litany of grievances, the sum of which make up an extremely important rankling, festering part of the North-South Divide. North of the Río Grande two vast, powerful, prosperous democracies of Anglo-Saxon origin. To the South, a collection of countries many of which continue to be looked on as 'banana republics', all 'mañana', 'siesta' and 'fiesta', while others have emerged from that condition not long since — nations which, more often than not in their history, have lived under the despotic rule of some 'caudillo', all bravado and machismo, nations, all of them, so more or less near to the United States and so far from God.

The great modern tragedy of the political relationship between the United States and Spanish America lies in an American perception that was to become obsessive; communism as a global spectre. This threat was felt as so great that it came to be regarded as received wisdom in Washington that, however unacceptable a régime might be in other respects, provided its anti-communist credentials were good, it deserved to be supported. As Roosevelt said of Somoza, 'he's a son of a bitch, but he's *our* son of a bitch'.

Thus, the world's Great Defender of the Democratic Faith, allowing itself, at one stage, to slip into McCarthyite fanaticism, came repeatedly to be seen to prop up régimes that were utterly undemocratic. At the same time the United States considered it proper to do everything possible to topple communist governments. In the case of Castro in Cuba the Americans were signally unsuccessful. In Chile, on the other hand, their help appears to have been instrumental in bringing Allende down and Pinochet in. In Nicaragua, Ortega soldiered on despite the best efforts of Ronald Reagan and that notable hybrid, the WASP macho-man, Oliver North. Indeed, Ortega appeared to be, like Castro in an earlier famous American reverse, the principal beneficiary of the débâcle sometimes called Contragate, sometimes Iranagua.

In regard to all these leaders — Castro, Allende, Ortega, and as regards

many a far-right-wing general like Pinochet, the US has found herself at odds, to a greater or lesser degree, not only with other Latin American countries, but, at times, also with Spain and even Great Britain.

**Argentina and las Malvinas**

In Argentina, one right-wing general in particular was destined to put severe strain on the special relationship between the United States and Great Britain because, as the eighties got under way, the US was eager, 'dirty war' or no 'dirty war', human rights or no human rights, to have Argentinian support against the Sandinistas. Thus, when Leopoldo Galtieri, half 'caudillo', half 'duce' invaded the Falkland Islands, he created a crisis not only for London, but also for Washington.

'Bull-headed' is an expression frequently applied to military men of the stamp of Galtieri, and bull-headed he may have been. Yet it cannot be denied that he had a sound basis for believing that the junta could and would get away with the invasion. After all, he argued, such action would amount to no more than the recovery of territory which had belonged to Spain and the right to which had been passed on to Argentina.

Relations with the US were excellent, indeed a special relationship had come to exist. In their book, *Malvinas, la trama secreta*, Cardoso, Kirschbaum and Van de Kooy, three Argentinian journalists, reproducing a telephone conversation between President Reagan and General Galtieri, specifically use the phrase *'relación especial'* to refer to the situation obtaining between the United States and Argentina in the pre-invasion period:

> *.... no escapará a su comprensión, señor presidente — volvió a presionar Reagan — que un conflicto de esta naturaleza repercutirá en todo el hemisferio y creará una situación de grave tensión. Además, se produciría en un momento en que nuestros comunes esfuerzos por mejorar la relación bilateral están dando frutos, después de la situación difícil por la que atravesó durante la administración del presidente Carter. Esa* relación especial *que existe hoy podría sufrir gravemente. Es necesario, señor presidente, encontrar una solución pacífica y evitar el uso de la fuerza* (p.64).

Galtieri had every reason, particularly in the light of the Nicaragua problem and US plans for an anti-communist alliance in the Cono Sur, to expect only nominal protest from Washington. After all, had the Americans supported Britain over Suez in 1956? And, had not Richard Allen, Reagan's national security adviser, said that he, Leopoldo Galtieri, was 'possessed of a majestic personality'?

Of course, no-one was so tactless as to refer to an old dispute between Argentina and the United States, stemming from the seizure by Argentina in 1831 of three American fishing vessels for violation of sealing restrictions in the Malvinas, an action which gave rise in turn to the perpetration of depredations on the islands by the *USS Lexington*, and, finally, to the severance for a time of diplomatic relations between the two countries.

Two years later, Great Britain seized the islands from Argentina. Shipping the inhabitants back to Buenos Aires, the British imported a new

population to establish the colony that survives to this day.

Hence, the main concern of the Galtieri junta was, naturally, the attitude of Great Britain. But the British had distinguished themselves, in interminable and indecisive talks, by prevarication and flabby procrastination — in Lord Carrington's graphic phrase, British policy was, in essence, as the Argentinians saw it, 'to procrastinate the problem away'. The Argentinians spoke of *la gimnasia estéril de negociar con los británicos*. Had the British not, on numerous occasions, given clear signs of a basic lack of interest in their so-called Falklands?

Despite clear manifestations of mounting Argentine vexation* and the evident danger that the sabre-rattling might turn into a concrete attempt at solution by invasion, the British persisted in an attitude characterised by what Hugo Young terms 'blithe negligence'; they were taking no deterrent action. On the contrary, were they not, in pursuance of a penny-pinching economic policy, even about to withdraw their only vessel on station in the area? Plainly they were more interested in cutting defence expenditure than in maintaining defence commitments, at least as far as the South Atlantic was concerned. It was obvious that they regarded the islands as merely an economic albatross hung round their necks. Writing in the *Telegraph Weekend Magazine* of 29 April 1989, Trevor Fishlock keeps the record straight seven years after the war: —

> The stoutness of Falklands patriotism is leavened by more than a grain of wariness, a suspicion of officials and politicians. 'Perfidious Albion — we know all about it', a businessman said. Falklanders know that Britain once wanted to leave the South Atlantic. People say: 'Mrs. Thatcher was Prime Minister on the day of the invasion'. It is a comment on the Government's Micawberish pre-war policy and the Prime Minister's agreement to the withdrawal of HMS Endurance, signalling, in that time of mutual misjudgements, that Britain was leaving the chain off the gate.
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> Before 1982, Britain's Falklands policy was guided by the logic of imperial withdrawal: the anomaly, difficulties and cost of maintaining and defending a small distant colony in the face of Argentine hostility.

In an acute critique of an acute book — *Signals of War*, Denys Blakeway, writing in *Sunday Times Books*, on 13 May 1990, under the heading *A Record of Yomp and Circúmstance*, has this to say:

> Freedman and Gamba-Stonehouse show with great clarity that Britain's culpability lay before the conflict, in the adoption of a negotiating stance 'wholly at variance with every other aspect of policy connected with the Falklands'. This meant denying Argentina the possibility of its longed-for sovereignty over the islands, while at the same time withdrawing the ice patrol ship, HMS Endurance, for reasons of economy, and denying the islanders full British citizenship. Although the decisions seemed minor in London, they sent all the wrong signals to Buenos Aires, creating the impression that Britain was not committed tc the islands, and precipitating Argentina's decision to invade.

Dean Acheson made the famous statement that Britain had lost an empire and not found a role. Not so famous, but, perhaps, no less significant were the words of a US Navy spokesman who said: 'You can't play a role of a serious power, and do it on the cheap'.

Galtieri, in dire economic and social straits, in desperate need of something that would pull the whole country together, thought he saw the

*Not, the Argentinians would contend, 'impatience', since, in their view, they had, over an unconscionable period of time, displayed an incredible degree of patience.

Malvinas light at bright green, and pressed the accelerator.

Behind the immediate crisis situation lay a long history of unfulfilled promise and national disappointment. In the 1920s Argentina had been one of the dozen most prosperous and stable countries in the world — 'a haven for emigrants from the miseries of inter-war Europe; a land of optimism and abundance, with powers of attraction exceeded only by those of the United States. The currency was strong, education and income levels were exceptionally high, and further political progress seemed easily within reach' (Lawrence Whitehead, *The Times*, 13 May 1989). But this land, which had thus appeared set fair to become the Canada or even the United States of Latin America, became instead a breeding ground of military demagogues and economic disasters, a depressed nation thirsting for success in any shape or form.

Galtieri thought he would take back the Malvinas and become, not a devisive hero like Perón, but a far greater, truly national hero. Instead of a 'caudillo' tarred with the brush of tyranny, he saw himself in the role of a glorious 'conquistador'. It was time for his great *'pronunciamiento'*, not against fellow Argentinians, but against the foreign usurpers: *'los ingleses'*, *'los inglesotes'*, *'los colonialistas'*, *'los imperialistas'*.

**Great Britain and the Falklands**

> Argentina's failings, or its failure to advance at a time when other countries were knowing unprecedented rates of growth, became linked, in the public mind, with a historic grudge against imperialism. This 'imperialism' was not rigorously defined. There were no concrete demands for reform of the world economy but a campaign against a first-world country, Britain, which, within its own league, was undergoing remarkably similar experiences to those of Argentina.
>
> While Argentina had failed to advance from second — or third — power rank to the first league, Britain was vertiginously hurtling from top-dog status to something far more humble. But in the post-war period Britain missed out on the sort of changes and attitudes which brought unprecedented prosperity to her European neighbours, and retained an aloofness of attitude, and a set of inflexible social postures within her society which, while they may have had their rationale in the days of Empire, were counter-productive in the search for a post-imperial role. Britain, therefore, failed to show wholehearted commitment to the Commonwealth ideal, spurned, in 1955, the notion of a closer union with the European 'Six', and failed to capitalise on the 'special relationship' with the United States. Her post-war history was therefore one of lost opportunities and gradual decline.
>
> (David Stephen, *The South Atlantic Role*).

Britain, lone Defender of Democratic Freedom in 1940, won glorious victories — the Battle of Britain, the Battle of Alamein, the Battle of the Atlantic — but, ultimately, they were to prove nails in her economic coffin. The disease of Imperial overstretch had set in. Liquidation of the Empire could not be staved off. A tragic dimension of the special relationship with America was to be the inexorable ebbing away of power across the Atlantic. The age of the 'chap', the 'fellow' and, above all, the 'pukka wallah from Poona' was over; the age of the 'guy from Missouri' came upon us.

In the special relationship there certainly always was a good deal of what George Ball called 'emotional baggage'. Writing in the colour supplement to *The Sunday Times* of 23.4.89, Simon Jenkins spoke of an 'exotic relationship', in which Mrs. Thatcher appeared as 'part governess, part

flirt'. Whatever the validity of such rhetorical flights, there seems little doubt that, in the words of Hugo Young, 'The Reagan-Thatcher axis was the most enduring personal alliance in the Western world throughout the 1980s. From Moscow to Pretoria, from Tripoli to Buenos Aires, no theatre of global conflict failed to feel its effects'. There were reservations, but they were puny beside 'the large fact of their ideological accord'. 'Both saw themselves as engaged in a crusade to rescue their countries from the dead hand of an unrepresentative establishment that had ruled too long... This crusading, missionary spirit was what they especially shared.' In Cambridge, on June 6th, 1979, Margaret Thatcher had said: 'The mission of this government is much more than the promotion of economic progress. It is to renew the spirit and solidarity of the Nation.' For her and for many others, this renewal came to be embodied, above all, in the 'spirit of the South Atlantic'.

Britain, then, like Argentina, weary of 'looking back in anger', of stiff upper lip and of grinning and bearing it, weary of being cast in Turkey's old role as 'sick man of Europe', weary of hearing about the 'English disease' and the 'German Miracle', was suffering from a largely unrecognized but deep need for success; she was ripe for a new Boadicea who would, once again, make the country a 'Land of Hope and Glory'.

Thus, the damning fact that the British Government had neither had the wit to reach an agreement with the Argentinians nor the foresight to take appropriate steps to deter an invasion was quickly smothered by the wave of something like jingoistic euphoria which resulted from the spectacle of an unflinching Mrs. Thatcher fully in command of the situation and clearly prepared, if need be, to do literal battle with the 'nasty' Argentine junta, for the sake of 'our kith and kin'. She told the British things that many of them had been longing to hear for decades: that Britain could still 'do it', that, if the Latins had machismo, the Brits had guts, that, if the Argentine bully-boys had slyly grabbed what was not theirs, there were still plenty of fair-play Englishmen ready to stand up for the defenceless Falklanders and get their islands back for them. The 'paramountcy' of the wishes of the Falklanders became the sacrosanct battle-cry.

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# SIDEWAYS TOWARDS PEACE IN THE MIDDLE EAST

## by Terence Davidson

THE world's crab-like progress towards a settlement of the Palestine question has taken yet another unexpected turn as a result of Saddam Hussein's opportunism. Whatever happens between the time of writing this and the time of publication (and anything might), the bells of Jerusalem will be ringing out this Christmas over a city that is again at the top of the international agenda.

The current crisis started taking shape when Kuwait and other Gulf oil producers exceeded the quotas assigned to them by OPEC, the Organisation of Petroleum Exporting Countries, in the second quarter of this year, and oil prices became lower accordingly. The Kuwaitis felt they had been making undue sacrifices by under-producing in an OPEC move to raise these prices. However, they also insisted on repayment of Iraq's $10,000 million war loan, and they are reported to have rejected an Iraqi offer of a non-aggression pact at about the same time.

The combined effect of these moves, especially the falling oil prices, was to present President Saddam Hussein of Iraq with a cash problem. When Saddam is presented with a problem, his first instinct is to reach for his gun, and in invading Kuwait on 2 August he misread the situation badly. Industrial powers that had wooed his arms procurers when they were stemming the tide of Teheran-style fundamentalism during the Gulf war suddenly closed ranks against him. Iraq became an international pariah overnight.

Saddam was slow to recognise that the days when a Third World dictator could play off East against West had gone the way of the Berlin Wall. Punitive sanctions descended on him from a UN Security Council that was united as it had rarely been before.

Never a man given to self-doubt, Saddam asked on the 12th of August why his occupation of Kuwait had been visited with such stern countermeasures when Israel's 1967 occupation of the West Bank and the Gaza Strip had been overlooked for so long.

The idea of linking a Kuwait settlement with the Palestine question was instantly rejected by both the United States and Israel. But five weeks later, after his summit meeting with President Gorbachev in Helsinki, President Bush put his name to this joint statement: 'As soon as the objectives mandated by the UN Security Council have been achieved, and we have demonstrated that aggression does not pay, the Presidents direct their Foreign Ministers to work with countries in the region and outside to develop regional security structures and measures to promote peace and stability. *It is essential to work actively to solve all remaining conflicts in the Middle East* and the Gulf' (emphasis added). 'Both sides will continue to consult each other and initiate measures to pursue these broader objectives at the proper time.'

Thus Saddam's most lasting achievement may well be the unexpected

one of promoting progress towards a Palestine settlement. The West will work hard to deny that there is a connection between the two. But it is evident that Iraqi aggression has concentrated Washington's mind wonderfully on the Middle East, and on the need to bring lasting peace to that turbulent region. Peace in which to produce reliable supplies of oil for Western petrol pumps, to be sure, but also one which can in the end be based only on respect for the human rights of all the peoples there.

The Middle East peace conference that most people want almost came in sight in the spring of this year, when the Israeli Labour leader Shimon Peres was invited to form a government after a coalition split over the peace process. At the end of six weeks of world-class wheeling and dealing he had to concede defeat, and the 74-year-old Yitzhak Shamir returned at the head of a government that stands farther to the right than ever. A Labour government would have tried to speed the peace process; but as things stand, all that is on offer is a hard-line Israeli government proposal, made last year.

This would be for elections in the occupied West Bank and the Gaza Strip, but not in annexed East Jerusalem, to produce a body which would have limited local autonomy for five years, during which negotiations would be held on a permanent solution.

American impatience with Israel has been publicly expressed. But while pressure on Israel to negotiate is increasing, time is not on the side of Palestinian moderates. Dissident factions of the Palestine Liberation Organisation have resumed terrorist operations this year, ending the truce that first followed PLO leader Yasser Arafat's recognition in 1988 of Israel's right to exist.

At the same time Soviet Jewish emigration to Israel has been getting under way, with new arrivals now well into the tens of thousands and with perhaps a million or more to come. Mr. Shamir has said explicitly that they will be allowed to settle in the occupied territories if they wish. A sign of Washington's dissatisfaction is that it is withholding $400 million in loan guarantees from Israel until it receives an assurance that the money will not be used to settle any of the immigrants in the territories.

Another crumbling brick in the shaky Middle Eastern edifice is Jordan. It has $8,300 million of foreign debt, a population that is part Palestinian, part pro-Iraq and part fundamentalist; and now it also has confrontation between King Hussein's various paymasters. His anguished public smile as he shuttles between increasingly militant capitals is eloquent.

As the regional organisation recognised by the United Nations, it should be the Arab League that finally sorts out the problems of the Middle East once and for all. Its 21 members are however as divided over Western intervention as they have ever been on anything. It may be the superpowers, working together through the UN Security Council, who will in the end have to knock heads together and resolve the issue of democracy in the Middle East.

There is no shortage of authorities as far as Palestine is concerned. The UN General Assembly proposed action in its Resolution 194 of 1948 to

achieve a settlement of all outstanding questions concerning Palestine; and the Security Council's Resolution 242 of 1967 reaffirmed that a peace settlement was essential. These resolutions remain on the books until they are put into effect.

The status of Jerusalem will be the hardest point of all to settle. It is at the heart of three world religions and it has the power to arouse emotions as perhaps no other issue has ever done.

The ultimate goal is almost too dazzling to be contemplated. An independent Palestine and Israel living peaceably side by side, generating high technology and all kinds of other commercial and intellectual benefits for their peoples and the world at large, would be reward indeed for the gigantic efforts that have gone into achieving a settlement. This is not yet even a glow on the horizon, but the time may be coming when we can start to peer hopefully in that direction.

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[Terence Davidson, a former Reuter's correspondent in the Middle East, has recently retired as UNRWA's Information Director.]

Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* include *Lost Leadership: Britain's 30 Year Failure in Space* by Michael Sheehan and Alasdair McLean, *Dr. Waldheim's Imperial Austria* by James Munson and *Certainly Not Shakespeare — But is it a Literary Fake?* by David Holbrook. Held over from November is *The Indian Factor in Anglo-American Relations* by Sarah Newman.

# THE EUROPEAN ECONOMIC SPACE

## by Michael L. Nash

AUGUST is not a month favoured for working in most of the states of the European Community. Were this not the case, even more progress would have been made by the enthusiastic members of EFTA in their bid to draw closer together to their parallel organisation in the South and West. The roots of the EES lie a long way in the past. To observers now and in the future it may appear absurd even that the developed and industrialised states of Northern and Central Europe did not join the European Community at its inception in 1957, but instead chose to join in a loose association in 1960. Original members of EFTA included the United Kingdom and Denmark, which have since made the step of joining the larger and closer organisation, though not without qualms; Norway also chose to do so, and submitted it to a referendum. By an astonishingly close margin, it rejected membership of the European Community and remained in EFTA.

What has now prompted this closer union, which will create, if successful, a barrier-free market of 18 countries, stretching from Iceland to Greece? The answer would seem to be clearly that the states of EFTA began to consider their options: would EFTA last for ever? Would it be enough for them if it did? But the question must be asked of the other side, the European Community itself: what was in a wider union for the member states? Here the answer would seem to lie in the developing international role of the Community: it sees a mission for itself for the whole of Europe and beyond; it seeks to speak with one voice. It can only do this if it has an effective dialogue with the states of EFTA, and with the states of the almost defunct COMECON also.

In 1988 Finland held the chairmanship of EFTA, and in his introductory statement the Finnish Minister of Foreign Trade, Pertti Salolainen, said: 'It is evident to us that success in creating a dynamic, homogenous EES can only come gradually, through a coherent long-term effort. But it will be achieved if our co-operation remains dynamic and we remain ambitious.'

By 19 December 1989 a press release from Brussels, following a Ministerial Meeting between the Community and EFTA, showed how far this effort had come. In a joint declaration the Ministers of both economic blocs 'reaffirmed the very special importance of the privileged relations between the Community, its Member States and the EFTA countries, which are a fundamental factor, not only for each of them but also for the entire European continent: as heirs to the same values, committed to common principles and bound in a shared destiny, they contribute together to Europe's vitality and today are a model to all neighbouring countries.'

These lofty aspirations were followed by the nitty-gritty: a timetable, indeed a deadline, for negotiations 'to seek jointly to define a more structured framework for co-operation between the EC and all of the EFTA countries together.' To this end, they decided to commence formal nego-

tiations in the first half of 1990, with the aim of concluding them as soon as possible. This has now proceeded with remarkable rapidity, in common it seems with all events in Europe on the edge of the '90s; the aim is to conclude the EES Treaty so that it can come into force on 1 January 1993, i.e. exactly in accord with the achievement of the Single Market the day before. Consideration has been given to the fact that implementation procedures in some states of EFTA can take up to 18 months, so in order to achieve this deadline all must be completed by the end of June 1991.

So what will be within this new framework, and what has been achieved already? The Single Market has as its great objective the four freedoms, as is well known: freedom of movement for workers, goods, services and capital. The EES also has these aims, but negotiations then go further, to matters which certain members of the European Community have skirted: Research and Development, Education, Working Conditions and Social Welfare, Consumer Protection, and Programmes for small and medium-sized enterprises and Tourism.

Basically the negotiations operate on two levels and work is done on two levels: the High Level Negotiating Group (HLNG), an awkward sounding name reminding one of similar names in the early days of the Community itself; and the joint Expert Groups, which await mandates and guidance from the HLNG.

It would be a mistake however to think that all this is brand new. Tribute has already been paid to the preparatory work which has gone on since 1984. The term 'European Economic Space' was first mentioned in a document now known as the Visby Declaration, remarkably precise in its guidelines, issued in that year. Remarkable achievements have already followed: the Interlaken Agreement of May 1987, which simplified the Single Administrative Documents (SADD) and other transit procedures; the Year of the Environment, jointly sponsored by the two blocs, after a meeting at Nordwijk in the Netherlands in October 1987; and perhaps most important the Lugano Convention in September 1988 on reciprocal jurisdiction and the enforcement of judgments in civil and commercial matters in all states concerned. All courts concerned have to take into account each other's law and this Exequatur Convention has become a model for another dimension, the European Legal Space. It has given the European Economic Space additional dynamics.

The Joint Expert Groups have gone forward with renewed impetus since the so-called 'Bangemann' Proposals of 2 February 1988. These proposals were put forward when West Germany held the presidency of the Community and Finland chaired EFTA. In a joint declaration specific new steps in six fields were proposed. These included co-operation in Research and Development including participation in ESPRIT, BRITE and RACE; transborder protection of the environment (following the Chernobyl disaster); transborder consumer protection including common rules on product liability (following implementation of an EC Directive in the member states); Co-operation in the educational field, especially participation in ERASMUS and COMETT; indirect taxation rules in cross-border traffic,

including exemptions and allowances; and a regular dialogue concerning financial services (banking and securities transactions), the economic effects of the liberalisation of capital movements and the economic situation in general.

First steps have also been taken in the mutual recognition of tests applicable in trade throughout the EES. Two conditions are prerequisites to the above: the participating countries must have a relatively high standard of technical development and the parties must have confidence in each other's testing methods. Even this part of 'nitty-gritty' tells us a great deal: that in the negotiations with EFTA, the Community is dealing with industrialised and developed states, mainly with firm and sophisticated economies, unlike some of the applicant states. But any new structure would involve an adoption by EFTA of all the laws passed by the Community since 1957, and there remains a reluctance by the Community to admit any one to its counsels who is not a totally committed member. This immediately poses all kinds of difficulties, from participation in the Court of the European Community to some participation in financial arrangements. It is significant that although much progress has been made by the Joint Expert Groups in the fields of goods, services, capital, persons, and even in the so-called 'flanking' or 'horizontal' policies of education, the environment and research and development, it has been noted with regret by the EFTA negotiators that little progress has been made in Negotiating Group V. This is the crucial one dealing with legal and institutional questions. A surveillance body within EFTA overlooking rules to complement the Community's own such body has been welcomed. A decision needs to be taken on the type of court that will rule on EES matters. EFTA has proposed either a common judicial body or two separate ones working in parallel. The Community itself would prefer a court integrated into the Community Court of Justice but enjoying a degree of autonomy.[1] There are some interesting sidelines to the report made of negotiations so far which was published by EFTA on 1 August 1990.

Turkey, so often sidelined in its attempts to be a complete member of the EC, has begun preliminary talks with EFTA on the possibility of an interim free trade agreement. Turkey has of course an association agreement with the EC, but is well disposed towards closer economic ties with the EFTA countries, and the Turkish representative, Temel Iskit, confirmed that his government would like to seek a comprehensive agreement, and consider, besides free trade, such areas as the environment, science and industrial co-operation. It was of course inevitable that Turkey would seek to reconsider its options after its full application to join the EC had been deferred.

Switzerland's assumption of the chairmanship of EFTA, which began in July 1990, has seen the opening of new EFTA offices in Brussels. Jean-Pascal Delamuraz, the Swiss chairman, has visited Brussels for talks with Jacques Delors and Frans Andreissen, the President and Senior Vice-President of the EC Commission. At the end of the talks M. Delamuraz said, perhaps significantly, that the more the EC were willing to share the

shaping of legislation in an EES with the EFTA countries, the fewer exceptions they would demand.

Two important new academic papers by Per Magnus Wijkman and Anders Aslund, examine patterns of production and trade in Western Europe and systemic change in Eastern Europe and East-West trade.[2]

The first of these papers argues strongly for the creation of the European Economic Space. Mr. Wijkman, who heads the Economic Affairs department of the EFTA Secretariat, examines the growing economic interdependence of West European countries in the past thirty years and stresses that it is almost impossible to separate the EC and EFTA.

The second paper examines the sweeping changes which have taken place and are taking place in Eastern Europe, and the end of centrally planned economies, exemplified by COMECON, which has now virtually faded away and wound itself up. COMECON in any case never had the supra national institutions and European exclusivity of the EC, which in the event of developments have proved fatal to its survival. Professor Aslund examines the criteria for the establishment of market economies in Eastern Europe and the choices faced by EFTA in fostering such developments.

In this context the establishment of the Bank of European Reconstruction and Development (BERD) can be considered which will be in the newly developed Dock area of London, with a French chairman. Its aim will not be to throw money at the Eastern European economies, but to finance the training of experts in the West and the training programmes given by Western experts who in turn travel East.

Developments in the East have given a certain amount of heartache to the countries of EFTA. When negotiations seemed to be going so well between the EC and EFTA for the creation of EES, the newly freed Eastern states appeared on the horizon like some houri entrancing the West to look in a new direction. The Swedish Prime Minister, Ingvar Carlsson, warned Jacques Delors not to neglect the EFTA countries in the burst of enthusiasm for new links with Eastern Europe. It would not help the Eastern states if negotiations between the EC and EFTA were delayed. It would be better to reach a final solution and then consider ways to support them, he said.

The glaring problem for the negotiations between EFTA and the EC is over who would make final political decisions: the EC, EFTA, or the EC and EFTA combined in some way. Mr. Andriessen said: 'We would like to remain the masters of our own decisions', which has long been the Swedish stance in defence and foreign affairs. Interestingly, it is in this very area, the vexed question of neutrality, that some positive progress has been made since the revolutionary developments in the East. When Ireland held the presidency of the EC in the first half of 1990 it was able, as the only neutral state in the EC, to stretch out a friendly hand to the East, which was in the process of disassociating itself from the Warsaw Pact. It was uniquely qualified to do so. What for 18 years was a source of awkwardness and discomfiture for Ireland had now become its strength.

Ireland itself, while acting as an honest broker, would find it less difficult to reconcile neutrality with whatever new, probably Pan-European security pattern would evolve during 1990 and 1991.[3]

Today EFTA is the most important trading partner for the EC, more important than the United States or Japan. Most EFTA countries are relatively well integrated in the EC market, often more strongly than such rather 'peripheral' EC members as Portugal and Greece.

There is an information deficit partly due to sheer numbers. There are 22,000 full time civil servants in the EC institutions, which are supranational, whereas the EFTA Secretariat has a staff of 73 persons!

EFTA should support the completion of the EC's internal market and the best means of doing this is the simultaneous and parallel construction of the EES. Over 25% of world trade takes place within the EES and total trade of these countries amounts to over 40% of world trade.

After a slowish start, momentum has been gaining ever since in EC/EFTA negotiations. Finland, as the newest member of EFTA, has experience of dealing with COMECON and other centrally planned economies and can therefore also, like Ireland, be a link.

But what then? What options present themselves after the conclusion of a treaty establishing EES, and which has a deadline of 1 January 1993?

Helen Wallace and Wolfgang Wessels, working at the Royal Institute of International Affairs, produced an important paper in 1989 outlining five options.[4] These are: (1) The Status Quo, plus more frequent exchanges of information; (2) A Solemn Declaration of Partnership, which would involve regular meetings at ambassadorial or ministerial level; (3) An Association Agreement, which would involve joint decision making, a ministerial council and a mixed parliamentary group; (4) Privileged Partnership, which would mean a Customs Union, Common Policies, Financial Contributions by EFTA towards EC funds; and (5) Full Membership of the EC, in both economic activities and political co-operation.

Present negotiations would seem to place the position already between (3) and (4). The first two options have been overtaken by events, such is the pace of change. The EC is reluctant and cautious about the question of financial contributions, knowing that finance usually involves strings. The dynamism and ambition spoken of in the opening sentences of this brief article seem however likely in the end to carry the day and to lead to the inclusion of all the states of EFTA in an EC which has itself been changed by the applications of new states, the negotiations with EFTA and the changes in Eastern Europe.

In the meantime, meetings continue, and the momentum is not lost. Despite August being a non-month for the EC, the Expert Group on Consumer Protection met on August 28 and 29, and September promised a full programme for every one of the Negotiating Groups I to V, ending with the High Level Negotiating Group on September 20 and 21.

There can be no doubt about the commitment to bring about the European Economic Space, for the states concerned 'contribute together to Europe's vitality and today are a model to all neighbouring countries'.[5]

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The writer would like to acknowledge help given in the preparation of this article by Ron Archibald and Tony Cronin of the DTI in London; and by Jackie Howlett of the European Information Centre, East Anglia, Norwich.

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# A ROUND WITH GATT

## by Mark Cook

WE have, since 1988, been in the throes of the eighth round of GATT (General Agreements on Tariffs and Trade) in Punta del Este, Uruguay. Trade talks have never been as difficult, and a number of people have wondered whether there will be any concrete outcomes from these negotiations which are due to end by December 1990. Why are we finding it more difficult to conduct 'honourable' trading relations with other countries, what is different this time from the previous GATT rounds and why do we need to have trade talks at all? To answer these questions we need to examine the outcome of the previous trade talks, the changes in world trading patterns and to look at the reasons why trade barriers were introduced in the first place.

Traditionally, the theory of international trade expounds the advantages of free trade using, firstly, Adam Smith's idea of Absolute Advantage, then moving onto Ricardo's Theory of Comparative Advantage. Both the theories suggest that allowing trade between nations to be 'free' enables total world output to rise. Given that, in theory, the free movement of trade benefits all parties it would seem odd for governments to restrict trade. But restrict trade they do. The suggested reasons for these barriers seem plausible, such as: the strategic industry argument, to improve the terms of trade, to protect an infant industry, as a counter measure against dumping, and to protect special interest groups.

We therefore, have a dichotomy. On the one hand free trade maximises efficiency, economic welfare, provides the possibility of economies of scale and may be Pareto-efficient*. On the other, some level of protection may be rational, perhaps that which supports infant industries or the strategic industry argument. Any practical discussion of trade policy, barriers to trade or unfair international competition, automatically brings to mind political issues, both within individual countries and between countries. For example, the impact of the liberalisation of trade may not affect all parties equally. Consumers may benefit from a £2-£3 reduction in the price of a commodity but this may result in the loss of an entire industry. Barriers to trade, it can be argued, can be justified politically if not on economic grounds.

One of the main types of barrier to trade, historically, has been the tariff. This is levied as either a specified ad valorem percentage of the value of imports, or may be put on as a specific duty, for example, as so many pounds per tonne. The impact of the tariff, the so called tariff wars, between 1918 and 1939 led to high levels of unemployment as countries tried to protect themselves from the growing levels of unemployment abroad and the decline in their exports.

GATT evolved after the Second World War as a means by which the high levels of protectionism that had evolved between the First and Second World Wars could be reduced. Formed in 1947 by 23 nations, its charter

concerned 38 articles with three over-riding aims: to provide a framework for the conduct of orderly trading relations, to encourage free trade and reduce the possibility of taking unilateral action against others, and to reduce tariffs and quantitative restrictions.

The GATT agreement embodies three main principles:

1. *Non-Discrimination*, by which countries should treat all their trading partners the same. If the UK puts a tariff of 40% on an Australian import, it should not put a higher tariff on a similar good imported from India. This is known as most-favoured nation (MFN) treatment. Similarly, if the UK agrees a tariff reduction with Australia, bi-laterally, then this tariff concession should be extended to all other countries, like India. Any tariff reduction gained can almost certainly be expected to be permanent. The advantage of the MFN is that two countries in bargaining for tariff reductions know that a later deal between one of the countries and a third party will be passed on. The process also helps small countries who may have little bargaining power.

2. *Transparency*. Countries should replace disguised and less quantifiable protectionism with tariffs. This includes quotas which as a type of non-tariff barrier generate uncertainty which further acts as another non-tariff barrier.

3. *Reciprocity*. If country A makes a 10% reduction in tariffs on an import from country B, country B should make a corresponding reduction in tariffs on imports from country A. The MFN rule then would enable these reductions to be transmitted between all GATT nations. Reciprocity recognised the existence of the 'free-rider' problem inherent in trade liberalisation.

GATT also realises that there may be occasions, such as temporary balance of payments problems and the need to protect a domestic industry, when short term trade restrictions might be allowed. Additionally, discrimination is allowed against countries who dump goods onto another country's home market. Article XXIV further allows for the establishment of free trade areas and customs unions, within which the parties receive preferential treatment. A special place is made within GATT for less developed countries (LDCs) which may benefit from MFN tariff reductions without the necessity of reciprocation, though the extent to which an LDC remains an LDC or becomes a Newly Industrialised Country (NIC) behind these trade barriers and therefore should lose some of this tariff protection has come under close scrutiny by the Developed Nations.

The seven GATT rounds prior to Punta del Este can be judged as a qualified success. The six rounds starting with Geneva (1947) to the Kennedy Round (1963-67) were almost exclusively concerned with tariff liberalisation. Following the conclusion of the Kennedy Round the tariff cuts affected around $40 billion worth of world trade — approximately 75% of total trade with an average tariff reduction of 36-39%.

Three factors were important in the outcome of these rounds: firstly, tariff reductions noted above applied mainly to industrial goods. The developed nations still protected their agricultural sectors. Secondly, one

important sector of manufacturing was exempted — that was textiles. Thirdly, industrialised countries tended to reduce tariffs on primary commodities and raw materials to a greater extent than those on finished goods. In other words the effective rates of protection on finished goods were raised (tariff graduation).

The seventh round of talks — the Tokyo Round — examined a wider set of issues than merely the tariff reductions of the previous six rounds, paying attention to non-tariff barriers (subsidies and quotas) and the trade in agricultural goods, the latter being one of the 'sacred cows' of the western industrialised countries.

The result of the Tokyo Round led to average tariff reductions of between 33-38% with higher than average tariff countries conceding higher than average cuts. Altogether around $112 billion of trade in industrialised products (at 1976 prices) or around 20% of the value of trade in industrial products was affected. The extent of these reductions should be viewed in the following light. Agricultural products were still highly protected. Sensitive industrial goods such as textiles were subject to zero or lower than average tariff reductions. Further, the tariff reductions were to be phased-in over an eight year period starting in 1980 so that their effects were much less than a once-and-for-all tariff reduction. Nevertheless, the seven rounds put together, reduced tariffs to 5-6% on manufactured goods and in that sense were a relatively good performance.

GATT, at this stage, appeared to be a success in its reduction of tariffs, but whereas GATT had tackled tariff barriers to trade, countries sought to protect themselves behind the so called non-tariff barrier, what some commentators called 'new protectionism'.

These non-tariff barriers, by definition, include any barriers to trade which are not tariffs. These would include quotas, where the government may limit the amount of a commodity that may be imported in one year; for example, 50,000 Japanese cars imported into the UK in any one year, Voluntary Export Restraints (VERs) or Orderly Marketing Agreements (OMAs). Here the exporting firm or country agrees with the importing country to restrict the volume of its exports to the other country to a specified amount over a given period of time. For example, the UK has VERs on footwear from Taiwan, Korea, Poland and Czechoslovakia. The reason why countries enter a VER arrangement is that the exporting country fears that this is the best of the restrictions and fears other more strict measures.

Subsidies can also be used to inhibit trade. Domestic producers receive a subsidy from their government thereby reducing the price of the finished commodity and making their goods highly price-competitive with foreign imports. A further way of prohibiting the free flow of trade is with discriminatory government procurement. Most governments discriminate in favour of their domestic producers, perhaps for strategic reasons — see recent cases of the purchase of arms and defence equipment by the current Conservative Administration. Furthermore, the government may instruct certain industries in the home economy to buy their raw materials or

semi-manufactured goods from other companies in the same country. This type of discrimination is really a subsidy paid to domestic firms who would be undercut by foreign firms in a free market situation. By 1992 the former is to be outlawed in Europe with completion of the European market, whilst in the UK the selling-off of nationalised industries has led to the newly privatised companies buying from whatever source they desire.

With export subsidies the impact is the opposite to that associated with a tariff. A tariff pushes the domestic price of the imported goods above the world price whereas with an export subsidy the domestic price of exports is pushed below the world price. Furthermore, not all export subsidies are easy to recognise. For example, it is possible to give exporting companies preferential low rates of interest on any money borrowed, or for these companies to offset more items against tax, or it is possible for governments to subsidise wages through increased transfer payments so that the workforce keep wage demands low, leading to competitive export prices.

These previous non-tariff barriers are not the only form of new-protectionism. There are other indirect methods by which trade can be disrupted. Furthermore it is argued that these indirect measures are more pervasive and more difficult to identify. They would include customs valuation procedures which are made sufficiently complex to add to the uncertainty for importers. Environmental measures will also prevent the free flow of goods, for example suggesting that all new cars must run on lead-free petrol or have catalytic converters. Other possible sources of trade restraint are that items must be of the correct diameter, that lights on cars must be of a certain distance apart or that a commodity cannot be imported because of health and safety reasons.

This is, therefore, one of the factors facing the eighth round of GATT talks, the tackling of non-tariff barriers to trade. Moreover, the trade talks in Uruguay are being held in a different economic climate. The period up to the mid 1970s was one of general world expansion and in this sense it was easier for the developed nations to reduce tariffs. Since then we have seen two minor world recessions 1974-75 and 1980-81, the growth of some LDCs into NICs thereby threatening the Western nations' 'club' and, perhaps more importantly, the huge deficit experienced by the most powerful trading nation, the United States. Additionally, for the LDCs their exports may be focussed on particular markets which are highly protected by the developed countries. There is also evidence that the products which have a high incidence of non-tariff barriers also tend to be products which face high tariffs. Non-tariffs and tariff barriers are complements rather than substitutes. Furthermore, the original GATT rules were set in a world which was far different from the one we have now both in terms of financial markets and trading groups, and the life-cycle of high technology products.

The current GATT round, not surprisingly, faces difficulties. The membership has grown so that the discussions themselves take longer. All parties want to gain from GATT. The developing nations want the

agricultural markets of the developed nations to be less protected, particularly the EC markets. Japan and its neighbours want the anti-dumping legislation looked into since they feel they are unfairly discriminated against by the western nations.

The problems are also aggravated since the original trade agreements have had various loopholes punched in them by the members, such as the exits for anti-dumping, the Multi-fibre Agreements, and voluntary export restraints. Furthermore, the original mechanisms and rules did not have to deal with the trade in services nor was it envisaged that the membership would grow to over a hundred participants, many of whom are LDCs and find it difficult to cope with the rules of membership. Also these countries often have balance of payments problems and thus under the articles of GATT can resort to trade restrictions which, although meant to be temporary, often ended up as permanent.

Aside from the trade talks there has been increasingly the feeling that GATT does not have enough 'teeth' in settling disputes. The United States, in particular, has wanted a number of countries investigated, specifically Japan, yet when investigated itself has tended to disregard the rulings. What is needed for GATT is a strong disciplinary procedure. Some of its members are too important to be expelled and too powerful to be disciplined.

The question of agriculture also needs tackling. The Americans, supported by the Cairns Group, wanted subsidies to farming phased out. This idea is strongly resisted by the EC, and if such a procedure is to take place they would like a long lead-in time.

Anti-dumping legislation needs more investigation also. Dumping occurs when a product is sold on a foreign market at a price below that which prevails in the exporting country's market. The surge in anti-dumping legislation by the US and the EC in the 1980s has led to Japan and the Newly Industrialised Countries to argue that they are being treated unfairly when prices are compared. The real question is that like should be compared with like not, as some have suggested, that the price of an import from Japan to the US is compared with a similar US product which includes a 10% margin for marketing and an 8% margin for profit. Not surprisingly the Japanese product is seen as cheaper and thereby anti-dumping legislation is enacted. As an interim measure, proposals by Mr. Charles Carlisle, Deputy Director of GATT, are being discussed to remove the anti-dumping measures.

Intellectual property rights are also on the agenda. These are such things as ideas, patents and trademarks which many of the developed nations suggest are being flouted by the LDCs, thereby losing the developing countries profits in return for their heavy research and development costs.

The area of textiles is also under discussion. The current Multi-fibre Agreement expires in 1991. This restricts the exports of textiles to developed countries. The developing nations want the Multi-fibre Agreement dismantled allowing them greater access to developed countries' markets.

The Uruguay Round appears, therefore, to be grinding to a halt in many areas. Perhaps it is trying to encompass to much in too short a time in an ever changing economic climate. Nevertheless, there are some positive signs. In this round most countries have something to gain. The developing nations want agriculture to be discussed and for there to be a reduction in subsidies, most particularly those imposed by the EC. The Japanese and South-East Asian nations want the problems with the anti-dumping legislation to be resolved. The US and the EC want intellectual property rights to reach a satisfactory conclusion and the LDCs would like a positive result to follow, once the MFA expires. Since agreement has to be reached by December 1990, then a certain amount of brinkmanship may be in operation with all sides holding their cards close to their chest to try and extract the maximum benefit from the trade negotiations.

It would seem unlikely that in this round America can get its own way in everything. Japan's growing trade presence has helped to break down the US power base. If the GATT talks succeed then world trade will be placed on a healthy, stable footing for the next century: if they fail trade relations will become increasingly temperamental and bilateral.

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*Pareto-efficient; an allocation for a given set of consumer tastes, resources and technology, where it is impossible to move to another allocation which would make some people better off and nobody worse off.

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[Mark Cook, Head of Economics at Nene College, Northampton, contributed an article called 'Putting the Lid on the CAP' in the May issue of the *Contemporary Review* (Vol. 256, No. 1492).]

# GLASGOW AND EDINBURGH: SCOTLAND'S TWO CITY CULTURES

by R. D. Kernohan

ON Hogmanay Glasgow's year as European City of Culture will come to an end. When the clock strikes, and the new year is brought in, will Scotland's biggest city revert to being the Cinderella of the Western world?

Probably not. The attention which the year of culture has focussed on Glasgow and the West of Scotland has brought a healthier balance into Scottish life, despite some grumbles from Edinburgh and the inevitable if occasionally rather far-fetched assertion of Glasgow's pugnacity, as in suggestions that it should become the capital of Scotland. Edinburgh will continue to suffer from cultural overcrowding and aesthetic excess during the three weeks of the festival and its fringe, as well as physical overcrowding on Princes Street as the throngs of tourists are joined by Glaswegians through for the day. The capital will go through one of its periodic bouts of anxiety about whether it is losing its pre-eminence in Scottish life, but always reassuring itself at the end of the day.

Yet a healthier balance in Scottish life will have been restored: restored or rediscovered or reasserted, not contrived by the cultural extravaganza. The importance of the Year of Culture may be that Glasgow has rediscovered itself, even begun to argue about itself in new ways, rather than that it has been discovered by Europe or by the London critics and TV producers.

To appreciate the importance of the year of culture in Glasgow's life the English and European visitor needs to envisage a very different kind of Glasgow which has suffered change and decay, with many of the changes desirable and some others irreversible. The city that spruced itself up to be the 'Cultural Capital of Europe' (to quote the rather far-fetched style emphasised in its public relations) was in living memory the shipbuilding and engineering capital of Britain and the 'second city of the Empire'. It was a self-confident city which as late as 1955 was returning fifteen MPs to Westminster, seven of them Conservatives. It was a rich and prosperous although divided city. But its ghastly inequalities and squalor were themselves the result of its appeal to the ambitious and the dispossessed of the Highlands, Islands, and Ireland, both from Protestant parts of Ulster and the Catholic hinterland beyond.

If there is a comparison in the Western world it is probably not with Birmingham (its old rival in terms of population and ambition to be the second city) or Edinburgh, the smaller and more sedate Scottish capital, but with Boston, the cultural capital for so long of the United States. The comparison is by no means far-fetched. Glasgow may never have had the literary tradition of Boston but it had a better one in the arts. Like Boston, its politics have been taken over by the immigrants whom it once despised.

There are other cities with which Glasgow can identify itself in part far

more readily than with Edinburgh. Belfast is one, because of the Celtic background and religious mix of its people, as well as the old dependence on shipbuilding. Liverpool is another.

Edinburgh is a very different proposition, another old city (for Glasgow is no mere creation of the Industrial Revolution) but one which never knew Glasgow's dramatic, uninhibited, and disastrous growth. Edinburgh steadily absorbed its immigrants without ever being so changed in character by them, and retained its unique and indefinable quality as a capital despite the loss of its political status with the Union in 1707. Almost everything which remained distinctively Scottish, asserting a kind of nationality within the political union, has remained centred on Edinburgh: the courts, the two branches of the legal profession, and the Church, which contrived to hold no session of its General Assembly in Glasgow between 1638 and 1990, when it made a Sunday trip for a service and some purely formal business. All roads in Scotland, even from Glasgow, have always in a sense led to Edinburgh and still do. It was the roads out of Scotland, and the sea lanes across the Atlantic that established Glasgow as a world city, first in the 18th century age of the 'tobacco lords' and then in the century from the Industrial Revolution to the height of imperialism. Edinburgh conformed to the United Kingdom, and the supreme age of its culture and enlightenment came when the first sullen resentment of the Union had at last worn off. But Glasgow gloried in the British Empire. Scotland under the Union still looked to Edinburgh, but Glasgow looked to the world, and in governmental and commercial matters often very directly to London.

Until the Second World War — indeed till the decay of shipbuilding began with Japanese competition in the 1950s — the two cities had a reasonable if at times acrimonious *modus vivendi* and a certain balance of power and influence in Scottish life. Glasgow, for example, had a significant role even in finance; a significant Stock Exchange and a major role in Scottish banking (as the survival of the Clydesdale Bank name still testifies). It was already more of a media centre than Edinburgh, first in newspapers and then in broadcasting, and in higher education it catered for about half the population of Scotland. But the large university with its commuter-students was not a redbrick affair, either in appearance — even when its Victorians rashly left the old town-centre site they stayed with stone — or tradition. After St. Andrews, Glasgow (dating from 1450) is the oldest Scottish university, while the Royal Technical College (now Strathclyde University) had both the reputation and some of the characteristics of a high-class German *Technische Hochschule*. Indeed some of the reasons why the concept of Glasgow as European City of Culture was by no means far-fetched can be found even before the Victorian patronage of the arts in the long academic connections of Glasgow (for example in theology) with continental Europe.

The balance seemed to be disturbed, however, when the decline of heavy industry coincided with the rise of devolved administrative government. Edinburgh had technological growth industries — notably Ferranti and its defence links — but government itself was a growth industry. A high

proportion of Glasgow graduates entering the Civil Service found their way not to London but to Edinburgh.

But there was another factor widening the gap between the two cities. Edinburgh, for long dominated politically by a conservative oligarchy who styled themselves 'Progressives', was also conservative in resisting some fashionable changes in the face of cities. Edinburgh did get one hideous city-centre development and the senior of its two universities seemed to have created a Chair of Applied Vandalism as it reconstructed the George Square area. But the physical presence of the Castle Rock and the social influence of the professional classes (especially lawyers) still living near the city centre prevented the worst experiments in redevelopment. There were architecturally and socially disastrous municipal housing developments, some of them failures of the 1960s and others pre-war schemes which went astray as concentrations of 'bad tenants' drove others away and created an air of neglect and despair. It is mainly in these areas that drug-taking and dirty needles have helped give Edinburgh the unenviable title used in some tabloid journalism (and by some publicity-seeking campaigning) of 'the AIDS capital of Europe'. But the worst of these areas were pockets of deprivation tucked away from the sight and thoughts of most Edinburgh people. The larger areas of high-rise developments (where the people make the best of the planners' miscalculations) disfigure the periphery of the city and have never threatened, as in some cities, to tear out its heart.

Glasgow's pattern of development has been much less even. It was bound to be shaped by the decline of shipbuilding and of the docks, which left much of the upper Clyde looking like an abandoned canal. It was determined also by two different political decisions and an unholy alliance of pre-Thatcherite Conservatism and old-style Labour municipal politics.

In the 1950s and 60s the Conservative Governments favoured an 'overspill' policy which deliberately set out not only to redevelop the city but to reduce its population, roughly from 1,000,000 to 750,000 on the boundaries fixed just before the First World War. In retrospect the policy may seem to have achieved little more than might have been effected anyway by market forces, but it achieved it in distinctive ways and with considerable distortion of the market in one vital social and civic area, that of housing. Again, each of the unholy allies made a distinctive contribution. From the Second World War to the 1970s scarcely any 'private sector' housing was built in Glasgow, though the number of owner-occupiers increased through the steady sale to tenants of previously privately-rented flats. The Labour-controlled council not only kept a grip on virtually all available land but pursued a low rent policy that slowed down the move towards home ownership.

The Conservative Governments were slow to react; and their reaction was subdued by their own alarm at the consequences of very mild reform of rent control legislation (for private tenants) in the 1950s. The result was that Glasgow was debilitated both by a natural drift of the middle classes to the suburbs and by an 'overspill' movement which took many

of the skilled workers to new towns, of which the earliest and most successful was East Kilbride. There was also an enormous movement from the inner city to the vast housing estates on the edge of the city: from Bridgeton, Gorbals, and Anderston to Easterhouse, Castlemilk, and Drumchapel.

Had the crucial decisions been delayed for a decade or so they would have been taken in a new mood. Far more of Glasgow's stone-built but decayed tenements would have been considered for conservation, though one fine row opposite Glasgow Green had actually largely fallen down before the change of mood came. The effects of smoke-control legislation would have shown how much better these dirty but often solidly built slums could be made if modernised inside and cleaned outside. It was the smoke-control success that finally allowed the new gallery for the Burrell collection to be built in the inner-suburban Pollok Park and not miles away in the countryside. And delay might have meant different alignments for some of the urban motorways that tore much of the city apart in the 1960s but prove inadequate and dangerous in the 1990s.

Yet although Glasgow lost some fine buildings (notably a church by the individualistic Victorian architect 'Greek' Thomson) and many saveable ones, enough remained to leave an inner city with a fine medieval cathedral, some good Georgian features, and a range of Victoriana in stone which was both magnificent and extensive. Even one cultural catastrophe, the burning of the great St. Andrew's Hall, led to the rehabilitation of the disused Victorian City Halls, while the haggling and disorder over the replacement (surpassed only by Edinburgh's over the still unbuilt opera house) delayed the decision until the threat of the most appalling designs had receded.

Meanwhile Glasgow had consolidated its role as Scotland's main musical centre, as its principal newspaper and broadcasting base, and as a more important visual arts centre than Edinburgh. Together, the Glasgow gallery in Kelvingrove — so incongruous an architectural clash in the grand manner with the university Gothic on the hill above — plus the university's Hunterian collection and the Burrell have the edge over Edinburgh, even with the National Gallery of Scotland supplemented by the new gallery of very modernist modern art at Ravelston. Indeed, save for the three weeks of the Festival, Glasgow was a more obvious candidate for the 'city of culture' role than Edinburgh.

I write that knowing that I shall get little gratitude in Glasgow and risk grave offence in Edinburgh. It is hard to be fair, never mind loyal, to both cities. Edinburgh still thinks of Glasgow as too raucous by half. When it comments on the Western city's warmth — so much praised by the Glaswegians themselves — it manages not only to damn with faint praise but to hint that Glasgow's bonhomie owes something to a bottle. The primmer part of Glasgow has always enjoyed the 'couple of drinks on a Sa'urrday night' school of glottal-stop comedy, because it feels the virtue of its own superiority. It doesn't always realise that Edinburgh sometimes draws no distinction between parody and reality.

Edinburgh says little and thinks a lot. Glasgow, I think, overdoes the war of words at times. One of the wonders of the world can be to hear a Glasgow lawyer or chartered accountant working up an emotional lather about the airs assumed by his fellow-professionals in Edinburgh. There is, perhaps, a certain envy as well as suspicion; possibly an envy of that greater continuity in Edinburgh's evolution, perhaps an unconscious exaggeration of the practical amenity of living in a city so strikingly situated.

Admittedly Edinburgh is not only a surpassingly beautiful city but a semi-tropical paradise compared to Aberdeen; and Glasgow might have been like Dundee, only bigger. Both the big cities have their cultural and other virtues, yet they remain astonishingly separate in mood and, very often, in speech. A generation ago it seemed just possible that they might some day be merged in a vast 'linear city'. In theory two modern cities 44 miles apart might be expected to be in danger of finding their suburbs beginning to merge. But such theories disregarded the extreme bleakness of the stretch of Central Scotland between the two cities. Instead Edinburgh's new suburbia has spread over the Forth Bridge into Fife; Glasgow's has moved into Ayrshire.

Scotland is bigger than both of them; and in a world where in so many countries so much population is now concentrated in a single metropolitan area — Copenhagen or Budapest, say — the survival of the two city cultures gives Scotland both a balance and a diversity. The difference survives, even in face of superficial (and perhaps temporary) trends that appear to narrow traditional differences. Each city now enjoys — if that is the word — a well-established Labour council majority and a woman Lord Provost from this municipal Socialist tradition. The very distinctive character of the bigger shops in the two cities has been eroded, if not quite destroyed, by the passing of the most of the once famous names of Sauchiehall Street — a pale shadow of its old self — and of Princes Street, Jenners excepted. The Scottish National Orchestra (like the Scottish Opera, more Glaswegian than Edinburgh) supplies the same programmes on successive nights throughout the season.

But the universities, the schools (especially the independent schools that still dominate Edinburgh education), the newspapers, the churches, the informal politics of the Scottish professions, and the survival of two Tory MPs in Edinburgh (when Glasgow is all red on the map, apart from the SNP by-election gain at Govan) all emphasise the differences that remain. Glasgow has been shaped by industry, the Irish and the Highlanders; Edinburgh by the law, finance, and the devolved administration of Scotland.

Whether the music, drama, exhibitions, and occasional extravaganza of the Year of Culture will leave much lasting impression on Glasgow is doubtful. After all more than 40 years of Edinburgh Festivals have had only a limited effect on the other city. But Glasgow has recovered some of the self-confidence it used to assert in its great industrial exhibitions, ending with the Empire Exhibition of 1938. It is a city which rather likes making an exhibition of itself, and the Year of Culture has given a new opportunity.

# ARTHUR SYMONS: THE SYMBOLIST MOVEMENT IN LITERATURE

## by A. L. Rowse

ARTHUR Symons was recognised in his day as the leading aesthetic critic of the Nineties, and his book *The Symbolist Movement in Literature*, 1899, a cardinal work in criticism as well as his own most significant work in that field. Today it remains the best account of the French Symbolists, though it has the further interest of being the book that introduced T. S. Eliot to their work, through which — particularly that of Jules Laforgue — Eliot learned a new idiom, transformed his early writing and achieved his own style. The influence upon him of this now forgotten classic of criticism was life-long.

Symons himself is beginning to be recalled from oblivion — one notices that in Richard Ellman's work on writers of that period, friends of Symons like Yeats and Wilde. Poems of his are included in Christopher Rick's *New Oxford Book of Victorian Verse*. Symons was a regular writer of verse, a respect-worthy poet if his themes were not always respectable — he rather plumed himself on being a 'Decadent', like the *Poètes Maudits* whom he admired in France.

However, it is not as a poet that he is to be remembered but as an all-round critic of the arts, the complete aesthete. He wrote on all of them in his ardent pursuit of beauty in every form, which eventually achieved expression in his *Studies in Seven Arts*. It is only recently, in 1987, that Symons acquired a satisfactory biography (by Karl Beckson), and even that is not informative as to Symons' Cornish background.

There was a reason for his disappearance from view. His life (1865-1945) was broken in two by a spell of madness, which lasted for some years from 1908. He recovered, to give a remarkable account of it in his *Confessions: A Study in Pathology* (1930). He had overstrained an extremely sensitive constitution, partly by trying to encompass too much, and after this shattering experience he was never the same man again.

*The Symbolist Movement* was the work of his prime when he was at the apex of his powers and his influence. He was the master of a lucid and sensitive prose style, and others of his books are worth recalling, particularly his autobiographical *Spiritual Adventures* and his atmospherical evocations of places in *Cities, Sea-Coasts and Islands*. But his book on Symbolism in modern French literature remains his key-book intellectually speaking, and gives us the clue to his mind and influence.

Sympathy is the essence of Symons' nature and what makes him a good critic. Strangely, and unexpectedly for us today, he takes his epigraph from Carlyle, who understood the importance of Symbol, as at once a concealment and a revelation, and thereby achieving a double, a more memorable significance. Symbolism goes further, to suggest what it does not state — it is apt to regard direct statement as commonplace, and to prefer the suggestive and oblique, transcending the limits and bounds of the everyday.

*Ah, que la vie est quotidienne!* is its characteristic refrain of distaste.

All the writers whom Symons discusses were in revolt against the tyranny of French rhetoric, so dominant with Victor Hugo; and against the realism and materialism of Balzac and Zola. These three were giants, too overwhelming. The Symbolist writers were deliberately élitist, aristrocratic in taste, anti-popular, anti-democratic; really dedicated to a cult, eschewing the obvious for what was strange and irregular (not in form however). The line they took was freeing to the imagination; it led them to the cult of what was beyond ordinary experience — *l'au-delà* — and several of them toppled over into disorder of various kinds, two of them into madness, like Symons himself.

The book begins with Gérard de Nerval, a precursor of the Movement, whose prose-work *Le Rève et la Vie* arose out of that experience. Symons says, 'a road is not necessarily misleading because it is dangerous or forbidden.' It led Nerval to the finest of modern sonnets, and the famous line

*Le Prince d'Aquitaine à la tour abolie,*

quoted at the end of *The Waste Land*.

Next comes Count Villiers de l'Isle Adam, with his pride in his ancient descent, his emphasis on aristocratic taste, his campaign against coarse democratic positivism. Then follow Rimbaud and Verlaine whom Symons knew well. Verlaine underwent a religious conversion; his life became a struggle from its squalor and sordidness to attempt a break-through to the infinite. Symonds regarded Symbolism as a movement to 'spiritualise literature', to 'evade rhetoric', get beyond the restrictive bounds of the real and factual world. Evidently in their sense we are not to restrict the word 'spiritualise' to a religious content; for most of them the word had an all-inclusive aesthetic meaning. (We see this again later with Proust, perhaps the grandest and most commanding example of the Symbolist influence.) However, we need not exclude a genuine movement of the soul towards mysticism in Verlaine; he certainly made good poetry out of penitence for sin.

Symons does not go into this, but admits that the work of these writers was an 'art of nerves', with the consequences he knew well in neurasthenia, insomnia etc. (Plenty of that in Eliot's early work and in his life in London with Vivienne, the breakdown out of which came *The Waste Land*.)

The centre of Symons' book is reached with Jules Laforgue (1860-1887), whose influence is out of all proportion to his sparse output, he was so young when he died. Reader to the cultivated Empress Augusta in Berlin, Laforgue represented the self-conscious 'Dandy' element at the time, and looked the part. Symons quotes a description of his appearance: 'very correct, stiff collars, sober ties, English waistcoats, invariably carrying a rolled-up umbrella, quite the appearance of the clergyman.' How well one recognises Eliot's careful presentation of himself! In 'Prufrock' it is virtually transcribed:

My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin.

More important is the style, the idiom he learned from Laforgue, the

alteration of the colloquial with the throw-away poetic, the deliberate phrases of anti-climax, low-key endings. Symons sums up Laforgue's style, 'making subtle use of colloquialism, slang, neologism, technical terms for their allusive, factitious, reflected meanings, with which one can play very seriously. The verse is alert, troubled, swaying, deliberately uncertain... It is really *vers libre*, but at the same time correct verse... Verse, always, elegant, is broken up into a kind of mockery of prose.'

Laforgue writes his love poems in the form of a dialogue of mockery both of himself and of the lady, all in inverted commas, as it were. This is the tone carried over by Eliot into 'The Love-Song of J. Alfred Prufrock' and 'Portrait of a Lady'. To take only one obvious example, Symons quotes:

*Enfin si, par un soir, elle meurt dans mes livres,*
*Douce; feignant de n'en pas croire encor mes yeux,*
*J'aurai un: 'Ah, ça, mais nous avions De Quoi vivre!*
*C'était donc sérieux?'*

Here is the equivocal tone of Eliot's 'Conversation Galante':

'You, madam, are the eternal humorist...
Giving our vagrant moods the slightest twist'...
And — 'Are we then so serious?'

One of the early poems, 'Humouresque', is specifically described as 'After Laforgue'.

Symons next comes on to Mallarmé, whom he knew well — better than any other Englishman, a regular attendant when in Paris at Mallarmé's select and exclusive Tuesday evenings. One could not be more élitist than this priest of poetics, and few could appreciate his esoteric poetry. Yet he wielded an extraordinary influence, notably on a younger generation with Paul Valéry.

Symons describes Mallarmé's elliptical style, his manner of cutting out connecting links (Eliot too had the habit), replacing expected words by the remote, the unexpected, producing rare and striking associations — such a famous line as

*Le vierge, le vivace et le bel aujourd'hui.*

Untranslatable, but magical. Mallarmé earned his living as a professor of English, and may be said to have had an obsessional concern with the Word as such. Symons notes this and pinpoints Mallarmé's extreme care and subtlety over words, the precision along with the unexpectedness, the remoteness, the *klang* — to use a word Eliot used in writing to me about one of the *Four Quartets*.

In those he writes once and again of

Trying to learn to use words, and every attempt
Is a wholly new start, and a different kind of failure
Because one has only learnt to get the better of words
For the thing one no longer has to say...

He was trying of course to get beyond words:

'Words, after speech, reach
In to the silence...

This is what all the Symbolists were after, a poetry, as one of them said, aspiring after the condition of music — the conjunction appears here in the *Four Quartets*. The search leads into religious mysticism, experience either inexpressible or hardly expressible in words.

Symons concludes with two chapters on the mysticism of Huysmans, another Catholic convert, and of Maeterlinck, which may be said to have been aesthetic rather than religious. This seems to have been the case with Symons himself, though he had a strict religious upbringing, his father a Cornish Methodist minister. There was however a strong artistic strain in the family: a first cousin, William Christian Symons, was a well known artist, another convert, who designed a number of mosaics in Westminster (Catholic) Cathedral.

Symons sums up: 'the doctrine of Mysticism, with which all this symbolical literature has so much to do, of which it is all so much the expression, presents us not with a guide for conduct, not with a plan for our happiness, but with a theory of life which makes us familiar with mystery, and which seems to harmonise those instincts which make for religion, passion and art, freeing us at once of a great bondage.' So Symons must have found for himself, freed from the Puritan strait-jacket of his upbringing. Yet, he concludes, 'the final uncertainty remains'; and here, we may conclude, he keeps his hold on common-sense.

Symons dedicated his book to his closest friend, W. B. Yeats, in whose work he saw the expression of the principles expressed in it. The movement was entirely French in origin, but Symons noted the first stirrings of its influence beyond its borders. The full flowering of that was yet to come — in France itself with Valéry and Proust, in Germany with Rilke and Stefan George, in Russia with Alexander Blok and others. These had hardly yet emerged when Symons was writing in 1899, but the spread of Symbolism witnessed to his discernment no less than to his catholic sympathies of mind.

# PROHIBITED IMMIGRANT

## by Raymond Tong

ALTHOUGH I am pleased that I had the good fortune to spend two and a half years of my life in Uganda, I had never really planned on going there. On the other hand it would not be true to say that I went there by mistake, for when the opportunity unexpectedly presented itself I had little hesitation in accepting it. However, in retrospect, the circumstances in which I was offered a very interesting post in Uganda were undoubtedly rather unusual.

Before going to Uganda I had already worked for over eight years on the other side of Africa in the Western Region of Nigeria. Like a good many people of my generation, having spent a fairly long period overseas during the War, I had acquired a liking for expatriate living, especially in warm climates. I had moreover become increasingly fascinated by the continent of Africa and the problems of African development. As a result, when the War was over and I had eventually completed my formal education, I decided to apply for an African appointment in the Colonial Education Service. Although neither I nor any of my family had any background of tropical Africa, I was successful in obtaining a post as an education officer in the Nigerian Education Service, and in September 1949 disembarked in Lagos for my first tour of duty. In the meantime I had taken what has proved to be the wise and fortunate step of marrying a beautiful and intelligent Greek girl, who I had met in Athens some time before. It was to a very large extent Mariana's sterling character and sense of adventure which were to make it possible for us to settle down under very difficult circumstances and then to live happily and successfully in Africa for the next eleven years.

Our first few months in Nigeria were undeniably an excellent test for the sincerity of any young married couple. Fortunately we had been warned repeatedly before leaving England not to expect too much, and doubtless our initial experience was not very different from that of other new arrivals in those far-off colonial days. We had been posted to Benin, a small town in the tropical forest belt, which had once been the capital of an extensive West African kingdom. When at last we arrived, after a journey from Lagos of over three hundred miles mostly along winding laterite roads, we found that the two-roomed, mud-walled bungalow we were to occupy had not been lived in for a considerable time. It was not only poorly and sparsely furnished, but was also incredibly dirty and badly in need of redecoration. Thick cobwebs hung from the ceilings and cockroaches seemed to be everywhere. The tiny kitchen, with its wood-burning stove, was loathesome and the bathroom resembled a coal-hole. The sanitation was no different from what it would have been in the remotest African village. Lighting was by pressure-lamps and in spite of the intense heat no refrigerator was provided. It hardly seemed appropriate accommodation for 'imperial lackeys'; certainly no farm worker from my native Hampshire would have

looked at it twice. However, my decision to join the Nigerian Education Service had not been arrived at lightly and was fully supported by Mariana. Although our ideas at that time now seem to suggest that we were looking at the world through rose-coloured spectacles, we both believed in the speedy evolution of colonial territories to complete independence, and were both keen to make a contribution, however small, towards the development of African education. Moreover, having been warned about the difficulties we might encounter, we had come prepared to struggle, and being prepared to struggle we inevitably survived. Within a few months our little bungalow, and the large compound which surrounded it, looked distinctly attractive. When three years later we were transferred to Ibadan we were both decidedly reluctant to leave.

By this time Nigeria was already moving very rapidly towards self-government. An intensive effort was being made to develop agriculture, industry, roads, education and so on, and at the same time the process of Africanising posts in the government service had begun. Towards the end of 1956 it was decided that my post of Director of the General Publications Department of the Western Region Ministry of Education should be held by an African. As a result I became for about a year Principal of Ibadan Government Teacher Training College. Although Nigeria did not attain complete independence until 1960, the Western Region of Nigeria was granted regional self-government in September 1957. We had long agreed that when regional self-government was reached we would accept the fact that our contribution was more or less complete. I therefore resigned at the appropriate stage and we returned to England, where four months later I applied to the Colonial Office, not for a post in Uganda (where I was destined to go), but for the vacant post of provincial education officer for the Central Province of Nyasaland, now called Malawi.

We were both still absorbed in Africa and the problems of African development, and I was very attracted to the prospect of working in Nyasaland. From my background reading, which included Laurens van der Post's classic *Venture to the Interior*, I felt sure that it would be an interesting and pleasant country in which to live. I also felt that it was a country where I could continue to work in my chosen field of African education for a reasonable number of years. In 1953 Nyasaland had joined with Northern Rhodesia (now Zambia) and Southern Rhodesia (now Zimbabwe) to form the Central African Federation, with the ebullient Sir Roy Welensky as Federal Prime Minister. Like many people involved in African affairs, it seemed to me that bringing these three territories together under a federal structure was the best possible solution for their future economic, social and political development. In view of all that has happened since, such a belief now looks decidedly like wishful thinking. However, at that time, it seemed that in Central Africa at least there was the necessary stability for a steady, measured progress towards a stable independence. I was therefore delighted when I received a letter from the Colonial Office informing me that I had been accepted for the post for which I had applied. I was requested to sign and return a copy of the contract and to

make arrangements to go to Nyasaland without delay.

Owing to the fact that we had planned on returning overseas, we only had our clothes with us and were living in a furnished flat in Hampstead. The twelve large crates which we had brought from Nigeria, containing our equipment, furniture, books and other personal possessions were stored in a warehouse in Kensal Green, so that we had little packing to do. Since we were going to an entirely new country, it was agreed that I should go out on my own to make arrangements for the house and to settle into my new job. Mariana would take the opportunity of visiting her family in Athens and would then join me by air a few weeks later. I therefore booked a passage on the first ship going to Beira and obtained an air ticket for my wife. All that remained was to deliver our car and crates to the King George V Dock, from which the ship was due to sail.

Having arranged for the delivery of the crates, I decided to take the car to the ship myself. Since I was not familiar with the dockland area, on the dull inauspicious morning in question I spent a little time exploring. I finally arrived shortly before midday and drove along the dock to the shipping-office. There I was met by a somewhat excited and strangely indignant manager, who told me that he had received three telephone-calls during the past hour from somebody speaking on behalf of the Permanent Under-Secretary at the Colonial Office. Apparently my passage on the ship had to be cancelled and I was to phone the number given. It appeared that after I had left the flat my wife had received a phone-call from the same official and had told him how to contact me. Why the shipping-office manager was so agitated, however, was not at all clear. Perhaps he imagined that he was witnessing an episode in a spy-thriller. Certainly his manner in addressing me suggested that he thought I was about to receive my just deserts.

I must confess that after I had phoned the Colonial Office I began to feel a little agitated myself. I was informed by a crisp, clerical voice that the Government of the Central African Federation had refused to give me a visa. I had thus become a prohibited immigrant and would therefore not be able to go to Nyasaland. For a moment I was completely stunned by the words 'prohibited immigrant'. How ever could an easy-going, good-intentioned Hampshire lad like me be given such a classification? Having received only a few days before a letter signed by the Governor of Nyasaland asking me to arrive at post as soon as possible, I found this information absolutely incredible. I therefore mentioned the letter and pointed out that our heavy baggage was on the dock ready to be transferred to the ship. The reply was both immediate and emphatic. The letter from the Governor of Nyasaland could not change the decision of the Government of the Central African Federation not to grant me a visa. I was to ensure that my sea passage was cancelled and that the heavy baggage was returned to the warehouse. I was also asked to call at the Colonial Office the following afternoon.

Before going to the Colonial Office I decided to try to find out why I had been considered an unsuitable person for the privilege of working in

the Central African Federation. Since I had been offered and had signed a contract, and since the Governor's letter had stated that my presence was urgently required, there could be no doubt that I was welcome as far as the colonial administration of Nyasaland was concerned. It was fairly evident that the information I had been given was true and that the objection had only come from the federal government in Salisbury, at that time the capital of both Southern Rhodesia and the Central African Federation. I accordingly decided that the obvious thing to do was to go immediately to Rhodesia House in the Strand, where both Southern Rhodesia and the Central African Federation had their London offices. Although, in such strange circumstances, I was unlikely to get a direct answer, I might perhaps obtain a few clues.

When I arrived at Rhodesia House I was met by a wall of silence. Having given my name and briefly indicated the nature of my enquiry to a receptionist, I spent well over an hour alone in a very gloomy waiting-room. I was then taken to see a person whose function was not really clear, although he was probably an immigration officer. He was a gangling, unsmiling man, with a rather unfriendly manner. He spoke very quietly and only when absolutely necessary with a distinct Rhodesian accent. As I sat down opposite him, he almost imperceptibly pressed a button behind his desk. At first I thought he was probably ringing for a file or perhaps a cup of tea. However, since neither the file nor the tea appeared, it seemed likely that it was the button of a tape-recorder.

I outlined the difficult position in which I found myself, and eventually posed the question as to why I had been refused a visa. On his part, he was perhaps only concerned to record my answers to the two or three questions he asked me. The last of these, as I recall, was why I wanted to work in the Central African Federation. I told him quite truthfully that I believed that the setting-up of the Federation had provided the necessary stability for the steady economic, social and political evolution of Central Africa. I felt sure that if I were permitted to do so, I would very much enjoy working in Nyasaland.

His only observation was a long, cold look of scarcely veiled hostility. We sat in complete silence for a minute or two. I could hear the loud ticking of a clock on the wall behind me. I eventually decided to return to my main question. 'I find this all very odd!' I exclaimed. 'Surely you can give me some idea why I was refused a visa?'

His expression did not change in the slightest. 'We never reveal to the applicant why a visa has been refused.'

'As you know quite well, I am not the applicant,' I protested. 'The application was made by the Colonial Office. Since they selected me they obviously think I am suitable. The letter from the Governor of Nyasaland makes it clear that I am equally acceptable out there.'

He got up from his desk to show that the interview had come to an end. 'I am sorry,' he said, slowly and firmly, 'I can give you no further information.'

When I went to the Colonial Office the following afternoon I found

that the person with whom I had an appointment did in fact come directly under the Permanent Under-Secretary. At that time the Colonial Office was in Great Smith Street. The offices of the Permanent Under-Secretary and most of the senior officials were in a building on the left hand side when approached from Victoria Street, while the remaining offices were in a slightly larger building on the other side. Since during the previous years of my happy association with the Colonial Office all my visits had been to the larger, less distinguished building, the fact that I was now to be interviewed in an office high up on the left hand side of Great Smith Street clearly underlined for me the seriousness of the problem which had been caused by the decision of the Central African Federation not to give me a visa. In the circumstances it seemed likely (as was indeed the case) that the Federal Government had never before asserted its right to veto an appointment made by the Colonial Office and the colonial administration of Nyasaland. This being so, doubtless there was a good deal of concern, both in the Colonial Office and Nyasaland, with regard to the reason why such serious action was taken, as well as to its legality within the federal structure as it was then constituted.

My interview at the Colonial Office was much more pleasant than my Kafkaesque encounter at Rhodesia House. The senior official with whom I had the appointment proved to be an urbane and lively man, with a relaxed and friendly manner. He had worked in Africa for many years and the questions he asked me were direct and to the point. From time to time he referred to a file on the desk in front of him. It was obviously my personal file and I was interested to see how fat it was. He started by briefly going over the work I had done in Nigeria, which was clearly very satisfactory. He then gradually moved on to questions of a political nature. Since there could be no possible social, religious, or family reasons why my presence should not be welcome in the Central African Federation, this was naturally to be expected. However, having been thoroughly vetted before being accepted for a Colonial Service appointment, I was rather surprised at one or two of the questions. As far as I can recall they were more or less as follows.

'Have you ever had anything to do with the Communist Party, or with any of its fringe activities?'

'The nearest I ever get to the Communist Party,' I replied, 'is when I sometimes read *The Daily Worker* in the Colonial Service Club in Tavistock Square. The club only takes four newspapers and quite remarkably *The Daily Worker* is one of them.'

He smiled blandly. 'And what about *The European*?'

He was referring to a quarterly magazine published in the early fifties by Sir Oswald Mosley, which strongly advocated Britain having a European role over twenty years before we joined the European Community. The fact that he knew that I had briefly subscribed to this magazine seemed to suggest that there had been a censorship in Nigeria of which few people could have been aware.

'I have never liked political uniforms,' I said. 'But I do tend to think

of myself as a European. Britain will eventually have to become a part of Europe, if it is to remain a power of any significance.'

'You may be right.' He paused for a moment. 'By the way, we hope you will keep this little contretemps to yourself. The less said about it the better, at least for the time being. In any case, if you are agreeable, we would like to offer you a rather similar post. Since you cannot now go to Nyasaland, would you consider going to another part of Africa? To Uganda perhaps?'

An old friend of mine was living in Uganda. I had read a reasonable amount about the country and I liked the picture I had formed of it. I also felt that it would be an interesting country to work in. Almost without hesitating I replied that, although I would naturally have to obtain the agreement of my wife, I would certainly be interested in an appointment in Uganda.

'The post is that of Inspector of Secondary Schools for the Western Province. Your office would be in Fort Portal and your job would be to inspect and report on secondary and junior secondary schools. One of your main aims would be to effect an improvement in the overall standards of the junior secondary schools. Do you think this sort of post would appeal to you?'

I said that I would like to have the post and that I felt sure that I would do the work very successfully. It was therefore agreed that I should receive a contract within a few days. As soon as I returned a signed copy I would be able to make all the preparations for departure, including booking a sea passage to Mombasa. Before leaving him, however, I tried once more to find out the reason why the Central African Federation had refused to give me a visa. He assured me that he was completely baffled and that the matter had already been taken up at the highest level.

I continued to be puzzled by these strange circumstances throughout the two and a half years we spent in Uganda. It was not until I had finished my tour of duty and was back in London that I happened to find out why they had occurred. By that time my wife and I had come to the conclusion that the direct British role in African education was more or less over. However, since we both still preferred an expatriate life, I was looking around for another suitable post overseas. Having applied to what was then called the Department of Technical Co-operation for a particular post in the Pacific, I was invited to their offices in Carlton House Terrace for an interview.

The person who interviewed me was a very senior lady, who like most of the people in the newly-formed and rapidly-evolving Department of Technical Co-operation had previously worked in the Colonial Office. She had been one of the first people I had met on joining the Colonial Education Service, so that the interview proved to be both informal and friendly. It soon became clear that the post for which I had applied was not really suitable from my point of view owing to certain religious aspects, but as it turned out I was nevertheless very pleased that I had applied for it. The interview was over and I was preparing to leave, when my charm-

ing interviewer quite unexpectedly mentioned Nyasaland and the peculiar episode which had made me the first of a number of prohibited immigrants to the Central African Federation.

'I expect you were very surprised when they told you the reason why they wouldn't give you an entry visa,' she said, smiling.

'Nobody ever told me,' I replied. 'I still haven't a clue why they should have done such a thing. From my point of view it was all very awkward and rather worrying.'

'I'm sure it was. It caused a good deal of consternation all round. I'm surprised, however, that nobody has ever given you an explanation. You certainly deserve one!'

'The reason why the Central African Federation government didn't want you in Nyasaland was very simple really,' she continued. 'You had worked for a number of years in Nigerian education up to the time of regional independence, and obviously seemed to agree with such independence. They made it quite clear that they didn't want people like you moving across from West Africa into the Central African Federation as each West African territory became independent. They felt that such a situation might speed things up too much. As a matter of fact, soon after they stopped you from taking up your post they also prevented a nun from going to Nyasaland — for exactly the same reason. She had also worked in Nigerian education for a number of years.'

'Well, I'm glad that I know the reason at long last,' I said. 'As you can imagine, at the time I was pretty annoyed. It's a bit deflating to be described as "a prohibited immigrant".'

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[Raymond Tong worked for eleven years in African education and over twenty years for the British Council. Besides educational books, he is the author of a travel book and four collections of poems.]

# NEWMAN'S MILLENNIUM: THE FIRST HUNDRED YEARS

## by Irene Bell

THERE can, in this centenary year, be few people for whom the due calling of the name of John Henry Cardinal Newman has not scattered echoes and images. His ideas have been so universally canvassed, his books so very widely translated. Indeed, even in his lifetime Germany was issuing forth editions bulging with notes, precise, clear and fuller than any provided in English. And at last July's Oxford International Summer School there were people from the USA, New Zealand and Japan, as well as from mainland Europe. Moreover, some of those attending subsequently went on to visit other places connected with Newman, such as Dublin and the Scottish Borders, where he had spent Christmas 1852 as the guest of James Hope, husband of Sir Walter Scott's grand-daughter. Even at that time of year he complains that he is being plagued by excursionists again, Cooke's (sic), walking past the windows at six o'clock in the morning.

On the whole, Newman was not a person for staying in country houses, even at the end of his life, when he might have relaxed with the privileges accorded to his years.

John Henry Newman's birthplace was in the very heart of the City of London. A plaque on the wall of the present Stock Exchange, in Old Broad Street, records that Cardinal Newman was born, on February 21st, 1801, in one of the private dwellings which in former times occupied the site. His father was firstly a banker, and then went into brewing. His mother was descended from a Huguenot family. Both parents had a taste for music and literature. Religion as practised in the Newman household displayed a certain touch of austerity. The family used the King James version of the bible, a great part of which John Henry is said to have known by heart.

It was as a child, barely five years old, staying on one of his frequent visits to the house of an uncle and aunt at Ham, that John Henry remembered seeing candles set in the windows celebrating the victory of Trafalgar. Other childhood memories were of reading the Scott novels in the early mornings as soon as there was enough daylight. Throughout his busy life Newman kept up with current literature and was always interested in the latest books. A Trollope first edition, protected by a paper cover and obviously treasured, is to be found not in the celebrated oval library at Birmingham, but on a shelf in the Cardinal's own study.

So it was that John Henry grew up to be one of the greatest English prose writers, erudite yet not remote, appealing to a wide readership. He studied the classics, taking great pains over his work, often writing sixteen hours a day at his tall desk. Newman said: 'To write a book for the sake of writing would be to me an impossibility.' In later life he explained that what made him jot down some words was 'the sight of a truth and the

desire to share it with others.'

The future cardinal went up to Trinity College, Oxford, in 1817. He obtained a tutorship at Oriel College, where he remained until 1841. These years brought many friendships.

A journey to Italy in 1832 was the beginning of Newman's contact with the Catholic Church. In the December of that year he sailed with two companions from Falmouth. The sea was presumably rough, and letters home mention a topic still in the headlines today — 'The advantage of the Tunnel was that it might save travellers from seasickness, also prevent an influx of French visitors, while the possible disadvantage would be the ruin of British power.' The journey seems to have been fraught with hazards and delays of almost the same kind as in our own times. He left his friends in Rome and went on to Sicily. More time for thought. Recovering from illness, the young Mr. Newman, already a different man, wrote poems to chronicle the voyage. While the vessel lay becalmed in the Straits of Bonifacio, he composed the lines, 'Lead, Kindly Light.'

This had been his first foreign travel. During previous Oxford vacations he had enjoyed typical Victorian holidays, visiting family and friends. Newman was a keen horseman, and stabled Klepper for use at Oxford. He wrote amusingly of riding from Oxford to Brighton in 1830. He complains that churches were not always open. The trip causes him to make other practical remarks: 'No direction posts, milestones are defaced.' 'The labourers in the fields are deaf.' Then, when he did find people from whom to ask directions, they replied: 'By going straight on,' or 'Take the right way'. Nevertheless, he grew to like the country, 'it helped one to enlarge one's ideas, and one became a travelled man.'

There were also gatherings with family friends, the Gibernes. The ladies were of an age with the three Newman sisters. Maria Giberne was a gifted artist in various mediums, and there are oil-paintings of Newman and his fellow-convert companion, Ambrose St. John, recording the time that they were studying for the priesthood at the Roman College of Propaganda in 1847. Miss Giberne also produced a series of tinted lithographs of St. Francis de Sales for Newman's private oratory, off his study in Birmingham. Over the mantelpiece there is a self-portrait of the artist, who, as Sister Maria Pia, became a Visitation nun for the last twenty years of her life.

Perhaps this friend of the future cardinal is more easily remembered in connection with the celebrated Achilli trial. This came about at the time when Newman and the Oratorians were just getting established in their missionary work in Birmingham, and the project for a Catholic University Foundation in Dublin was also taking up the newly-ordained Newman's energy and thought. The latter, incidentally, failed, but there were certain worthwhile schemes which continued in another manner.

A word about the Achilli trial of 1851. Giacinto Achilli, a one-time Dominican friar, came from Italy and went about England bringing Newman's name into disrepute. Maria Giberne, who had knowledge of Italy and the language, worked to find witnesses to testify to Achilli's character faults. Unfortunately, the case went against Newman — muddled

documents and no assistance from Wiseman. Miss Giberne, however, had done her part nobly, managing to secure witnesses, chaperoning the women and pandering to the men's penchant for cigars, during their stay in Paris. Newman's expenses were £14,000, but sympathy for the wronged defendant brought in generous subscriptions — so generous that a surplus was used to build the University Church in St. Stephen's Green, Dublin.

It was after his 1832 trip to Italy that Newman found that the Oxford which he had known, and also his friends at Oriel, had undergone a change in attitude to the Anglican religion. There was religious revival and the Tractarian Movement had started. Henceforth, most of the *Tracts for the Times* were largely written or edited by Newman, who, as Vicar of St. Mary the Virgin, the University Church, held an influential position. He was, moreover, a convincing preacher, with a pleasant speaking voice, the thoughtful construction of whose sermons attracted large numbers. So large in fact that the time of College dinner was changed to discourage the crowds from attending Sunday evening service.

In 1841 the last of the *Tracts* appeared. This, *Tract XC*, was more revolutionary than any of its predecessors, endeavouring to explain how the Thirty-nine Articles could be reconciled with Catholic Doctrine. It certainly caused a stir, the heads of the colleges of the University and many Bishops criticising the Tractarians and their movement.

It was not without great reflection that John Henry resigned from St. Mary's and preached his farewell sermon at the church he had built at Littlemore, on the outskirts of Oxford, where he and some like-thinking companions now lived a semi-monastic life.

Then, on that wet October night in 1845, the Italian missionary priest, Father Dominic, received Newman into the Catholic Church, and another phase of the scholar-prelate's life began — Rome, ordination, meeting with the Oratorians, social work in the slums of Birmingham, the troubles connected with Dublin. This last necessitated no fewer than fifty-six crossings to Ireland. Newman's *The Idea of a University* still appears in university syllabuses in the twentieth century.

In the 1860s Father Newman designed the unusual oval library for the Birmingham Oratory, which had moved from the disused gin distillery in the centre of the city to the green and pleasant suburb of Edgbaston. In those early days after his conversion to Catholicism and the founding of the Oratorians, Newman could have had no idea that, more than a hundred years later, among the treasured archives in the splendid building would be the many press-cuttings of his own obituaries. The great room is lit from a cupola: a spiral stair leads up to a gallery which gives access to the upper shelves of tiered bookcases. Here are thousands upon thousands of books, mostly theological and historical. Some, in French, were acquired after the Revolution, when religion was abhorred, regardless of authorship. There is Bossuet's book-plate in a book on display. There also is the score of *The Dream of Gerontius*, newly bound in red leather, presented to the library by Novello, the original publisher of Elgar's oratorio. An early stanza in *The Dream* counsels the ailing soul to 'Use well the interval'.

Now, in retrospect, it is clear that throughout his life Newman made the most of his time and opportunities. Exhausted after writing the *Apologia*, feeling close to death, he composed the dramatic poem, writing at speed on scraps of paper. However, the end did not come for another twenty-six years.

The lighter side of Newman is to be found in his semi-autobiographical novel, *Loss and Gain*, written in Rome in 1848. He sees the university after his conversion. He is an exile, for at that time Catholics were excluded from attending universities. He describes the feelings that Charles has when he has to leave Oxford. He walks in Christ Church Meadows, throws his arms round the willows, kisses the trunks, gathering some leaves to carry with him as a memento.

Travelling changed greatly during Cardinal Newman's long lifetime. At first it was the stage-coach, his beloved horse at Oxford, the sailing-ships, the steamships, and diligences for the early journeys to Rome. After his conversion in 1845 he hardly went back to Oxford but writes in the *Apologia* of 'seeing the spires from the railway.' The new train system certainly assisted the missionaries and priests but zeal brought on exhaustion. Father Dominic, who had accepted Newman's abjuration, died at Reading Station, and Father Ignatius Spencer collapsed while calling on Mr. Menteith, near Carstairs Junction.

But the Cardinal's health withstood these exertions and his mind continued clear. His correspondence was vast. Letters on all manner of subjects were written and received. On his eighty-second birthday there was a greeting from the poet-priest Gerard Manley Hopkins, a contact he had made during the time when he was endeavouring to found a Catholic University in Dublin.

In 1863, a troubled period when Newman was constantly in demand and frequently attacked, Charlotte Bowden, the daughter of family friends, sent him a cake, to which kind gesture the busy priest responded with a charming poem of thanks, which ended:

*Here's a rhyming letter, Chat,*
*Gift for gift and tit for tat.*

There are, of course, hundreds of more serious letters to people in every stratum of society. Lady Herbert of Lea (Sidney Herbert's widow, a convert), for instance, had written to him about the non-conversion of one of her sons. The Cardinal replied: 'As medical men say of a patient — leave him alone — give him no physic — let nature act.' Lady Herbert's daughter, Mary, was married to the intense Catholic, Baron von Hügel, who communicated with Newman, also met him, but, strangely, found him to be gloomy. Did the foreign gentleman not understand Newman's English sense of humour?

Perhaps the visual image of Newman with which we are most familiar is that provided by the portrait painted by Millais of the new cardinal on his return from Rome in May 1880. Considering his age, and the fact that he has just experienced a trying journey across Europe, Newman, wearing the trace of a smile, looks remarkably serene, relaxed, interested in his

surroundings, and, attired in splendid scarlet robes, a credit to the Roman tailor. This portrait is in the National Portrait Gallery, and is the one that was used on the catalogue cover of this past spring's excellent Centenary Exhibition.

*Contemporary Review* was one of the periodicals to which Newman contributed. In 1885 it published one of the last of his controversial articles, 'The Development of Religious Error'. A. M. Fairbairn replied. Newman wrote a further dissertation, but decided not to publish. It was privately printed later. At the end of his long life he was too wise to wish to indulge in controversy — yet he wanted Catholics to know that he refuted the damaging charges.

Cardinal Newman remained alert and vital virtually to the end. In his last months he even attended to local matters. Almost a final public action was to intervene in the Cadbury Chocolate Factory dispute. The Quaker employers expected workers to attend daily Bible classes, but the parish priest forbade the Catholics to participate. Hearing about the problem, ignoring cold and snow, the aged cardinal drove to Bourneville to see the Cadbury brothers. As a result, a room was set aside for Catholic prayers.

John Henry Cardinal Newman died on August 11th, 1890. In the September issue of the *Fortnightly Review* W. S. Lilly paid tribute to his memory. There is, he wrote after compiling a selection of the Cardinal's writings, so much still to be gleaned from John Henry Newman's life — 'Too little payment for so great a debt.' And again:

*Those who know only his works,*
*Know the least part of him.*

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An Ecumenical Service of Thanksgiving for the life of Cardinal Newman will be held at St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on Friday, November 23, at 11 am.

# THE LITTLE RED BOOK OF A PRESBYTERIAN DIVINE

## by A. J. McGeoch

ONE day when I was sorting out family heirlooms and oddments I came across a little red book with the title and author's name — John A. Hutton — in gilt lettering. It had once been a familiar object about the house, and its author had been an occasional visitor who fascinated and awed us children by the power of his personality.

Dr. Hutton was the first minister I ever 'sat under'. He came to Belhaven Church in the west end of Glasgow in 1906. The rediscovery of his little red book took me back into the first decade of the century. I must have been only seven or eight when Dr. Hutton's preaching put its spell on me. I became a regular churchgoer. Dr. Hutton often prophesied the doom of society — usually with the aid of Revelations — and with an eye on those fearsome beasts on the ceiling I listened apprehensively to his thundering.

I could see that there *were* many things wrong with the outside world which he attacked so vigorously. I had often seen people in rags and children barefoot even in the snow and wondered why it was allowed when we were living so comfortably.

Besides his zest in prophesying doom Dr. Hutton had other qualities which made him effective in the pulpit. He had a strong sense of humour, and liked to tell stories that made his congregation laugh. There were times when his performance in the pulpit suggested that he had perhaps mistaken his vocation; and that he should have been on the stage. He used voice and gesture in a most expressive way and loved to declaim passages from his favourite authors. I remember, for example, this from Browning:

> How good is a man's life, the mere living, how fit to employ the heart and the soul and the senses forever in joy.

I remember also an occasion when he quoted from a Browning poem which ended:

> . . . a moulted feather, an eagle's feather
> Well, I forget the rest.

so naturally that I thought he really had forgotten the rest. It seemed to me odd but rather sporting of him to admit it.

George Borrow was another favourite author. 'There's always the wind on the heath, brother' never failed to give me a romantic *frisson*. Pater also he loved. He was an admirer and, I think, a personal friend of Sir William Robertson Nicoll, at that time editor of the *British Weekly* — who might I suppose have been considered a branch of the 'Establishment' of the day. There was of course a vogue for Browning, Pater and Borrow among other late Victorians in that first decade of the twentieth century. Dr. Hutton (who was himself writing for the *British Weekly* then) encouraged literary taste in every way and sponsored a flourishing Browning Society. Russian literature was another of his passions — particularly Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. Tolstoy was still alive at that time. Chekhov had died in 1904; his fame had not yet reached this country. I remember Dr.

Hutton saying once that nobody under the age of 21 should read *The Brothers Karamazov*. Only Tolstoy's greatest novels, *War and Peace* and *Anna Karenina*, were at all well known here.

After the Great War the vogue for Russian literature increased enormously and only a few years later Arnold Bennett announced in the *Evening Standard* that the twelve great novels of the world were all Russian. Dr. Hutton lent me Goncharov's famous novel *Oblomov* (famous in Russia, I mean) and I liked it so much that I wrote a little article about it and sent it to the *Glasgow Evening Citizen*. They published it and sent me a postal order for 15/-.

Dr. Hutton had one minor eccentricity which has stayed in my mind — he played an ocarina, a small metal wind instrument about the size and shape of a duck's egg. The disparity between this tiny instrument and its player was inescapable.

The signs and portents and social rumblings came to a head in 1910. The Liberals went to the country in January to stop the obstruction of their social reforms by the Lords. Dr. Hutton was a Liberal and so was my father. There were three Hutton boys at Kelvinside Academy and the sons of a few other Glasgow Liberals. We were a small and much persecuted minority. One member of our little band had a red badge sewn on to the lapel of his jacket so securely that the infuriated Tories failed to hack it off. This put great heart into us. We felt this was a symbol of our cause, whatever that might be, and that it must be right.

Indeed 1910 seemed likely to be the year when Dr. Hutton's prophetic utterances would be justified. The General Election was only the beginning. I heard him say some startling, even (to one of my age) terrifying things in church. For example, 'if all the working-class people in the country were to rise in the middle of the night and march, nothing would stop them'. And: 'The rivers of this country will run blood'. The next sensation was that one day early in May the newspapers announced that the end of the world would be on the following Saturday. It would be hit by the tail of Halley's comet. Then one evening I clearly saw the comet in the western sky with its tail streaming out behind like a rocket. That night, or rather in the early hours of the morning, we heard a newsboy calling out something. We murmured 'this must be it' and went off to sleep.

However, it was the death of King Edward that had brought the newsboys out. The end of the world was forgotten. The nation was plunged into black crepe. The King had been popular and it all seemed to have happened so suddenly. Halley's comet had at all events heralded the death of a monarch.

As the year wore on we could sense all kinds of trouble in the air. Some women called suffragettes were behaving in a most outrageous way. Then in 1911 came war in the Balkans and strikes at home.

At Easter 1911 the little red book with gilt lettering appeared in our house. It was inscribed 'to Mrs. McGeoch with all good wishes from John A. Hutton'. It had a rather magnificent title — *The Soul's Triumphant Way*. It was one of a series called *The Treasury Library* and evidently not

Dr. Hutton's first book: he was also the author of *The Fear of Things, The Authority and Person of Our Lord, Guidance from Robert Browning in matters of faith,* etc.

The brilliance, wit, clarity and eloquence of a man's way of speaking are not always reflected in his prose; but Dr. Hutton's book reads like a straightforward transcription of his spoken thoughts. It is of course sermonising. No doubt he intended it as an extension of his preaching to a wider audience — the word in this context is quite apt, as I have suggested already. He develops the theme that 'happiness and the instinct to give away something are always found together, and unhappiness always has as its sign the wish to keep what you have'.

Then he introduces a forward-looking piece of literary criticism (remembering that he wrote in the first decade of the century). In spite of his admiration for America (often expressed from the pulpit) he writes, 'Americans, who have such an aptitude for taking up ideas and making a business of them have recently in their literature been trading extensively with this one idea, i.e., that in happiness the whole movement of the soul is outward ... beginning with Emerson through Walt Whitman to the ordinary Christian Science writer. They have built up what one might call a kind of spiritual business, an entire phase of literature upon that one idea'. He adds dryly: 'Well, all that is true in their writing is, as usual, not new; and all that is new is not true'. Young as I was then I knew a little about this uplift phase in American literature and I had read about somebody called Elbert Hubbard in a Canadian magazine.

Every now and then throughout this book one comes across an arresting sentence, such as: 'Often our soul is choked with what Dante calls "lazy smoke".' He quotes the 'cloud-capped towers' passage from 'The Tempest' and comments: 'We know all that: when the great poet wrote the words, he knew that everyone who should ever read them or hear them would feel the pathos of them; that something within each of them would stand up and listen, or at the least that the words would cause the sleepers to turn and mutter in their sleep. I say, we all know that we shall die ... once again, we know that if we human beings are bound for anywhere, if life is not merely a senseless unconnected thing like the dancing of so many flies on a summer day for whom the evening brings the chill of death, we all know that if we are bound for anywhere it is for the presence of God.' He goes on to examine the symptoms of loss of faith with patient thoroughness and one remark in particular impressed me as coming very near the bone: 'Take care if you find yourself using "Providence" instead of "God".'

Our family left Glasgow in 1911 to live in Helensburgh. We came back to Glasgow for a few years after the war. Dr. Hutton was still preaching at Bellhaven, but he was a changed man: the war had dealt him two savage blows — his eldest son Donald had been killed in France and his third son Gordon returned from school in the summer of 1918 with diabetes. He died about six months before insulin became available. Both were brilliant scholars at Glasgow University.

Dr. Hutton was still impressive if less exuberant as a preacher. I remember one striking phrase he used to explain the outbreak of the war: 'Europe, like Jeshurun, waxed fat and kicked'. In 1923 he went to London as minister of Westminster Chapel, Buckingham Gate. After only two years of this however Dr. Hutton accepted the editorship of the *British Weekly* and I lost touch with him. He maintained the Robertson Nicoll Liberal tradition and remained editor for more than twenty years. He wrote many more books on devotional and literary themes including one on Francis Thompson. He visited the United States several times and, as *The Times* said, 'laboured for a better understanding between the two countries both of whom he felt required frequent re-introductions to one another, and his faith in Russia never wavered even in the dark days of 1940'.

After the Second World War (or it may have been just before it) when I was living in Hampstead I happened to notice an announcement in a newspaper to the effect that Dr. Hutton would be preaching at St. Andrew's, Frognal, the following Sunday. I decided to hear him as it might be the last opportunity I would have. I went to the church and took a pew in my favourite place — at the back of the gallery. The congregation was pitifully thin. Before the sermon, after surveying us with calm deliberation, he said: 'Plato once gave a lecture to which only one person turned up but' (with a sudden change to a more sanguine tone) 'that one person was Aristotle'. Then he plunged into his sermon.

I don't think he ever preached again, and a few years later, only a few months after his wife, he died at the age of 78.

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[A. J. McGeoch's poems, 'A Boisterous Back End' and 'Enigma for the Day', were published in the *Contemporary Review* in November 1980 (Vol. 237, No. 1378, p.254); his *Collected Poems* were reviewed in August 1987 (Vol. 251, No. 1459, pp.106-7).]

# Literary Supplement

## REVOLUTION — VELVET OR VIOLENT?

*Reflections on the Revolution in Europe.* Ralf Dahrendorf. Chatto Counterblasts. £8.99 paperback.

After the naive triumphalism over the revolutions in Central and Eastern Europe Ralf Dahrendorf's reflections in the tradition of Burke are refreshing, unpretentious and riveting to read. Fukuyama is over simplistic if optimistic in his assumptions. Hayek in his own way erects capitalism into a System and if there is one thing that Dahrendorf rejects it is allegiance to Systems.

One sentence encapsulates what I had been struggling for years to express so succinctly — 'The countries of Eastern Central Europe have not shed their Communist System in order to embrace the Capitalist system (whatever that is); they have shed a closed system in order to create an open society'.

These *Reflections on The Revolution in Europe* are partly a polemic in favour of the open society with its trial and error and differing forms. It is partly a sober analysis of the problems of a United Germany and new nationalisms to the East. While recognising these dangers it is essentially optimistic. It rejects the Third Way or a specifically Social Democratic Central Europe. Indeed there is not great comfort for traditional Western Socialists whose support frequently comes from those employed in the public sector and whose natural constituency has shrunk. However the liberal and social democratic values of Keynes or Beaverbrook are encompassed in the Open Society.

I was disappointed at the failure to analyse how the nomenclatura, the bureaucracy or 'new class' described by Milovan Djilas, came about. This is one debt we owe to Leon Trotsky. However, Bolshevism was fatally flawed by the notion of the Vanguard party, democratic centralism and the one party system. It is ironical that Marxist parties have been most successful in third world countries as the Soviet Union was and produced monsters like Stalin or Pol Pot. The historical determinism of Marxism is discredited but it would be unfair to jettison many useful tools of analysis and understanding that Marx, Engels and even Lenin, Trotsky and Bucharin added to our understanding of Society. Perhaps it is unfair to criticise this omission in a short 'letter' that is looking at the present.

The writer very properly recognises that social democracy is not only alive but enshrined in the very fabric of most European democracies although far less in the US tradition. Personally I am not at all surprised if those who equate the nomenclatura with Western Social democracy espouse 'Thatcherism' before an equilibrium is reached.

There are also dark forces bottled up for seventy years epitomised by Pamyat, the anti-Magyar and Gypsy sentiment in Romania or the bitter national animosities that have surfaced in the Russian Empire. Like Dahrendorf I do not fear a United Germany although for all who remember the Second World War there is a slight apprehension. The idea of a Common European home embracing many more nationalities and democracies must provide checks and balances. In any event, who could fail to share in the elevation of the human spirit as the wall came tumbling down?

In defending the Open Society Dahrendorf is well aware of the strange

attraction to total subordination to a Hitler or Stalin. Today that new opposition to the Open Society in the wake of the European revolutions may lie in Islamic fundamentalism. In one sense this revolution was different in that its final stage came from the top and the West recognises the achievements of Gorbachev in perceiving the failures of the System which he, as its standard bearer, inherited. For this reason the tanks did not roll except back to Moscow and the old fawning crawlers to the Official Soviet Communist Party line were left to face the people they had betrayed.

Ralf Dahrendorf's father fled West rather than be forced into an integration of the German Social Democrats into the Socialist Unity Party. He did so not out of support for untrammelled Capitalism but to live in freedom in an Open Society. Two generations later millions are following that path ideologically. In rejecting a 'middle way' or indeed any System the concept of the Open Society is central to these reflections and the vision of a future Europe.

PAUL ROSE

## PEACE IN THE COLD WAR

*Fighting for Peace.* Caspar Weinberger. Michael Joseph. £18.99.

It is an index of the speed with which Eastern European regimes have collapsed that this account of Caspar Weinberger's work as US Secretary of Defense for the first seven years of Reagan's Presidency reads, at first glance, as out of date. It may be all the more valuable for that. Because he writes unpretentiously but with total command of detail, he gives a vivid picture of the reality of the Cold War as it appeared to the man on duty in the Pentagon. And — if that War is over — the men on duty must still stay vigilant — since who can be sure of the change of heart in the Kremlin, and of the permanence of the new regime there? At the Pentagon, whatever the climate, they must be permanently on guard.

This is a lively personal story, told with a lawyer's skill in scene-setting and analysis, and with a participant's ability to recall. He is chillingly restrained on Al Haig and on Budget Director Stockman, and cool on President Mitterand; frank on Begin and Sharon; and savage on Gaddafi ('a mixture of theatrical posturing and fake mysticism, with a considerable degree of madness thrown in'). He says too little of his own life before Reagan's election to the Presidency, except to record, *staccato* fashion, his Californian origins, his experience in 'boot-camp' as a youngster with a taste for soldiering, his affection for Macaulay's and Churchill's prose, his Harvard education, and his experience as a lawyer aiding Governor Reagan in his California years, when he won the reputation of being a cost-cutter, ('Cap the Knife'). He does not intend his book to be autobiographical: but it would have been a richer study if he had done more than mention jungle-fighting in New Guinea, or being a chocoholic.

For clarity, he tells the story as a series of crises; but history, he emphasises, is not tidy. 'The best way to think of them,' he writes, 'is as a series of overlapping concentric circles, continuously revolving and each requiring constant attention, with a bewildering array of ever-changing events.'

The most vivid illustration of this kaleidoscopic pattern is the terrorist bombing of the US Marines barracks at Beirut Airport — where the Americans were located as peace-makers to separate Syrians and Israelis — two days before the US launched its rescue operation in Grenada. For days on end

Weinberger moved from one situation room to the other, with side trips to brief the President and the Congressional leaders; with another side-trip to be grilled on a 'Meet the Press' TV interview (planned weeks before), and yet others to brief the Press themselves, since — to maintain security — they did not go in, cameras a-ready, with the landing parties on Grenada — and fulminated mightily at their exclusion; and one other, to be called out to talk to an angry British Prime Minister, who was critical of the US mission in Grenada.

This is but one (or is it four?) of his crises. Add: the Lebanon, the Iran-Contra affair, the Falklands . . . and more.

British readers will note one omission: had this man been functioning from Whitehall rather than 'Foggy Bottom', he would have had to report also to the House of Commons, and to be the vulnerable pin-cushion into which the more noisy publicity-hungry demagogues of the British political system throw their darts, and where they have their daily publicity-drugged ego-trips. At least the ultra-realist American was spared that further ordeal by torture. Equally, an American reader might add that today's American system is far removed from that devised two hundred years ago: but the system of 1787, so careful a product of classical reading, and itself a bundle of compromises, did not envisage: Russian communism, whether defunct or reforming, whether dead or just lying down, Moslem fundamentalism, Israeli and Iraqi greed, Caribbean tribalism, and instant communication by telephones, satellites and world-wide television, which can manufacture a crisis for every edition and every news broadcast. 1787, even 1776, was, bluntly, a simpler world; and politicians had time then to be philosophers. In 1990 we can but be grateful that for the last seven years the good fortune and the good judgement of President Reagan ensured that the destinies of the US and its allies were in the competent and cool hands of an ultra-realist, who could take the heat in the kitchen, and stay unhoodwinked by the steam.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## CHARACTER IN THE BRITISH EMPIRE

*Empire and the English Character.* Kathryn Tidrick. I. B. Tauris. 1990. £19.95.
*John Buchan and the Idea of Empire (1875-1940).* Juanita Kruse, 1989. Studies in British History, Vol. 7. Edwin Mellen Press, Lampeter.

Almost a converse image of conceptual and Marxist theories of Empire, the first of these two books emphasises the effect of individual and complex human character on British imperial development. Though much of what we call Victorian outlook is not easily comprehensible to the cynical and differently brainwashed 20th century, it existed and must be accepted at its own value. The rich and powerful streak of evangelical Christianity was never mere hypocrisy; nor was the brilliant idealism of the Round Table of Milner's young men, raw empire building.

Whatever may be the right balance between human activity and the so-called forces of history, it cannot be denied that the British Empire threw up some extraordinary characters, devoted to the point of obsession and even insanity, to the areas they served, from Hugh Clifford of Malaya to Lawrence of Arabia. They are observed here in loving if occasionally muddled detail. There are also some beguiling might-have-beens: if Cecil Rhodes had accepted Gordon's call to go with him to the Sudan . . . if John Buchan had not gone to South Africa, when his mother thought it too far . . .

Juanita Kruse's study reads more like a handbook for a John Buchan Fan Club than an in-depth biography. But it is a brisk and exhaustive survey of his life from Greenmantle to Governor General and fits well into Kathryn Tidrick's galaxy of imperial immortals. Both need the background of Charles Carrington, doyen of the British Overseas in the *Cambridge History*. For all these lives confirm Carrington's conclusion that like Mowgli we live in a jungle; we can only master the law of the jungle and within it conduct our lives with integrity. How far we are free to do so, is partly answered in these two exciting books from the world of Haggard and Conrad.

MOLLY MORTIMER

## MOZART'S LIFE AND MUSIC

*The Mozart Compendium: A Guide to Mozart's Life and Music*, ed. H. C. Robbins Landon. Thames and Hudson Ltd. 452pp. £24.95.

Two dozen specialists have been brought together 'to provide a compendium of information on every significant aspect of Mozart and his music'. The editor, though he has contributed substantially to the research behind it, wrote only a few pages himself, but it accords with his long commitment to making musicology accessible to the general public.

The Compendium justly claims to present a 'thoroughly up-to-date summary of the most authoritative thinking' about Mozart. Indeed it is so up-to-date that at the end of the Select Bibliography there is added an 'Editor's Note: As the book goes to press the authenticity of the letter from Constanza Mozart, referred to on p.137, has been questioned and the letter temporarily withdrawn from the Sotheby sale' on 17 May 1990 — less than four months before the book's date of publication. The Compendium is also comprehensive, encompassing every aspect of Mozart's life and works and what has been said about them, including some curious myths and references to him in literature right up to Peter Shaffer's notorious play *Amadeus*.

Mozart is set in a broad context of the Habsburg Empire and the place of musicians in it. The musical scenes in the countries he visited are described insofar as they affected him. This part of the book is a useful contribution to social history, and in future re-printings it might be helpful to append brief guides to further reading to avoid searching through the Select Bibliography at the end of the book.

Mozart's biography follows the course of his professional career. Instead of narrating it, the Compendium offers an assessment of his personality. The influence of his father is acknowledged, and his wife Constanza is exonerated from the shortcomings often alleged against her. His income, social activities and relations with friends and patrons and other musicians are examined, as is his devotion to free-masonry. He seems to have had little interest in arts other than his own, but he enjoyed the theatre, and the plays he saw probably included some by English dramatists from Shakespeare to the contemporary Sheridan.

In his own day Mozart was famous as a virtuoso on the keyboard and a very good player of the violin, as was to be expected of the son of the most respected exponent of string technique. A few impressions of his style of playing have been preserved and are reported here. Later in the book there is a technical study of performance practices at his time.

A section on the sources of information about Mozart and his music reviews the vast documentation consulted by musicologists — some 16,000

family letters, nearly 400 autograph scores, contemporary manuscript copies, references in diaries, periodicals and official archives, early printed publications, etc. An account of the dissemination of his music follows.

It is the music that matters, of course. A tightly-packed survey of the development of his style prefaces an annotated catalogue of the works. This is valuable for reference and will be kept on the shelves of performers and listeners to music long after the bi-centennary celebrations next year, whose anticipation has no doubt suggested the Compendium. Reference might be easier if the works were taken out of the good general index and put in a separate one.

The volume concludes with a thorough and critical review of studies of Mozart since his death. One of the merits of the review is that it draws attention to a number of books published some years ago but still well worth reading.

All sorts of readers will find something to interest them in the Compendium. For its mass of print it is very reasonably priced and a good investment.

BRUCE PATTISON

## THE WORLD OF OPPORTUNITY

*The Temper of the Times: British Society Since World War II.* Bill Williamson. Basil Blackwell. £30.

The jacket illustration of this book points to its questioning theme. The picture is of one aspect of that symbol of solidarity and triumphalism, the Durham Miners' Gala.

Bill Williamson is Director of Adult and Continuing Education at the University of Durham. With quotations and arguments from a large bibliography, he comments on what has happened in Britain since 1945. After a war a succeeding generation hopes for a better world and struggles with the practical possibilities of achieving one. The ideal is not reached and some sort of balance emerges. Williamson seeks to discover why some people are satisfied with the result of the last forty-five years and some are disappointed. The book is a useful contribution to the picture of post war Britain and an analysis of the situation. It is very readable and challenging. Sometimes unsupported statements may cause one to cry out but in general it is well argued. It was completed before the recent changes in Russia and the collapse of socialism in Eastern Europe.

Historians generally have concerned themselves with leaders and issues. 'They have left private lives, the emotions of the individuals to the novelist.' (Theodore Zeldin). Following Zeldin, Williamson is anxious to discover how people feel about themselves 'without taking it for granted that behaviour is determined principally by the economic situation'. And so, what has gone wrong? It would seem that Utopia is not a possibility and travelling hopefully is the valid thing. Certainly during the war there were hopes for a glorious social future. It was associated with a planned economy and egalitarianism. In his Conclusion the author has a section on 'Hope and Everyday Life' but considers with Habermas that in Britain hope is 'increasingly individualistic, materialistic in intent and short term'. Elsewhere he argues that social and economic reconstruction was thwarted by the Cold War. Certainly the class system survived the war, though greatly changed. There exists a pride in class which is not confined to the upper class. A visit to Durham Cathedral at the time of the Miners' Gala is sufficient evidence of that. The Labour Govern-

ment in 1945 received a mandate to full employment, decent housing and the welfare state. There was to be an attempt to translate the social interdependence of war-time into peace-time. In time there were new factors to complicate the problems of the past — the increase of white collar workers, married women workers, immigrant labour and the emergence of a youth culture. But behind this was the problem of Britain maintaining its position as an economic power. Britain ended the war in debt. In the last decades there has been a confusing picture. Side by side with poor housing, poverty, increased crime and the grimness of inner cities, there have been foreign holidays, more cars, home ownership. Socialism has given way to a reconstructed capitalism. Will this be maintained?

This book raises many questions, some of which are not directly connected with the text. Are we sufficiently committed to the care of those who cannot cope? Does equality of opportunity lead to an elitism which causes social stresses? To what extent does welfare inhibit effort and pride in managing one's own affairs? What is the purpose of education? Such reflections could be spurs to prod us to debate and to continue to travel hopefully and more effectively.

An important printer's error on page 93 must be corrected in future editions — 'the rough family's visits to great sporting events' where 'royal' is intended.

LAURENCE TANNER

## HISTORY AND ASTROLOGY

*History and Astrology*. Edited by Annabella Kitson. Mandala. £8.99.

This book has the sub-title: 'Clio and Urania confer', and the picture on the cover depicts Clio, the muse of history, with Urania, the muse of astronomy at the time when it was one with astrology. It gives a clue to the book's content which aims to make astrology and its history accessible to those who already find pleasure in history and philosophy. It is useful to be clear about the distinction between astronomy and astrology. Whereas astronomy is the science of the heavenly bodies, astrology is the practical application of astronomy to human concerns.

Since 1984 Annabella Kitson has been organising seminars in the history of astrology for the Astrological Lodge of London; and for this book has drawn material from the lectures given by Derek Appleby, Nicholas Campion, Patrick Curry, John Heath-Stubbs, Prudence Jones, Annabella Kitson, Nicholas Kollerstrom, Thomas Pattie and C. B. F. Walker.

For those unacquainted with the complicated traditional grammar of astrology, there are an invaluable analytical index and glossary of terms and concepts. Engravings, horoscopes and explanatory tables are a helpful feature of the text.

Annabella Kitson provides an illuminating Introduction and is a presence throughout. She introduces each contributor and connects the threads running through the book. The period covered is 1800 BC to the eighteenth century. It is only within the last twenty years that historians have begun to acknowledge astrology's part in the shaping of past history which was taken for granted prior to the Renaissance. That birth of mechanistic thinking brought with it the view that astrology was an anachronism to be ignored.

The influence of astrology on events suffered a grave set-back in 1524 when there was a great conjunction of planets which astrologers had interpreted to indicate 'a deluge of biblical proportions'. Unfortunately it was taken literally,

and when no such physical calamity occurred there was an abrupt reaction against astrology which fanned the conventional view, already inclined to be dismissive.

Johannes Kepler was the last great Western astronomer with a belief in astrology; he drew his inspiration from Pythagorean cosmology. In 1610 he warned against ignoring astrology, and in 1624 turned to composing calendars (the forerunner of the almanack) and casting horoscopes. He died in 1630. Later in the century astrology was said to have died out altogether.

However, in England astrology continued to be taken seriously up to the beginning of the nineteenth century. In 1794, the last issue of the *Astrologer's Magazine* appeared, leaving the ground open to popular almanacks such as *Old Moore's* which have led to *Whitaker's Almanack* and the daily stars we know today.

Astrologers deserted London for Lincolnshire, Rutland and Leicestershire. At about this time the burgeoning middle-class were descending on London determined to lose their regional accents, learn social graces and take on airs.

It is only now that the period 1642-1810 is being rediscovered for its importance for astrology and history.

And now I think the accuracy of the 1524 prediction can be understood. That the material has deluged the spiritual cannot be in any doubt, nor can the stirring renascence that is upon us.

For anyone intrigued by or with a vague interest in astrology this unusual book has much to engage him and indeed encourage further discovery.

RODNEY AITCHITEY

## MANHATTAN CASEBOOK

*Fellow Passengers, a Novel in Portraits.* Louis Auchincloss. Constable. £11.95.

If every first novel is, at least in part, autobiography, what of those that come after? And what of novel number 30? Unless the author has had an unusually active and variegated career, the material, you would think, would begin to become threadbare. Not so the text, if the writer is Louis Auchincloss. And yet the autobiographical skeleton is clearly visible.

Auchincloss is more than author; or rather, the author in him is an escape from the trials of a Wall Street lawyer's office, where he works, or where, if his partners are generous, he is locked in, in order to do his writing. Writing is an escape, or a 'form of relaxation, like golf', or one of those 'minor personal ailments' — his words — 'that it was politer not to mention'. He has drawn on his legal experience for some of his earlier novels on New York high society, and has on occasion used a lawyer's office as a background. And so with this, his — by my reckoning — forty-second book.

The teller of the tale, Dan Ruggles, is, as is Auchincloss, a graduate of Yale and the University of Virginia law school. The world he moves in is his familiar beat: Manhattan, Long Island and the North Shore; and his clientèle consists of the rich and the comfortable, most of whom have something to hide, or have a flaw in their character for a writer to unearth. (Though that too presumably is as much reality as fiction, or why would there be lawyers?). His novel is, however, not a single whole but a series of pen portraits of the relatives, friends and acquaintances of Ruggles/Auchincloss; presumably they are portraits of real relatives or friends or acquaintances, suitably disguised and appropriately re-named: unless — and in New York anything is possible — Clover Kip, the beauty, Althea Sartoris, the author, and Adrian Schmuch are

names in the Manhattan telephone directory?

If they are drawn in any degree from reality, an uncongenial crowd they are. Each scene is set over the dinner table, the story told by the oh-so-bright remarks of the highly sophisticated. But the scenes are saved by the growing realisation of the weaknesses, limitations or skeletons-in-the-cupboards of the principals. What we have is chit-chat by and about some comfortable but undistinguished fictional characters, linked together by a shrewd story-teller. He has one *conte* that is accurate and disturbing: of the scholarship-factory at the University of Virginia, transferred for the purpose from the Alderman Library to one of Virginia's stately homes. And if the owner-editor thinks himself back into the mind as well as the world of his nineteenth-century hero, isn't that the purpose of all his research? But for the rest, this is one man's view of one part of the Big Apple. These days, it is not safe to cross Central Park. But nothing of that real and ugly world invades these rich out-dated interiors.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## TALES FROM INDIA

*Indian Dust:* Stories by Rumer Godden and Jon Godden. Macmillan. £12.95.

Rumer and Jon Godden's original and beautifully crafted Indian stories are curiously reminiscent of Kipling: the vivid word painting which thrusts unforgettable scenes at the reader; the intense interest in all manner of men from that varied sub-continent.

More than any treatise, these tales convey a total lack of comprehension between Hindu and Christian cultures, between still compassion and active love at all levels. Here is the irony of the scholar writing his thesis on universal love while round him in the squalid bazaar is reflected man's inhumanity to man. There is the sad humour of the Indian student proudly dining with his western friend. For one brilliant second we see our disgusting diet of rare beef and living oysters through his horrified eyes.

The hopeless gap is epitomised in 'Sister Malone and the Obstinate Man'. She, a passionate Christian dedicated to healing the poor sick of her hospital, faces an obdurate Indian who prefers his amulets. 'You will die,' she says. 'Why should I struggle?' he answers. 'I have God.' How bridge such an abyss?

Jon and Rumer Godden, children of both cultures, show that the wisdom of art may come closer to the heart of the problem than sociology can. But in her Tagore tinged poem on Bengal River, Rumer perhaps shows more Eastern serenity of acceptance than Western courage for change:

> There is no generosity in the sky
> In the abstract tiger land.
> The finality of the pearl,
> The gentleness of the flowers
> Are evenly swept away . . .
> And the little influence of daylight
> Is lost along the plain.

It is a book to keep and ponder on.

MOLLY MORTIMER

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(ISSN/0010/7565)

Contemporary Review

Founded 1866 Incorporating The Fortnightly

December 1990 Vol. 257 No. 1499

# LOST LEADERSHIP: BRITAIN'S THIRTY YEAR FAILURE IN SPACE

by Michael Sheehan and Alasdair McLean

A major report on Europe's future in space, published in 1988, declared that, 'the extent to which nations or groups of nations are able to explore and exploit space will increasingly determine their standing and influence in the world of tomorrow'.[1] For a medium-sized, technologically advanced state such as Britain therefore, a coherent and dynamic space policy would seem to be an important part of government policy. The truth is almost the opposite, and the reason for this lies, as it has done for thirty years, not in a scarcity of resources or skill, but in a failure of political will and national leadership.

Britain's relative backwardness in exploiting space compared with states such as France is particularly significant given the fact that Britain was one of the leading states in developing space technology in the immediate post-war period. British forces captured a number of German rocket scientists and their equipment at the end of World War II, and under an operation code-named 'Backfire', three V-2 missiles were examined and test-fired into the Baltic. This experience was to prove valuable a few years later when Britain began to develop 'Blue Streak', a missile designed to carry nuclear weapons against targets in the Soviet Union.

The Blue Streak programme was begun in 1954 with the Cold War at its height, but in 1960 the programme was abruptly cancelled. The government claimed this decision was because missiles powered by liquid fuel, such as Blue Streak, were already becoming obsolete, and the Soviets had already demonstrated, in 1957 with Sputnik 1, an ability to launch their own missiles which could easily be targeted against Blue Streak's launch sites. One important factor in the government's decision to cancel which was not publicised, was its inability to see any economic justification for the not inconsiderable financial investment involved.

Britain had already spent £70 million developing Blue Streak and rather than see this investment wasted it looked for alternative uses for the missile. The most obvious alternative was its use to place satellites in orbit, but this would require modifying the rocket and making additional stages. Reluctant to embark on such a project alone, given the high development costs involved, the government chose to offer it instead as the first-stage of a 3-stage rocket to be built by a group of West European nations. This

proposal led to the establishment of the European Launcher Development Organisation (ELDO) in 1964.

The decision to 'internationalise' Blue Streak in this way represented a failure of nerve by Britain. Britain was already capable of developing a 3-stage satellite launcher without foreign help — indeed the Royal Aircraft Establishment had proposed such a vehicle called 'Black Prince' in 1960. It was the additional cost of doing so, estimated at a further £70 million in 1963, which deterred the government.

A major factor which weakened Britain's ability to develop a coherent long-term space policy was that there was no single government ministry responsible for developing or implementing such a policy. In fact, by 1963 no less than ten ministries had some responsibility for developing space technology. What Britain needed was a body such as America's NASA or France's CNES which could define the goals of space policy and establish long-term programmes designed to achieve these goals. But neither the establishment of the Minister of Science, nor the National Committee for Space Research in the 1960s was able to fill this gap.

Having played a founding role in the establishment of ELDO in 1964, Britain then spent the next ten years undermining ELDO's ability to succeed. Almost immediately the British obsession with costs became apparent, leading to a series of acrimonious arguments with her ELDO partners which culminated in 1966 in a sharp reduction in Britain's contribution to the organisation. In 1967, there appeared a highly critical report on British space policy by the Commons Estimates Committee which called it a story of wasted opportunities brought about by lack of purpose and the lack of a coherent organisation.[2] The Committee called for the establishment of a national space agency, but it was to be over twenty years before this call would be heeded.

In April 1968, in a statement strangely redolent of later 'Thatcherite' values, the then Minister of Technology, Tony Benn, announced that Britain would no longer contribute to ELDO after 1971 on the grounds that future government funded research programmes would have to be cost-effective and economically justified in the short-term. This unwillingness to invest in space technology for Britain's long-term benefit was occurring despite the fact that British scientists and technicians were continuing to demonstrate an impressive capability in space technology. Having developed the Blue Streak and Black Knight rockets, by 1971 Britain had also produced Black Arrow. This rocket, developed on the tiny budget of £3.5 million per year, successfully placed the British Prospero satellite in orbit in July 1971. Having achieved this feat, the government then cancelled the Black Arrow programme, so the 1971 launch remains the only example of a British rocket placing a British satellite in orbit.

Britain's decision to withdraw from ELDO was in part a reflection of her uneasy 'mid-Atlantic' personality, an ambiguity also noticeable in her relationship with the European Community. Whereas the other European states, notably France, felt Europe should develop its own autonomous space capabilities, Britain argued that most of Europe's needs, such as

satellite launches, could be purchased from the United States. This clear preference for American rather than European collaboration irritated Britain's European partners, who were unconvinced of the value of Britain's 'special relationship' with the US. Moreover, much of Britain's space activity had a military purpose and the key role played by the Ministry of Defence both strengthened the preference for NASA over ELDO and made Britain suspicious of the kind of co-operation with the Soviet space programme which France pursued. Britain thereby cut herself off from a potentially fruitful collaboration.

Although Britain was half-hearted in its commitment to ELDO, it did demonstrate a rather more positive attitude towards ELDO's sister organisation ESRO, the European Space Research Organisation. ESRO was concerned with the scientific *application* of space technology and was a less financially burdensome commitment than ELDO's rocket development programme. Between 1968 and 1972 seven ESRO satellites were launched (on American rockets) and four of these were British.

When ELDO and ESRO merged in 1975 to form the new European Space Agency (ESA), the question was: would Britain's attitude to the new body be more like her view of ELDO or ESRO? In the event, it was something of both, although ELDO-like budgetary scepticism predominated. Britain's financial commitment to ESA was only slightly above the minimum level consistent with continued membership even though ESA consumed almost the entire British Space budget. There was very little left over for 'national' British space projects outside the ESA framework. By 1984 when France was spending £400 million a year on space, much of it on purely French projects, Britain was spending only £80 million, virtually all of it on collaborative ESA programmes.[3] Indeed desire for a separate British programme declined still further after Britain joined ESA. In 1984 Minister of Defence Michael Heseltine declared that since Britain's space efforts were channelled through ESA there was no need for a British Space Agency along the lines of NASA or CNES.

This view prompted the *Financial Times* to comment that he might as well have called for the abolition of his own ministry, on the grounds that Britain was a member of NATO.

It was not until 1985, more than twenty years after the Commons Estimates Committee had advocated the move, that the British government finally announced plans to establish the British National Space Centre (BNSC) to co-ordinate the various projects being undertaken in Britain. The fact that BNSC's first Director-General was Roy Gibson, who had previously been ESA's first Director-General, generated a sense that Britain had finally decided to pursue a coherent space policy backed by an adequate commitment of resources.

Such hopes were dashed within two years. Following BNSC's submission of its 'British National Space Plan' in 1986, the government rejected its proposals for a marked expansion in Britain's space budget to something approaching the French levels. Following this announcement, in August 1987 Roy Gibson resigned from BNSC, declaring that without the funding

increase there was little or nothing for BNSC to co-ordinate. At the ESA Council meeting that same year, Britain became the only country to support none of ESA's major projects, with Britain's representative, Industry Minister Kenneth Clarke, announcing that he was happy for Britain to remain 'a passenger' as even third world countries such as India forged ahead of her.[4]

By 1988 things had gone full circle. The government announced that no money would be made available for 'HOTOL', British Aerospace's revolutionary space-plane, whose development could have returned Britain to the vanguard of space development, with all the long-term financial and technological benefits that would come from such a position. After thirty years Britain was back where she had been with the cancellation of Blue Streak in 1960. As always, Britain possessed the skills and the technology to flourish, but lacked the vision, tenacity and sheer *verve* of the French in this area. As the spectacularly successful ESA/CNES 'Ariane' rocket has shown, space can bring enormous financial, technological and political rewards. But to achieve these rewards requires long-term commitment and an acceptance that it will be many years before the investment pays off. The fact that France has succeeded spectacularly where Britain has been an abject failure demonstrates that, in the final analysis, success or failure in this field is governed by self-belief, a faith in the nation's industry and skills which British governments over thirty years have conspicuously failed to demonstrate.

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[Dr. Michael Sheehan is Director, and Alasdair McLean is Senior Researcher, of the Space Policy Research Unit, University of Aberdeen.]

# THE FALKLANDS WAR AND A VERY SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP: THE HISPANIC WORLD AND THE ANGLO-SAXON WORLD: PART TWO

## by Anthony Gooch

MRS. Thatcher, become warrior-queen, was in her element. On 14th May 1982, at the annual conference of the Scottish Conservative Party, she said: 'When you've spent half your political life dealing with humdrum issues like the environment, it's exciting to have a real crisis on your hands.' She spoke of a struggle between good and evil that constituted a challenge to the West. It is reported that the meeting burst into a wild, stamping ovation which George Younger, the Secretary of State for Scotland, found appalling. It was not the sort of thing one expected from sound, level-headed Scots. And, on the prime minister's part, he perceived a 'demagogic desire to exploit the situation'. 'It reminded me,' he said, 'of the Nuremberg Rally' (Hugo Young, *One of Us*, p.273). Whereat a whole string of epithets, applied at one time and another to '*cette dame rébarbative*' (attributable to more than one Frenchman), comes automatically to mind: 'arrogant', 'overbearing', 'browbeating', 'hectoring', 'high-handed', 'domineering', 'autocratic', 'despotic', 'dictatorial'.

The war situation released her from many irksome constraints, and she revelled in the new freedom of action, in the opportunity to exercise power in a form far closer to the absolute than is normally possible in a democracy. Lord Jenkins gives an acute perception: 'She hadn't liked consulting, she hadn't liked seeking consensus. War releases a leader from many of those disciplines, while, at the same time, requiring very strong leadership... Mrs. Thatcher found that much easier.'

By a quirk of history, the Falklands conflict showed a leader who was proud to be 'British to the backbone' at her closest to the Hispanic mentality — to hell with petty dialectical and pecuniary considerations, the dreary grind of Cabinet and Treasury argument — this was a fight for the honour of the Nation — what was needed was decisive action, guts. Hence the chop for men not men enough like Francis Pym: 'Every time he ventured a word of caution, he exposed his deficiency in the spirit of machismo... his hangdog air and insistence that all options remained open were seen in Downing Street to reek of appeasement'. (Hugo Young, *One of Us*, p.272). The Prime Minister's machismo was never in doubt; she showed herself to be more macho than the machos; she out-caudilloed the caudillos, and brought Galtieri to a South Atlantic Waterloo. The Iron Lady would have got a salute from the Iron Duke.

At times the thinking at No. 10 and that in the Casa Rosada must have been very similar, as Mrs. Thatcher and General Galtieri pondered, she from her angle and he from his, on the politico-military chessboard before them. Mrs. Thatcher, having failed to forestall the conflict (of course the Argentinians would not invade — the dagoes were not up to it), had, in a sense, no choice but to fight. In giving in there was no possible glory, no

possible cause to 'rejoice', only certain political defeat. It had to be all or nothing. So, too, for Galtieri. Having misjudged the adversary (of course the British would not fight; they didn't want to, and they were past it, anyway), he really had no option either — to have backed down in the face of the Task Force would have been political suicide.

As confrontation loomed one member of the War Cabinet is reported to have said: 'There's no precedent. They're half-Spanish and half-Italian. In my judgement, if the Spanish half is uppermost, they'll fight, if the Italian, they won't' (Hugo Young, *One of Us*, p.278). If this reached his ears, the Argentinian leader must have been singularly unamused. Both General Galtieri and Mrs. Thatcher appear to have fallen prey to the intelligence phenomenon known as the 'cognitive dissonance syndrome': all intelligence tends to be read subjectively. Both leaders thus chose to believe what they wanted to believe, and convinced themselves that that was the reality of the situation. The Americans found both the Argentinians and the British difficult: shuttle diplomat Alexander Haig showed 'genuine bafflement that two sensible nations could not sort out their differences'.

On the adroitness with which Mrs. Thatcher turned potential disaster into triumph, Simon Jenkins passes shrewd judgement in words all the more telling for their restraint: 'It was unfair that Mrs. Thatcher, whose cantankerous Cabinet style and financial cheese-paring had so enervated Carrington's reflexes, should get off scot-free. But, then, it was all a wretched, trivial business, dignified in Mrs. Thatcher's case only by the manner of its subsequent correction'. (*The Spectator*, 4th April, 1987.) Not a few commentators were unimpressed by either Mrs. Thatcher or General Galtieri, and one Raymond Briggs wrote a mock-heroic lampoon entitled 'The Tin-pot General and the Old Iron Woman'.

Before the Falklands crisis, Mrs. Thatcher had seen her political stock falling badly. But now, having seized the Argentine bull resolutely by the horns, she saw that stock rocket. Thanks to her, John Bull knocked Johnny Dago for six. On the liberation of Stanley, the Nation felt a glow of pride. Britain was Great once more. The Falklands Factor was born, and Margaret Thatcher, anomalously called by some the 'Tory Evita', rode triumphant.

Mrs. Thatcher showed herself in her actions to be clearly what the Spaniards call *una mujer de armas tomar*, — 'a woman to protect oneself against', 'a formidable woman', a veritable Gloriana Imperatrix. And, inevitably, the words of Elizabeth I at Tilbury come to mind: —

> I know I have the body of a weak and feeble woman, but I have the heart and stomach of a king, and of a king of England too, and think foul scorn that Parma of Spain, or any prince of Europe should dare to invade the borders of my realm; to which, rather than any dishonour shall grow by me, I myself will take up arms.

A formidable woman, then, but not an infallible one: in the House of Commons she spoke about 'Argentinia', and in an interview, she said: 'I have been to Mexico, but never to Latin America', displaying an ignorance suggestive of contempt — the kind of attitude lampooned by *The New Statesman* on the front page of its issue of 9th April, 1982:

The Falklands Expedition!

To all Jolly Tars of Old England
The good frigate Mad Margaret
is now bound for our Dependencies
to rout the Dagoes.

The economic cost, of course, was enormous, but perhaps the strategic value of the islands, astride the route round Cape Horn, might still be of account. Then, again, they constitute a gateway to the Antarctic, with all its untold wealth. And what about the fisheries, and perhaps the oil? It could be that, one day, Britain might not only get her money back, but perhaps see her investment grow and grow and grow, in a South Atlantic bonanza. The Falklands could still prove to be the key to more than one El Dorado.

It is, maybe, slightly incongruous to use Hispanic words like 'bonanza' and 'El Dorado' in this context. But no more so than the use by the Falkland islanders of the word 'camp' (<Sp. *campo*) to refer to the country areas beyond Stanley. However, far more incongruous was the use by a number of journalists and others of the word 'armada' to refer to the British task-force: —

> Britain's Armada sails tomorrow (*The Observer*, 4th April, 1982).
> We are now in for a curious two weeks while the British Armada ploughs its way South (Peter Snow, BBC *Newsnight*, 5th April, 1982).
> This last British Armada is a quixotic but necessary enterprise (Ferdinand Mount, *The Spectator*, 10th April, 1982).

The British, appropriating to themselves in passing the virtues of Don Quixote, also make their own the greatest Spanish fleet in history, and that despite its sorry fate. It is an ironic facet of the Hispanic-Anglo-Saxon relationship that a word originally charged so negatively for the English should come to be used with such positive implications later, to take on, indeed, Churchillian tones: 'The Mosquito Armada as a whole was unsinkable. In the midst of our defeat, glory came to the Island people, united and unconquerable; and the tale of the Dunkirk beaches will shine in whatever records are preserved of our affairs! (*Their Finest Hour*).

As is always the case when hostilities break out between nations there was erroneous information, misinformation, disinformation, late information and, above all, reluctant information, not to mention ambiguity, intentional and unintentional, and all possible degrees of economy with the truth. On the subject of the *Belgrano* affair, for example, precisely who passed what intelligence to whom and at precisely what moment? Precisely what was the situation when the decision to attack was made? Could loss of Argentinian lives on so large a scale not have been avoided? As the fashionable euphemism has it, the story remains to this day 'less than clear', swathed in the fog of war. Mr. Tam Dalyell, Mr. Clive Ponting and others dogged in the pursuit of truth were said to be afflicted with Belgranomania and were damned by the Government as unpatriotic. However, investigations into the sinking of the *Belgrano* 'chronicled a history of public deception which served as a reminder that the prime minister, apparently so open in her operations and so pious in her scorn for duplicity, would collaborate in any misinformation strategy if she judged the situation to

demand it... government and prime minister [were revealed as] determined if possible to justify every particle of their actions, even if this required the persistent misleading of Parliament and the public' (*One of Us*, pp.286-287).

For the British popular press the fog of war was a happy breeding-ground in which to cultivate xenophobia and facile abuse. The tabloids had many field-days on which the 'Argies' and all the fascist-tinged right-wing régimes in Latin America were regularly and more or less crudely lampooned. The 'Eye-tie/Wop/Dago' Galtieri was instructed in one headline 'to stick it up his junta'. There were references to 'Spanish-speaking monkeys in Buenos Aires'. In Argentina reciprocation frequently took such forms as *'los ingleses: piratas sucios'*, these filthy pirates being excellent scapegoats for those responsible for *'la guerra sucia'*. In Spain, the right-wing extremists of Fuerza Nueva wanted, as a show of solidarity with Argentina, to *'echar a los ingleses y a sus monos de Gibraltar'*.

Even *The Times* was so far carried away that, on one occasion, speaking of Argentina, it referred to 'Spanish machismo', and the *Frank's Report*, when it appeared, was seen by *The Guardian* to contain 'a streak of chauvinism': —

> If the unwanted Falklands could not be traded away without fuss, and if no Premier welcomed such a fuss, then they should at least have been adequately defended. Here a streak of chauvinism washes through the report. Had there been a threat to some islands of ours from, say, the Danes, the Japanese or the Germans, then no government in its right mind would have suggested those islands could have been defended by a single ship and a few marines. But this was Johnny Dago with his curious passions and oily food. A hint of cold steel would send him packing: the mere prospect that (on the cheap) teacher might arrive with a big stick. (Editorial of 19th January, 1983).

The editorial in question was entitled 'A Winter's Tale, bereft of Heroes'. Bereft of political heroes, perhaps, but military heroes there certainly were, and not only on the British side. For dagoes, many Argentinian pilots acquitted themselves in exemplary fashion, and in a review of Martin Middlebrook's *The Fight for the Malvinas*, John Keegan tells us that 'numbers of the Argentinian junior officers were patriotic and determined young men. Several acted in a spirit which would have won them decorations for bravery, had they been British subalterns'. ('The Argentinians were courageous too', *The Daily Telegraph*, 26th March, 1989). Referring to the type of chauvinism we have commented upon, M. Claude Cheysson spoke, on one occasion, of *'le mépris habituel de la Grande-Bretagne pour les gouvernements latins'*.

Obviously the war meant embittered relations between Argentina and Great Britain, especially tragic because of the close and largely friendly connexion traditional between the two countries ever since Argentinian independence had been won. Hugh O'Shaughnessy, writing in *The Observer* ('War of a nation that never was'), on 11 April 1982, informed his readers that in the 19th Century 'Argentina became an effective, though unofficial part of the British Empire. Its trade was in British hands, its navy commanded by an Irishman and its railways laid out and run by British engineers'. And thus it was that tens of thousands of 'Anglos' came to

make up the largest British colony outside the Commonwealth. Hence the unofficial Spanish definition of the word 'argentino': *'un italiano que habla español y que se cree inglés'*. Of considerable interest in this connexion are the following words of A. F. J. Hope: —

> ... when Great Britain forcefully occupied the Malvinas in 1833, the population which then inhabited the Islands, rather than being allowed to remain under the 'subjugation', 'domination' or 'exploitation' of the European power, as had been the case with most other colonial experiences, was simply displaced, shipped back to Buenos Aires and no longer allowed to return there. After this step had been accomplished, Britain undertook to transfer and implant its own population on the Islands to carry out the colonial project, which from then onwards was developed without any Argentine participation whatsoever. In this connection, it should be noted that the exclusion of Argentines from the Falkland Islands is in sharp contrast with the climate of complete civic freedom under which a substantial British community has prospered in Argentina. (*Sovereignty and Decolonization of the Malvinas [Falkland] Islands*, p.439.)

When the fighting was over and the islands were secure, the *Canberra* transported prisoners to Puerto Madryn in Welsh Argentina. Robert Fox describes her departure for the voyage back to the Falklands thus: 'The *Canberra* sailed in the dark, all her lights blazing for the first time in the voyage, escorted by the British destroyer of the Argentinian Navy, the *Trinidad*'. (*Eyewitness Falklands*, p.291).

**Spain, the United States and Great Britain; Gibraltar and the Falklands**

After defeat at the hands of the United States in 1898, Spain lived on in a negative, twilight zone of national introspection and international marginalization. She remained neutral in the First World War, and, in general, the Anglo-Saxon world tended to write her off as the home of Don Juan, Carmen and Bernarda Alba, a land of extremes of passion, repression, and retrogression, a European banana republic. For many, the Civil War and the rise of General Franco came as scant surprise. 'El Caudillo', the man and the word, came to represent for a large part of the Anglo-Saxon world all that was hateful in the Hispanic world.

After 1945 the result of Franco's flirtations with Nazi Germany and Fascist Italy was no Marshall aid and diplomatic ostracism. It was, of course, the Spanish people who suffered, and the denial of aid to a country which was in dire straits is something held against the US by many Spaniards to this day.

Change came with the Cold War and the realization by Washington that Franco's unimpeachable anti-communist credentials made him a potential ally of considerable worth. In one of the ironies of history, Franco with his *'cruzada'*, Churchill in his 'Iron Curtain' speech at Fulton, and an increasingly Soviet-obsessed Washington found themselves at one. Indeed, peace demonstrators in the US were seen carrying a placard which startled the beholder with these words — 'Churchill and Franco — two of a kind'. Many were to be more startled still by the sight of General Eisenhower, with a broad smile on his face, giving his 'buddy' General Franco what certainly looked like a genuinely affectionate *'abrazo'*. A notable example of the Prodigal Son Syndrome, this reconciliation was to become a blueprint for US compromise with other right-wing authoritarian régimes in

Latin America and other parts of the world.

The 1953 US-Spanish Accords triggered off large scale US investment, a process destined to play a basic part in bringing about the Spanish 'Economic Miracle'. Not all Spaniards, however, greeted these developments with unqualified delight. Thanks to the dollars, most Spaniards could now have a refrigerator and a *'seiscientos'*, but, also thanks to the dollars, Franco's position was strengthened, the life of the régime prolonged.

Meanwhile, other currencies poured in, especially sterling, and, again, not all Spaniards were overjoyed; there was sadness and resentment at the spectacle of immense stretches of a proud country reduced to the wretched status of *'parque de atracciones de Europa'*. The land of *'sangre y arena'* was becoming the land of 'sol, sand and sex', with English fish and chip signs galore. But there was worse still to come. The Costa del Sol became the *Costa de la Droga*, and, today, throughout its extent, the jails are packed with drug traffickers and drug peddlers. That a goodly proportion of them are British is a most unhappy facet of Anglo-Spanish relations.

At the western end of the Costa del Sol stands a dominating geological excrescence termed by some a 'colonial wart'. This 'Rock of Contention', as George Hills aptly put it, the reason for so many Anglo-Spanish clashes, symbolizes, however, not only a divide, but also a point of similarity — the inferiority complex. For proud Spain, the inferiority complex, born of having been for so long a poor, backward country, after having been one of the greatest, was exacerbated by the British occupation of a piece of her territory; it was a constant reminder of a time of weakness in Spain's history. Today, the continued foreign colonial presence is felt as an anachronistic affront to a nation no longer under the rule of an unacceptable, semi-African, dictatorial régime, but now a fully-fledged democracy with European credentials perhaps better than those of the Colonial Power.

For Britain, likewise with an inferiority complex caused by having slipped from the first rank of powers, Gibraltar means more than many realize. Certainly it must have been some solace to Winston Churchill, who had no stomach for presiding over the liquidation of the Empire, that, despite all, Gibraltar remained. There are phrases in the language that are of deep significance — 'as safe as the Rock of Gibraltar', 'as solid as the Rock of Gibraltar', 'as British as the Rock of Gibraltar'. 'The Rock' — so powerful a symbol is it — 'grand and grey' — that it might almost be said to be felt as more British than the White Cliffs of Dover. Is there not a feeling, half-submerged, but psychologically strong, that even now, as long as Gib continues to be British, there is a chance that the Old Country could, once more, become mighty?

In negotiations with Spain, Britain's diplomats stress and stress again that their hands are tied — the wishes of the Gibraltarians, like those of the Falklanders, are paramount, and, significantly, the latest history, by ex-Governor Sir William Jackson, is entitled *The Rock of the Gibraltarians*. The British position is, however, very far indeed from enjoying general acquiescence. A. F. J. Hope states the issue thus: —

> The principle that 'external' self-determination must not apply for the benefit

> of an 'imported' population is well-illustrated within the practice of the United Nations by the case involving Gibraltar, between Great Britain and Spain. As occurred with the Malvinas, the issue of decolonization of Gibraltar was raised in 1964 before the Special Committee. Here also the Special Committee recommended a 'negotiated solution' which should take account of the 'interests', and not the 'wishes', of the local inhabitants. However, notwithstanding the General Assembly resolution, which had confirmed this recommendation, Great Britain held a referendum in Gibraltar in 1967 which showed clearly that the overwhelming majority of the local inhabitants wanted Gibraltar to remain in association with Great Britain. This referendum was expressly rejected by the United Nations, and both the Special Committee and the General Assembly took the view that, because the colonial population had been transferred from Great Britain in the early eighteenth century in replacement of the early Spanish inhabitants, the wishes of such inhabitants were not controlling. (*Sovereignty and Decolonization of the Malvinas [Falkland] Islands*, p.442.)

At the time of the Falklands War, good old Gib came in handy and did her bit. But such considerations are not really of great account now. Apparently, the only real issue is the Gibraltarians. 'If they were willing, Mons Calpe could be returned to Spain forthwith'. You can tell that to the Spaniards; not, perhaps, to the marines.

Thus it appears, in the matter of Gibraltar, that Spanish honour can only be satisfied at the cost of a severe blow to the British psyche; a British dream can only be sustained at the cost of continued vexation and resentment in Spain.

There is a third inferiority complex to bear in mind — that of the Gibraltarians. Because of their frequently mixed or unclear origins, they tend to present themselves as more British than the British and, despite the fact that many of them have Spanish blood, to be not only wary of the Spaniards, but to affect a certain superiority over them. Few displayed more ardent British patriotism at the time of the Falklands war. It could, just conceivably, have been their turn next.

Spain has, of course, other colonial or imperialist warts on her territory — the bases held by the US as a result of the 1953 treaty. The recent negotiations for renewal of that treaty were lengthy and bordered on the acrimonious because of Spain's insistence on a reduction of the US presence, an insistence which has certainly increased US difficulties in other countries, such as Greece and the Philippines.

The consequences of the Treaty of Utrecht of 1713 and what in Spanish are called *'Los pactos de Madrid'* of 1953 involve a loss of sovereignty which has inevitably caused and continues to cause anti-Anglo-Saxon resentment. Moreover, because she is now democratic, a member of the EC and of NATO, Spain is extremely jealous of her hard-won equality of status within the Western World. She does not intend to be pushed around.

Important also is the fact that Spain has her own two special relationships — with Latin America and with the Arab World. In both these areas she is well known for her independent attitudes, e.g. to Cuba and Nicaragua and to Libya, attitudes frequently not in line with those of Great Britain and frequently not to the liking of the US.

The position of Spain when Galtieri invaded was similar to that of many Latin American countries. Particularly as a young democracy only lately saved from an attempted military coup, she had to condemn the junta's

action. At the same time, she maintained her traditional stance of strong support for Argentina's claim. Also, she was acutely aware of parallels with the question of Gibraltar. *'Malvinas argentinas'* and *'Gibraltar español'* have a very similar ring to the Hispanic ear.

**Repercussions**

Shortly before the end of the war the Italian journalist Oriana Fallaci was able to interview General Galtieri. One of the general's more interesting statements ran as follows: 'The difference between South America and North America is that we South Americans consider ourselves Americans, that is, part of the American continent; the North Americans, on the other hand consider themselves as belonging to another hemisphere, the northern hemisphere'.

Significant, too, is the following:

*Oriana Fallaci*: So you are making new allies.

*Leopoldo Galtieri*: ... Yes, we are looking for wider contacts with the world to which we belong... I have to admit that until very recently we hadn't paid much attention to Latin America... So now we are opening up other horizons...

*Oriana Fallaci*: The Argentines have always been so proud to consider themselves Westerners, Europeans, white. They have always had a superiority complex towards other Latin American countries.

*Leopoldo Galtieri*: ... There is no doubt that we felt very closely bound to North America and Western Europe. But it is precisely for this reason that we now feel so betrayed, so badly let down. It is precisely for this reason that we are changing our foreign policy.

Subsequently, Stanley fell to the British, the junta collapsed and democratic government was restored to Argentina.

For Argentina the basic consequence of the war was discredit and humiliation in the eyes of the world, and, in particular, in the eyes of America, both North and South. In the outcome, it is hard not to feel some sympathy for General Galtieri, on three counts: firstly, he inherited from others the opprobrium attaching to the 'dirty war'; secondly, as we have seen, he made calculations of the British reaction to an invasion which were in no way unreasonable; and, thirdly, he found himself to be no match for Mrs. Thatcher, not least when it came to the crucial tussle for the favours of the Reagan administration, although he should certainly have known full well which special relationship would prove the tougher when the crunch came.

Argentine relations with Spain remained warm; with Britain, naturally, they were frigid, since, with Mrs. Thatcher in power, no hope could be entertained of any accommodation on the key issue of sovereignty. During the war Mrs. Thatcher had been called, in the Argentine press, amongst other things, 'chicken brain' and she had been told to 'go back to knitting' and 'stay in the kitchen'. However, and here we discount the *'Anglos'*, by no means all Argentinians thought along these lines. Shortly after the war had come to an end, a woman in Buenos Aires said to a reporter from the *New Yorker*: 'Thatcher deserves a statue in white marble here on the Plaza de Mayo'. The explanation was simple enough: Mrs. Thatcher 'had broken the hated junta, at whose hands thousands of people, including the woman's son, had disappeared'. (Hugo Young, *One of Us*, p.280).

It is worthy of note that, throughout the Hispanic world, although perhaps most of all in Spain itself, there is, for all the aberrations of machismo, a long tradition of and admiration for women of outstanding mettle: Isabel la Católica, Agustina de Aragón, Eva Perón. For many in that world, Mrs. Thatcher, despite her Englishness or, perhaps, because of it, has earned for herself a place amongst them.

In general, for the other Spanish-American countries, and for Spain and other European nations, Italy especially, the conflict posed complex embarrassment. Neither Argentina in general, nor the junta in particular, enjoyed popularity in the Hispanic world; it was said that the Argentinians were feared for their power and disliked for their airs. Juan-Tomás de Salas, writing on 21 June 1982, in *Cambio 16*, spoke of *'el nacionalismo de pacotilla de los feroces generales bocazas de la Junta Militar argentina'*. On the other hand, while deploring the invasion, many Hispanic countries continued to feel considerable sympathy for Argentine's irredentist claim.

The United States was caught very awkwardly indeed between two stools: the new special relationship with Argentina and the old special relationship with Britain. Not surprisingly, the US Government leaned over backwards in its efforts to mediate. The American press, on the other hand, was inclined, at least initially, to treat the affair with scant seriousness, and, towards the British, certain sectors were positively jocular-dismissive: 'The Empire needs an Umpire'; 'Nostalgia rules the Waves'.

Reagan stalled as long as he could, loth to compromise his position with either side. Rather after the fashion of the political and geographical musical chairs he played with Nicaragua and El Salvador, he spoke vaguely and quaintly of 'that little ice-cold bunch of land down there'. About that time a notable piece of graffiti appeared on one of the walls of the US Embassy in London; it read: 'Yanks, if it wasn't for us English, you'd all be bloody Spaniards'. Eventually, Reagan found it impossible to sit on the fence any longer. Imposing military and economic sanctions on Argentina, he said: 'Britain and Argentina are both our friends, but it was the Argentinians who attacked'. General Vernon Walters was later to comment: 'It goes back to this rather atavistic business of blood and language', thus putting a somewhat different complexion on the matter.

We read in *The Battle for the Falklands*, by Max Hastings and Simon Jenkins, that Galtieri, *'conquistador manqué'*, was shattered, and told visitors, 'I feel great bitterness towards Reagan, who I thought was my friend'. Blood having indeed proved thicker than water, Mrs. Jeanne Kirkpatrick, the US Ambassador to the United Nations, was appalled and foresaw Washington's Latin-American relations wrecked for years to come. However, despite these fears, the consequences of the conflict for the United States appear not to have been great. US support for Britain was generally accepted, by the Hispanic nations as much as by the rest of the world, as natural and more or less inevitable. Far more damage had been done to the United States by its prior friendship with a régime of the ilk of the Galtieri junta.

We turn to Britain, where what we find is an image in general vastly

enhanced. It was a notable example of the truism that nothing succeeds like success. Victory once attained, few indeed were those who cared to recall that, almost certainly, the war could have been forestalled by timely action on the part of the Thatcher Government, that perhaps the Argentine claim to the islands is better than many had realized, that perhaps many, if not all, of those who died in the sinking of the Belgrano did not need to die.

An unpopular military régime with immense advantage of geography and logistics had been bested by a British force which had been mustered with remarkable speed and organized with remarkable efficiency. This force had then traversed some 8,000 miles of ocean and taken on and vanquished an enemy well dug in in strong positions only 400 miles from home. It was, by any standard, a notable achievement. The junta and a large part of the world had thought the British no longer capable of such a feat. Worldwide amazement was to be followed by worldwide admiration. The British Lion, goaded into action by the trident of Britannia Thatcher, had shown that his tail was not for twisting. There was fight in him yet. The morale of the nation had received a tremendous boost.

The paramountcy of the wishes of the Falklanders had been upheld. No one spoke of Diego García. In January 1983, the Franks Report made its appearance. Its final statement reads as follows: '... We conclude that we would not be justified in attaching any criticism or blame to the present Government for the Argentine Junta's decision to commit its act of unprovoked aggression in the invasion of the Falkland Islands on 2 April 1982.' But, says Hugo Young, 'what the Franks Report was really addressing was the imperative of political reality. The fact was that the war had been won and nothing could be allowed to interfere with this great event. Had the war been lost, the same set of facts would have been produced as devastating proof of negligence'. (*One of Us*, p.284.)

On 26 March 1987 the French daily, *Le monde*, published a long article on the Falklands, containing the following passage about the impression left on the inhabitants by the Argentine military, who, it will be remembered, were on their best behaviour: — *'Ce qui a le plus choqué les gens c'est l'attitude incroyablement due et méprisante des officiers argentins à l'égard de leurs propres soldats, des conscrits qui ne demandaient qu'à rentrer chez eux. Les îliens y ont vu le reflet d'une société inquiétante, tellement différente de la leur.'* With this compare the following: 'Relations between prisoners and guards', says Robert Fox in *Eyewitness Falklands*, 'were remarkably cordial, and were helped by the services of the Anglo-Argentinians as interpreters. The prisoners admitted frankly that they liked the respect they were shown as individuals by the British officers, and when they left, little notes were found all over the ship, thanking the paras and guards'.

Has there been any impact on the Gibraltar issue? Not on the face of it. The British Government, anxious to make good relations with democratic Spain better still, officially laments that Joe Bossano is so unaccommodating. But it may be that the Falklands War has given psychological

stiffening to an unspoken resolve to hold on to the Rock indefinitely. At all events, it is to be hoped that the Foreign Secretary will manage not to give the Spaniards any impression of infuriatingly blithe procrastination.

In *The Times* of 3.8.89, Andrew McEwen made an interesting comparison between Spanish strategy on the Gibraltar issue and that of Argentina *vis-à-vis* the Falklands. The 1984 Berne talks between Britain and Argentina broke down because the Argentine Foreign Minister, Dante Caputo, failed to keep to a previously agreed compromise: Argentina would raise the sovereignty issue, Britain would refuse to discuss it, and then the two sides would move on to other matters. McEwen contended that, had Caputo honoured the compromise, the relationship could have been restored in a way that would have protected the interests of both parties.

> If this seems too optimistic a view, [he said] consider the evidence: the terms of the Berne talks were similar to those of the Anglo-Spanish discussions the same year on Gibraltar. These led to the Brussels Agreement of 1984, under which British and Spanish foreign ministers hold a special meeting once a year at which either side can raise any subject. This does not imply a British willingness to give up Gibraltar against the wishes of the Gibraltarians, but it does allow the subject to be discussed.
>
> The agreement has transformed the Anglo-Spanish relationship. In three years the links improved from sullen hostility to warm friendship. 1988 was one of the best for Anglo-Spanish relations for centuries, with both the Queen and Mrs. Thatcher visiting Spain. Gibraltar remains British, but the British have begun to plant a question in the minds of the Gibraltarians. The strong pressure on Joe Bossano, the Chief Minister, to allow Spain to use Gibraltar's airport was a political signal. Sir Geoffrey Howe's decision to scale down the British Garrison was another.
>
> The secret of Spain's success is that it had the political acumen to proceed slowly. Madrid probably calculates that within a generation the Treaty of Utrecht of 1713 will be consigned to history, and that the request to be reincorporated will come from the Gibraltarians themselves.

Perhaps Sr. Carlos Ménem will take a leaf out of the Spaniards' book.

For Spain another consequence may have been a stiffening of her traditional attitude of staunch support for the Argentinian claim. *Vis-à-vis* the US, the war almost certainly reinforced and possibly extended Spanish anti-Americanism and may well have hardened the attitude of the Spanish Government in the negotiations on the bases.

Queen Elizabeth, returning the visit paid to England by don Juan Carlos, was driven through Madrid in a Rolls-Royce that had been bought by Hitler and was subsequently given as a present to Franco. But no-one remarked on this particularly, because the simple fact of the presence of the Queen of England on Spanish soil was infinitely more extraordinary. However, more extraordinary still was to come: *El Escorial!* El País said: *'Isabel II y don Juan Carlos despejaron siglos de desconfianzas hispano-británicas'*, and ABC said: *'La visita a la tumba de Felipe II puso fin a una brecha de cuatro siglos'*. Many historic ghosts had at last been laid.

One, however, persisted. 'We are confident', said the Queen 'that our growing mutual understanding will enable us to deal with the one problem that remains between us.' Writing in the *Daily Telegraph*, on 17th October 1988, Hugh Montgomery-Massingberd proposed a solution: joint sovereignty. 'After all', he said, this would 'only be keeping it in the family'.

On the occasion of the visit of King Juan Carlos and Queen Sofia to Britain in April 1986, *The Daily Telegraph* leader, looking forward to an eventual solution, said 'History made enemies of the two old empires. But modern Spaniards and Britons, as all with direct experience know, are natural friends', in which regard it is, perhaps, not without significance that two of the words given to the world by the Spanish and English languages are '*caballero*' and 'gentleman'.

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# TAKING THE PLUNGE: BRITAIN AND THE EUROPEAN MONETARY SYSTEM

**by Nigel M. Healey**

ON 8 October 1990, the British Government ended months of speculation by finally locking sterling into the Exchange Rate Mechanism (ERM) of the European Monetary System (EMS). The decision was almost universally acclaimed. Overseas confidence in the pound soared on the news. Industry looked forward to a new era of greater exchange rate stability and lower inflation. Housebuyers rejoiced at the cut in interest rates which accompanied sterling's entry into the ERM. And within the European Community (EC), the announcement was taken as a sign of Britain's renewed commitment to closer economic integration.

Nevertheless, there were dissenting voices to be heard. Some commentators feared that events in the Gulf had over-inflated sterling's value in the run-up to entry, so that the Government had joined at a target rate that was inappropriately high. (Because Britain is a net exporter of oil, rising oil prices tend to boost the exchange rate vis-a-vis other oil-importing EC countries.) And almost all economic forecasters agreed that, with inflation so much higher in Britain than in the other ERM countries, October's decision will make life increasingly difficult for companies in the exporting and import-competing sectors of the economy. Other critics claimed that the relaxation of demand management policy which accompanied sterling's entry, namely the cut in interest rates and the increases in public spending, will cause serious economic problems once the so-called 'honeymoon period' is over. This article briefly outlines the operation of the ERM and attempts to make sense of these conflicting claims.

The EMS was established in March 1979, against a background of high world inflation and unprecedented exchange rate volatility. The objective of the participating member countries was 'to create a zone of monetary (i.e. price *and* exchange rate) stability' within the EC by jointly agreeing to fight inflation within a framework of managed exchange rates. During negotiations last year over the three-stage 'Delors Plan' for economic and monetary union (EMU) within the EC (see Healey, 1990), Britain had agreed to join the EMS sometime during stage one, which began on 1 July 1990, but the precise timing of entry had been left to the discretion of the Government.

In retrospect, the choice of 8 October 1990 was unsurprising. Coming in the middle of party conference season, the move allowed the Conservative Party to upstage its Labour rival; and it enabled the Chancellor to attend December's EC conference on EMU as a 'fully paid-up' member of Europe's monetary club. Ironically, however, the reason the Government had used in the past to justify Britain's extended non-membership — the large differential between British and other ERM inflation rates — was more convincing than ever, in a month that saw the gap between British

and the linchpin German rate widen to 7.9%.

In operational terms, the exchange rate pegging arrangement known as the ERM lies at the heart of the EMS. Ten of the twelve EC countries now participate in the ERM, the only remaining exceptions being Greece and Portugal. Membership obliges each country to keep its exchange rate against every other ERM currency within ±2.25% of a declared target rate. Spain (which joined in August 1989) and Britain use wider ±6% bands to ease their transition into the system, but under stage one of the Delors Plan these bands must be narrowed to ±2.25% in due course.

Maintaining exchange rates within such narrow ranges requires both 'open market operations' in the foreign exchange market (i.e. official sales and purchases of currencies) and adjustments in domestic interest rates. For example, suppose that the pound were to fall towards the bottom of its new DM2.78-3.13 target band against the deutschmark. The Bank of England would be obliged to buy sterling, using deutschmarks from its foreign exchange reserves, and, *in extremis*, raise interest rates. In mirror image fashion, the German Bundesbank would have to sell deutschmarks, buying sterling for its foreign exchange reserves, and, if the pressure continued, cut interest rates.

In this way, the ERM forces member countries to pursue similar monetary policies. In the example above, the Bank of England's sales of deutschmark reserves reduce the money supply (because the sterling acquired is removed from circulation in the economy), while the hike in interest rates slows the underlying rate of monetary growth by choking off the demand for bank lending; and vice versa in the case of the Bundesbank's intervention in Germany. (N.B. This pressure to harmonise monetary policies can be temporarily evaded by 'realigning' target rates, although this requires the approval of all ERM members.)

While the ERM promotes day-to-day exchange rate stability and forces national monetary policies into line, the architects of the system envisaged that explicit policy co-ordination would be necessary to ensure that member countries converged on a zero, rather than a pre-EMS average, rate of inflation (the objective of price, as opposed to exchange rate, stability). In practice, however, the lowest-inflation country, Germany, has emerged as the undisputed policy 'leader'. The German Bundesbank has consistently pursued tight monetary policy since 1979, preferring to revalue its target rates rather than relax its monetary stance whenever the deutschmark has appreciated too strongly. With Germany setting this tough anti-inflationary lead, the other ERM countries have been forced to adopt equally tight monetary policies to avoid continual realignments of their currencies against the deutschmark. As a result, inflation across the EC has been gradually driven down to the low German rate without the need for active policy co-operation between member countries. This wholly unplanned feature of the EMS has proved to be one of its strongest attractions and proponents of British membership have long stressed the advantages of being able to 'import' Germany's counter-inflationary record.

In the long term, full membership of the EMS thus promises considerable

benefits for the British economy, as inflation rates (and so interest rates) gradually converge on the much lower rates enjoyed by Germany. But the process of adjustment will be painful. With inflation so much higher than in Germany, sterling's entry into the ERM implies one of three possible outcomes:

(i). inflation could be reduced rapidly to the German level by the use of much tougher demand management policies, notably higher taxes and cuts in government spending, albeit at the cost of higher unemployment; or

(ii). inflation could be reduced at a slower rate, but at the cost of a deterioration in the current account and damage to the manufacturing sector as British producers become increasingly less competitive over time; or

(iii). inflation could be reduced at an even slower rate, with repeated 'realignments' (i.e. devaluations) in sterling's target rates to prevent Britain's trade position worsening.

The Government appears to have ruled out the first possibility for the time being, choosing to ease interest rates in October and increasing planned public spending for 1991-92; tax cuts in the 1991 budget are also being mooted. The Chancellor is clearly concerned that too severe a deflation may prove politically damaging in the run-up to the next election. But if the underlying rate of inflation converges only slowly on the German rate, as seems likely, then Britain's competitive position will be steadily eroded. The result will be an increased current account deficit and a recession which, while less severe than under option (i), will be heavily concentrated in the export and import-competing (or 'trade') sector of the economy. Repeatedly devaluing sterling's target rate would preserve British competitiveness until inflation fell to the German level, but by insulating businesses from overseas competition in this fashion, the fall in inflation would be slower still.

In defending its recent relaxation of demand management policy, ministers have stressed the new role of a stable exchange rate in defusing domestic, cost-push inflationary pressures. In this vein, Mr. Peter Lilley, the Trade and Industry Secretary, recently warned that 'any business which lets its costs rise faster than those of its continental competitors can [no...] longer rely on being baled out by a lower pound'. Since the effects of higher inflation on competitiveness will no longer be neutralised by a depreciating currency, businesses in the trade sector will undoubtedly be badly squeezed. But the likelihood is that, with domestic spending given a boost by the cut in interest rates and fewer than one in six firms competing directly with producers from Britain's ERM partners, the pressure on the corporate sector as a whole to limit price increases will be much weaker than ministers are hoping.

Certainly trade unions show little sign of moderating their pay claims under the vague threat of tougher European competition. The deputy general secretary of the Transport and General Workers accorded news of ERM entry a typically cool reception. 'Our members are not influenced

by technical arguments about the ERM ... we are sticking to inflation-plus settlements. We will continue to defend our members interest in pounds, rather than ecu's or deutschmarks'. To the extent that organised labour successfully resists cuts in real wages, the slowdown in inflation will take even longer.

Under such circumstances, it is pertinent to ask exactly how inflation will be driven down to the German rate. The answer is that, sandwiched between input costs (from the rest of the economy) and wage costs that continue to rise on the one hand, and competitors' prices that are locked by the ERM on the other, the trade sector (dominated by manufacturing) will be squeezed ever harder; only when the slump in manufacturing is deep enough to begin infecting suppliers in other, more sheltered sectors of the economy will the moderating effects of company failures and lengthening jobless queues spread widely enough to curb inflationary pressures. This has been the pattern in other, previously high-inflation countries that have attempted ERM membership, where post-entry recession has been heavily concentrated in the export and import-competing sectors.

The danger is, however, that if demand is not firmly controlled at the same time, the deflationary consequences of a recession initially concentrated in the trade sector will be cancelled out by a recovery in credit-financed spending. In other EC countries, ERM entry was combined with policies to intensify, or at least maintain, the downward pressure on demand. For example, after 1983 when the French began to take the ERM seriously, the Mitterand administration savagely tightened fiscal policy; more recently, Spain has enforced credit controls to restrain the growth of bank lending. The British Government, in contrast, has used the opportunity offered by ERM entry to cut interest rates for clear political reasons. The same need to restore the Conservative Party's poor electoral standing has led the Treasury to accept a sharp increase in public sector spending.

Should the growth in demand reaccelerate, the damage to the manufacturing base will prove to be for naught. For only if gathering recession in the trade sector works to choke off spending will the underlying rate of inflation actually fall. If the housing market recovers and consumption picks up, then ERM membership will do nothing but temporarily channel excess demand into a larger trade deficit, rather than higher prices. Consider the following sequence of events. Suppose that during the first half of 1991, inflation remains high, while consumer borrowing and spending recover strongly. With the exchange rate pegged, the competitiveness of the trade sector will be rapidly eroded, leading to job losses and a widening trade deficit. The only effect of the ERM will be to keep inflation slightly lower than it would have been, had sterling been allowed to depreciate (so raising import prices) in order to maintain Britain's overseas competitiveness.

From summer 1991, rumours of an imminent devaluation in sterling's parity sweep the foreign exchange market, as investors sense the Government's growing concern over the damage being inflicted on the manu-

facturing sector. There follows a series of speculative attacks on the pound, fuelled in part by the Labour Party's lengthening lead in the opinion polls and the Shadow Chancellor's veiled hints that, if Labour wins the election, the new administration will immediately seek a substantial devaluation in the currency. At this point, the Chancellor will face the most difficult choice of his short tenure in No. 11 Downing Street.

One escape route would be to follow the market's lead and devalue the pound, as British Labour governments did under the former Bretton Woods system of pegged exchange rates in 1949 and 1967. Exercising this option would provide temporary relief to the trade sector, but at the cost of translating the excess demand previously manifesting itself as a current account deficit into an inflationary jolt as import prices jumped. It would also leave uncorrected the fundamental problem of excess demand, so making further devaluations unavoidable and rendering ERM membership little more than symbolic. Given the present drive within the EC to forge ahead towards full monetary union, this consideration alone would make such a course of action unacceptable to Britain's ERM partners.

Alternatively, Mr. Major could introduce a deflationary package of interest rate hikes, tax increases and spending cuts calculated to bring the growth of demand back into line with supply and thereby convince the markets that the DM2.95 peg was sustainable in the long term. Such was the choice routinely forced on chancellors of yore during the 'stop-go' years of the Bretton Woods regime, when sterling crises were defused by 'stop' policy which was switched back to 'go' as soon as the threat from the 'gnomes of Zurich' receded.

In practice, the path to German inflation rates is therefore likely to be a combination of a larger trade deficit in the early months of ERM membership, followed by more concerted deflation in due course. The Government will understandably seek to avoid too deep a recession as the next general election approaches, even if it means an increase in the already awful current account deficit. At some point, however, (possibly as soon as summer 1991) the growing pressure on the trade sector will make a speculative run on the pound inevitable and force the Government into an emergency package of deflationary measures. Indeed, the kudos that Mr. Major won at October's Conservative Party conference may cost him his political career. In what might be called the 'leaden scenario', every percentage point that the Labour Party gains in the opinion polls will make the Chancellor's dilemma worse, by adding to the foreign exchange market's fear of an early devaluation and increasing the savagery of the deflationary package needed to keep capital flowing into London. And the tougher the Government-orchestrated deflation, the longer Labour's lead is likely to become.

To conclude, the implications of ERM membership for Britain are relatively clear. In the short term (the 'honeymoon period'), there will be a temporary relaxation in demand management policy, but a severe squeeze on companies vulnerable to overseas competition. In the medium term (the 'long haul'), the recession necessary to curb inflation will be generalised to

the whole economy as the Government is forced to deflate demand more aggressively. And in the long term, Britain can look forward to an era of lower inflation and interest rates and far greater exchange rate stability. These long term benefits are worth striving for, but they will not be achieved costlessly. As the Nobel Prize-winning economist, Milton Friedman, once said, 'there is no such thing as a free lunch'.

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Forthcoming articles in the *Contemporary Review* are *Thailand: the Fifth Asian Tiger* by Keith D. Suter, *The Return of the Canadian Native* by Barry M. Gough and *When Doctors Disagreed: How to Protect Artificial Hip Joints Against Bacteria* by Edward Lowbury.

# ONCE AGAIN GERMANY

## by Leo Muray

RECENT meetings of the various institutions of the Western alliances have shown that events and developments are forcing the now united Germany, still the 'federal Republic of Germany', to fill increasingly the uneasy vacuum created by the decline of the two Superpowers, the Soviet Union and the USA. The USA — and Britain — remain embarrassingly involved in the struggle in the Middle East. State Secretary Baker's painful efforts to persuade West European and Arab Allies to accept and support a NATO type security structure, whether or not Saddam Hussein has been removed, show that the White House has realised that it has entered into a probably indefinite commitment that it will have to give priority for an unforeseeable period.

The Soviet Union is in a complex and unforeseeable process of disintegration, whether or not a loose confederation of 'Sovereign Republics' is eventually installed. This has led to the establishment of discreetly camouflaged, and also more or less open and official, contacts of a number of Western powers with individual Soviet Republics. It is now expected that Baltic and Caucasian Republics will demand representation at the UN and that Byelo-Russia and Ukraine new governments will demand that the Kremlin let them send their own delegates from now on since these Republics have been UN members from the beginning.

Then there is NATO. Its purpose and reason for existence, the defence of the member countries against a Soviet attack, has now evaporated. Only a takeover in Moscow by the Armed Forces can change that and it is extremely unlikely that this will happen. Again if there were, once again, serious troubles in the Balkans, there would from now on be co-operation with the new Soviet Union. The defence installations in central Germany cannot be moved to the new German border because Poland represents no threat. The USA is making diplomatic efforts to get NATO members, Germany in the first place, interested in 'out of area' actions, that is in accepting a military and political role outside the agreed NATO Defence Area in Europe.

It is significant that Britain sent the 7th Brigade, the elite 'Desert Rats' from Germany to the Saudi front. The 'Security Confrontation' between NATO and the Soviet Union has now ended. The most potent signal of this fact is the treaty of friendship the German and Soviet governments have concluded. Its really vital feature is the mutual non-aggression commitment it contains. NATO had earlier this year made such an offer to the Warsaw Pact members. But Germany is the first and only NATO member to make an individual non-aggression commitment to the Soviet Union.

The Germans are now seeing NATO as an instrument of political coordination in Europe with an increasingly restricted military feature. This military feature is now seen as probably the only reliable security structure in Europe by the members of the practically defunct Warsaw Pact. These

countries have begun to orientate their politics towards NATO, worried, for instance, by events in Yugoslavia, according to diplomatic sources. The USA is at the same time working for a new NATO Security Structure that would take account of Third World conflicts like that in the Middle East. At the same time, NATO continues to accept the basic assumption that the Soviet Union remains a world nuclear power. There is now a hardly hidden conflict over the argument that NATO would lose its practical meaning if it failed to come to grips with decisions on these issues.

The decline of the Soviet Union, the USA and NATO has made the united Germany the most sought after partner. 'As the impact of the Persian Gulf conflict is felt, more will be expected from Germany,' Mr. Seitz of the USA State Department told Congress. Unification, he explained, hastened the integration of Europe economically and politically. This was why NATO was 'fundamental to European and USA security', obviously not in the old sense of 41 years ago any longer.

The Bonn-Berlin government, because of the record of two World Wars, does not want to act as an independent power on the international scene. It wants to act only within the European Community, NATO and CSCE, the 34 member Conference on Security and Co-operation in Europe, which is to include Albania too. Bonn wants to prove that 'unification' means giving a new impetus to full European unification, with enlargement into Eastern Europe, including, perhaps hopefully, at least some of the republics of the Soviet Union.

It is now expected that the situation in the Middle East will force the government of the united Germany to seek approval by the newly elected first parliament to change the Constitution and permit German participation in military actions within the framework of the UN and NATO. At present the German view is that it will not engage in diplomatic or military action on its own account and at its own risk. Opinion now insists that the united Germany will not be a sovereign state in the classic sense and seek to prove this by pointing to Germany's readiness to delegate substantial decision making powers to the EC. Some go so far as to say that recent events have shown that the traditional nation-state is unable to deal effectively with the urgent problems of the modern world like industrialised economics, trade and security as well as migration. Within such a framework traditional relations — and balance of power considerations — are to be pursued.

The Germans are, naturally, very conscious of their status as the European super-power. But they want to exercise their power within the framework of the above mentioned institutions, and whenever possible on their behalf. A surprising suggestion, for example, is that Germany, though a super-power, should not become a permanent member of the UN Security Council, but that Britain and France should cease to be permanent members and the European Community should instead become such a member. This would mean that the EC, as a group, could rotate its representation, each member taking its turn. This has already been practised for years

in various regional groups, such as the African, Latin American and Arab. The Germans also favour Japan as a permanent member. If such group membership were accepted it would be years before it was the turn of Britain or France. That this suggestion is seriously proposed shows the inevitably increased self-confidence of the German establishment. And it is not surprising.

But it is also argued that the sometimes inevitable specifically national political and economic decisions should be compatible with the framework of the EC. The Germans expect therefore other EC members, especially Britain and France, to transfer the same range of decision-making powers to the EC, and later, possibly to the CSCE, as Germany is now willing to do.

As Chancellor Kohl has demonstrated at the recent EC meetings Germany is determined to push the EC countries into a more perfected union. One reason is that such a development provides protection against pressure by the USA for more and more 'burden sharing' and by the Soviet Union for more aid above and beyond the vast commitments made by the Chancellor at his friendship treaty meeting with President Gorbachev in the summer. Bonn is very conscious of having to continue to make a good impression and to show sympathy and understanding for the increasing difficulties, for instance, facing the Soviet garrisons in what was once East Germany where the number of deserters is rising. It is now likely that Bonn will be asked for more subsidies for the troops and their dependants there.

There is still the Polish question. The Warsaw government is asking for a treaty on the present borders now while Bonn wants to wait until the spring when the newly elected Parliament will be able properly to ratify such a treaty. The present borders have been formally accepted by the Bonn government but in theory, and this matters, in the original view of the German Supreme Court, a properly elected first united German Parliament must recognize such borders. Bound up with this is the very delicate issue of compensation for property lost in what is now Poland. After the joining of the two Germanies the many hundreds of thousands who lost their houses, land and other property in East Germany are getting compensation payments, all except those whose property was sequestered by the Soviet authorities themselves. The Poles want reparations for the atrocities committed by the German armies. At the same time the millions of Germans who were moved from what is now Poland will feel discriminated against if they do not get what their cousins on the West side of the Oder-Neisse border are promised.

For the Bonn government's status and policy in the West as well as in the East it is essential that the reconstruction in the five Lands of what was once East Germany succeeds visibly. The situation in these Lands remains difficult. Lay-offs in industry continue relentlessly (1.5 million) because enormous investments in new equipment are needed. At the same time agriculture has become redundant measured against the advanced production methods of West Germany. Skilled workers and technicians are

flooding to West Germany. The public has by no means yet absorbed the techniques and life styles of the West. People are not used to the rules and ways of life of the 'Social Market Economy' that has now burst upon them. In the Land elections the majority voted for the ruling Christian Democrats because they expect help from them.

Chancellor Kohl is taking great risks. But he has done this all along and has been successful. The first figures after monetary union on July 1st show that he has underestimated the difficulties in getting the East German economic scenario to afford the spectacle of steady progress towards West German prosperity. Industrial production, for instance, fell by 51% due in a large degree to the obsolete equipment and absence of sales techniques in an alarmingly large number of the thousands of State Enterprises now being dealt with by one Institute. One inevitable result is a continued rise in public borrowing and an increase by 20 billion D-Mark of the estimated expenditure of 180 billion for the revitalising of the East German economy and its successful integration, not only into the united German economy but also into that of the EC.

This has also to be seen against the decision to start the second phase of EMU, European Monetary Union, on 1 January 1994, which is the date Chancellor Kohl wants. He has to produce a revitalised and working economy in the five Lands and in a united Berlin by that time. Otherwise the new EC Central Bank with its blocking of EC currencies would face demands for the part of a united Germany that would distort the whole performance of the new Bank and, in turn, deflect, if not disrupt, all further progress towards genuine monetary and economic union of the EC member countries.

Again, an unsatisfactory result of the Bonn government's efforts to revive East Germany would disastrously affect the efforts of the East Europeans — Hungary, Czechoslovakia and Poland in the first place — to establish at least a semblance of that Social Market Economy which remains the aim of new and struggling regimes elsewhere. If the Germans, with their exceptionally favourable economic and political environment, with the help their leadership of the EC gives them, find it hard to manage, the leaders of these other countries will feel that their chances are being cut all the time and that a return, somehow, to Command Economy and the suppression of political freedom is the only chance of surviving. One also has to assume that the chances of these countries obtaining real investment credits from other EC countries, from the USA, Japan and the well off countries of EFTA, the old European Free Trade Area, like Switzerland and Austria, are likely to depend on Germany.

Chancellor Kohl must also continue to show success in order to ensure that the other members of the EC continue to accept, resignedly and resentfully it seems, a number of exemptions from EC rules, and the special regulations applying to what was once East Germany. One particularly sensitive issue remains the commitment he accepted that East German contracts supplying Soviet industries will be fulfilled. Again, this must be seen against the bitter wrangle with some of the EFTA countries about

the exemptions they demand if they were to line up for eventual membership of the EC. Switzerland and Norway, for instance, do not want to abolish legislation banning the purchase of some properties by foreigners.

The Germans, not surprisingly, remain rather sensitive about the reactions of the public of their Western Allies to their emergence as the most powerful country in Europe. They are becoming suspicious of the keen interest shown in their policy and in their reaction to other countries. Although a number of Western countries, like the USA and France, to name but two, have been revealed as suppliers of arms and industrial equipment to Iraq, Germany has been more visible, embarrassingly so, when it gradually emerged that around 30 of their prominent industrial concerns have supplied Iraq with equipment that enabled Saddam to make his chemical and nuclear weapons. Since President Saddam promised to 'wipe out half of Israel' if he were to conclude that Israel took 'stifling actions' this German involvement proved, behind the scenes, particularly embarrassing although it had nothing to do with official Germany.

There has also been a change in the political climate. The West German public has, for the first time, been confronted with the 'STASI Factor', the fact that the East German Secret Police had employed thousands of temporary agents both in West and East Germany in all walks of life. This has confronted the public as well as the authorities with the problem of what to do with them without creating a class of outcasts and there are the thousands of files kept closely watched. Not dealing with this successfully and for all to see creates uneasiness among Germany's allies although there is no mistrust against the Bonn leadership itself. But there is the silent assumption that the so far undetected STASI agents are now working directly for the KGB and a united Germany may therefore be more vulnerable than West Germany had been.

Chancellor Kohl's efforts to maintain leadership of a progressively integrated Europe with the European Community as its core are being made, as the December General elections have shown, against a background of growing unease. The euphoria of unification has faded out. The struggle for Bonn or Berlin as the actual capital (Berlin is already the formal one) has produced conflicting reactions. The decision is the first important one to be made by the new Parliament. The instinctive response is resistance by the Federalists of Bavaria, Hamburg and Bremen, for example, who want to carry on, distrust the top manager force in the government and prefer to stay in Bonn. They are likely to be joined by Saxony, the Land that is to balance Bavaria, also an ancient kingdom.

There is unease too about the future social structure. As the elections have shown there is a residue of support for an organised but not autocratic welfare state based on Socialist principles. It might be useful to recall that an 'Independent Socialist Party', hostile to Lenin, made a brief appearance in the Twenties. Its ideology could be revived if the social and economic structure of the united Germany comes under too much strain as a result of the developing major crisis in the real East.

# TERRORIST HIJACKINGS AND THE INADEQUACIES OF INTERNATIONAL LAW

## A Case Study of the Kuwait Airways Flight 422 Incident

by Robin E. Hill

*This paper outlines developments made during 1988 in the realms of aviation violence. Dealing first with the failure of international law to suppress politically motivated offences, it proceeds to a discussion of the Kuwait Airways hijacking of April and the incident's implications for international co-operation to counter terrorism. This case illustrates the pressing need for urgent measures to be set in place for the genuine suppression of air crime — measures which must now be found through the adoption of new diplomatic, legal and practical initiatives.*

WITHOUT doubt, 1988 was not a good year for aviation. With air traffic control difficulties, airport congestion and aircraft maintenance troubles, the year set some most unwelcome precedents for the future operation of this vital industry. However, of far greater significance than these comparatively simple questions of safety and convenience was the issue of aviation security and the threats posed to it by international terrorism. The problems to be overcome in handling the risks of hijacking and sabotage alone affect not only policy makers in government but also carriers and airports in the front line of attack and, not least, individual passengers who must now realise that their personal safety has been called into question by the glaring lapses in security which have become so obvious in recent months.

In terms of the phenomena involved, two incidents from 1988 stand out as key examples of aviation terrorism at its most efficient. First, there was the Kuwait Airways Flight 422 hijacking of April.[1] Then, in December the Lockerbie atrocity took place, calling into question some of the world's most advanced and respected security operations.[2] The former incident is dealt with here, although Pan Am Flight 103 illustrates well another face of the crisis presently encountering aviation.

A useful — indeed a necessary — starting point for a discussion of any terrorist hijacking is to be found in the context of the international legal regime which has sought for two decades to counter threats of violence aboard and upon aircraft. Before the 1960s, international law was correctly viewed as containing a significant jurisdictional lacuna in the entire subject of air crime. No unified attitude prevailed on the role, or even the powers, of states' judiciaries to act against offences committed in the airspace of foreign powers and over the high seas.[3] This, however, was clarified, though not resolved in 1963 by the United Nations' Specialized Agency for aviation — the International Civil Aviation Organization (ICAO). In a treaty which became known as the Tokyo Convention[4] and which was broadly accepted by very many states it was determined that at the very least the state of registration of the aircraft in question enjoyed the powers required

to prosecute an offence if it sought to do so.

Only seven years later ICAO convened another conference on the issue because it had become clear that the Tokyo Convention had failed to address the specific and legally divisive subject of international hijacking, which was developing as a serious 'continuing offence', committed between several jurisdictions.[5] This conference resulted in the Hague Convention[6] of 1970 being drafted as a means of regulating the important legal activities involved in extradition and prosecution of suspects on a near universal basis, so as to allow governments to legislate and judiciaries to operate within some broadly internationalised rule system.

The treaty established that the offence of hijacking should be punishable by severe penalties[7] and should be subject to the legal standard expressed in the maxim *aut dedere aut judicare*[8], meaning that an accused person should be subject to prosecution in the state of his or her capture, or else be delivered to a jurisdiction which desired to put the suspect on trial.[9] Furthermore, the Hague Convention set out a range of rules and procedures designed to streamline extradition.[10] It was hoped that as a whole the Convention might, in some sense, suppress the crime of hijacking by means of punitive deterrence.[11]

In the following year, 1971, the 'extradite or prosecute' formula enshrined in the treaty was adopted in another ICAO agreement, called the Montreal Convention,[12] extending the *aut dedere aut judicare* doctrine to acts of sabotage committed against an aircraft in flight. Both Hague and Montreal Conventions proved to be hugely popular agreements, with governments of all political complexions signing and ratifying them in a truly concerted effort to minimise the possibility of offenders finding safe haven as a result of transnational legal incompatibilities. By the late 1980s, the agreements had received almost universal support from governments,[13] thus setting in place a juridictional framework which — on paper — would appear to enable the co-operation required to contain the latent threats from these crimes of hijacking and sabotage. There is, however, a question which is begged by this supposition: Why with three almost universally accepted agreements on crime suppression has aviation terrorism actually evolved and diversified throughout the intervening two decades?

The answer to this question is clear. The phenomena have developed simply because the agreements have proved powerless to restrain their unique development. In the middle of the 1960s, when the theory behind the Hague formula was first being mooted, aviation crime largely consisted in private acts committed for no overtly political motive.[14] Even in the early 1970s the dimensions and effects of terrorism had not been assessed adequately within its new sphere of influence — aviation. Neither the drafters nor the Conventions themselves had been able to deal with the then embryonic threat of political violence, despite attempts to frame treaties of broad application,[15] with the result that the agreements acted only to inhibit offenders who fitted neatly into the character profile tacitly required by the treaties.

This is not to say that the legal regime was without certain benefits.

There is no question that the new climate of co-operation on extradition must have deterred a number of would-be offenders in the early 1970s, although it is impossible to assess the exact effectiveness of the norms concerned because external factors also played a part in the decline of hijacking at that time. States were taking a stronger domestic line against the crime and airport security was advancing in great leaps, so the window of opportunity was beginning to close on the expedient hijacker in any case.[16] Nevertheless, there is little statistical evidence to suggest that any of these measures contributed to variations in the incidence of aviation crime in the decade. Indeed, throughout the 1970s many forms of offence continued unabated by diplomatic efforts to suppress it.[17]

The continuing inadequacy from the point of view of terrorism suppression stemmed from the fundamental premise of the regime, namely its aim of suppressing air crime by resorting to deterrence. A factor which was consistently overlooked by the agreements was the mindset of the archetypal political terrorist. The Conventions signally failed to take into account the offence category of terrorism, which operated against a background of deeply entrenched political and/or theological aims. The regime failed because the static terms which had been locked into the treaties were forced by changing circumstances to take on board a new politically relevant category of offence type. The Conventions were expected — as they are still expected — to deter a new generation of offenders many of whom would not readily be deterred by the prospect of extradition, prosecution or even severe punishment. Throughout the 1970s and into the 1980s political hijackings have taken place which have captured media attention and forced governments into the most difficult of international crises over a wide range of subjects. From Dawson's Field to Entebbe, Mogadishu to Beirut, the issue of political motivation has ensured that the existence and even the operation of treaty law has sufficed neither to deter certain important categories of offenders nor to suppress the offences concerned.

This was exemplified in 1988 during the Kuwait Airways hijacking which took place from 5th to 20th April. The facts were well reported at the time and centred on the sixteen day ordeal of a largely Kuwaiti set of passengers and crew, hijacked during a flight to the Emirate from Bangkok. Spending three nights at Mashhad Airport in Iran then flying to Larnaca in Cyprus for four days of complex negotiations, the Boeing 747 was eventually sent to Algiers where it remained for a further week. During the course of the hijacking skilful negotiating techniques won the release of over half the hostages on board. Eventually, at the conclusion of the hijacking thirty-one passengers and crew were escorted from the jet while their captors made their escape, probably travelling to the Lebanese capital, Beirut, via Libya.[18]

The philosophy and strategy of the hijackers emulated those which had proved successful three years earlier during the TWA hijack incident.[19] In both cases the terrorists espoused an extremist Shi'ite theology and used the language of martyrdom to reinforce their threats. As with the 1985 incident, the hijackers operated in a large team, the precise size of which

was never disclosed but which certainly numbered at least eight persons at the start of the hijacking.[20] Through a calculated process of intimidation, demand and threat they maintained control over the mediators whom they encountered over the radio and occasionally in person at each port of call. On two occasions their warnings were dramatised by murders of Kuwaiti public servants on board,[21] which guaranteed worldwide publicity at the height of the crisis and which forced the already powerless Cypriot negotiators to seek external assistance from the Algerians.

The team almost certainly operated in shifts and appeared to work according to some type of command structure.[22] Within its ranks there were experts in aircraft engineering, piloting skills, crisis psychology and negotiating strategy, acting together as a unit with complete control of their environment, even in the most taxing of conditions.[23] Although their apparent failure to gain any substantive concessions from the Kuwaiti government must be regarded as a defeat for the gang in its foremost aim, there were at least two factors which the hijackers used to great advantage during their two week siege. The first was publicity, often referred to as the life-blood of terrorism. Their warnings were couched in journalistic language, they made their demands very clearly and they produced dramatic images which guaranteed prime-time television coverage, worldwide. Just as had happened with the TWA hijacking, they organised what became known as a 'press conference' to maintain their high media profile when their story looked as though it might slip back to the inside pages.[24] Even the ignominious conclusion of the incident, when the unsuccessful terrorists left the aircraft almost unnoticed,[25] seemed to be timed to minimise adverse publicity in Europe and the Americas, making their command of media techniques all the more impressive.

The second factor which the terrorists used to the benefit of their cause was much more specific, concerning the domestic dimension of the crime in the framework of Iran's internal power struggle. The team's choice of Mashhad as a venue for the hijacking was apparently ideal for their initial purposes, because they must have been aware of the considerable political difficulties which their arrival would cause for the Islamic Republic. As Shia Muslims and natural supporters of the radical Shi'ite terrorist group of the Lebanon and Iraq, the hijackers were assured of large-scale support first from radical clergy in Mashhad, many of whom had been exiled from Kuwait,[26] second, from the militant wing in Teheran, which was seeking new ways of exporting the revolution[27] and third, from extremist public opinion throughout Iran. For these reasons the hijackers would have wanted to play upon the dilemma faced by the ruling pragmatists in finding a solution that would meet with domestic approval.

The principal aim of the incident was, of course, to place pressure on the government of Kuwait, which had been firmly allied with Iraq against the Iranians throughout the course of the Gulf war — then in its final stages.[28] The release of seventeen anti-Iraqi mercenaries imprisoned in Kuwait was demanded very forcefully, but was done from an airport on Iranian territory, making any question of co-operation between the diplo-

matically distant governments very difficult. Moreover, it is highly unlikely that the hijackers viewed the circumstances of their crime as being sufficient to coerce the Kuwaitis into immediate compromise, as the hijackers would have been well aware that the Emirate had suffered many years of terrorist attacks, yet had not given way to any demands identical to those made from the aircraft.[30] It follows, therefore, that there could have been a subsidiary objective behind the team electing to fly to Iran. Perhaps the gang regarded its chances of escape as being favourable when in an ideologically compatible country, which Iran undoubtedly was.[30] This suggestion is also questionable, as there would have been at least reasonably strong diplomatic and propagandist grounds at that time for Iranian determination to capture the offenders on their surrender and to prosecute them.[31] At any rate, the hijackers could not afford to be confident of receiving Iran's blessing for their revolutionary deed.

However, there is considerable circumstancial evidence in favour of the assertion that the hijack team deliberately placed domestic political pressure on the government of Iran. The authorities would have been sufficiently realistic to understand that the hijackers' very cause, of itself, placed it in a delicate position from the outset. Furthermore, the 747 landed at Mashhad within three days of elections to the *Majlis*, the Iranian Parliament, at which extremists were generally viewed as standing to gain seats from the more moderate pragmatists who had been discredited following Iraqi gains in the war.[32] This evidence suggests that the hijackers correctly identified that their incident could be made to exert much strain on the ruling administration and foment a domestic crisis from which it would be hard for the moderates to recover in the three days before the elections.

In terms of crisis management, there was little Iran could do either to foster diplomatic co-operation between itself and the Emirate or to act against the hijackers. The use of force against those responsible would have risked extremist gains in the elections, but also, on a practical level the aircraft itself was so difficult to storm — even by a highly trained intervention team — that any military venture would have had to be discounted from the start as a final option to be attempted only in the most extreme and pressing of circumstances.[33] In addition to the hijack team being large, with evidence from released passengers suggesting that it was reasonably well armed,[34] there was also the presence on board the aircraft of three members of Kuwait's ruling al-Sabah family, whose safety would have to be maintained if Iran were to escape later adverse propaganda from critics and enemies abroad. With Iranian crisis managers unable to resolve this triangular dispute in which the government had been placed against its will[35] and with the hijackers becoming increasingly prone to violent tendencies[36] there was virtually no choice but to refuel the jet and to permit take-off contrary to Kuwaiti demands that Iran continue to talk with the gang and liaise with the Emirate.[37]

In Cyprus, governmental involvement once more proved inadequate to end the stalemate. The island state had been a landing place of last resort for the aircraft, stricken with dangerously low fuel reserves after hours of

circling Beirut Airport waiting for permission to land, which the Syrian-backed authorities wisely refused to grant.[38] Larnaca was accepted as a landing site by the hijackers solely for its proximity to Beirut and not for any particular ability it might have had to resolve the crisis.

This unhappy set of circumstances was reflected in the negotiating stance taken by the Cypriots and their partners in mediation — local Palestine Liberation Organization representatives. During the four days of the airliner's presence on Cypriot territory, negotiators adopted a consistent policy of delaying the terrorists in their demands for fuel and of reassuring them that efforts were on-going to bring about the release of the seventeen convicted prisoners in Kuwait. This tactic soon infuriated the terrorist team and probably contributed towards the two murders being committed, yet the policy was perhaps the most appropriate available to a country of Cyprus's size and diplomatic position, encountering on the one hand violent and unpredictable terrorists armed and equipped for a long siege and on the other a target government which resolutely refused to address the demands facing it.[39] Before long, it had also become clear from released passengers' reports that more terrorists and armaments had somehow appeared after the aircraft had landed at Mashhad,[40] fuelling speculation that the hijackers had received some logistical support from militants within Iran during the 747's visit to Mashhad.

Once again the option of take-off was unavoidable for the Cypriots, because, as with the Iranians, they could not be confident of discouraging the terrorists from turning to violence. On this occasion, however, an important factor in permitting the departure to take place was a suitable airport first being found where a solution acceptable to Kuwait might readily be worked out and implemented.[41] Whereas Iran had simply washed its hands of the 747 and allowed it to fly off with only Beirut as a contemplated landing place for the hijackers, Cyprus first co-operated with outside powers to minimise risks before allowing departure for an appropriate destination. Such a destination had been located in the form of Algeria, the government of which had often acted as a clearing house for similar incidents, including the TWA hijacking three years previously.[42]

Where earlier efforts to negotiate a surrender had failed, Algeria succeeded in winning the confidence of the terrorists, partly because of the nation's revolutionary history coupled with its tradition of mediation and partly on account of Algeria's dogged refusal to sign — and so be bound by — any of the international agreements on judicial action which had been drafted by ICAO. The success of the Algerian policy rested upon an exchange of undertakings with the hijackers and the governments concerned that a peaceful solution would be sought.[43] The terrorists, it seems, were to wait patiently for necessary developments without resorting to violence, while high level bargaining took place to secure the free passage of the hijackers to some state willing to accept them in return for the hostages' freedom.[44] In short, the Algerians did what very few governments would be equipped to do — that is to engineer a face-saving result for both sides where the terrorists gained no substantive concessions and received only

minimal publicity. As with any conciliation tribunal, the Algerian mediators depended upon commanding the trust of both camps, achieved in this case through utilising the desperation which had jointly been mounting, first at Mashhad and then at Larnaca.

In earlier years pragmatic ambivalence over similar political hostage crises[45] correctly left Algeria open to accusations of being a safe haven for terrorists, as Palestinian hijackers could reasonably expect to receive favourable treatment upon arrival in the state. Algeria soon became a pariah internationally for its policy of non co-operation, because its isolationism totally undermined the fabric of the Hague Convention. The argument ran that deterrence and suppression depended utterly upon there being no hiding place for the guilty.[46] That contention is highly persuasive at first sight because it is axiomatic that one hundred per cent adherence to the Hague formula is essential if it is to discourage offenders from flying to a jurisdictional 'weak spot'. Nevertheless, it is fair to note that the agreements were not designed to cope with the form of offence so expertly committed by the gang on board Flight 422. Their determination was awesome, their skills were undoubted and their aircraft was impenetrable.

When legal norms are challenged by such practical opposition, it is hardly surprising that they become little more than embarrassing impediments in finding a solution acceptable to the governments concerned. The rule of law is made to suffer every time a hijacker or murderer goes free, but it is only proper to admit, at least, that the rule of law's effectiveness is strictly constrained by the bounds of political feasibility. That being the case, it is for governments to recognise first, that they must find the true limits of co-operation and second, act within them in drafting norms with aims that are both achievable and worthwhile. The bleak reality of modern international relations dictates that sovereign states must be expected, on occasion, to abandon the moral high-ground for a more comfortable position in what might be termed the amoral low-ground. Whether this weakness is put down to international law or to the governments which frame it, the same conclusion is reached. The real world is not a safe place for academic idealism.

Both American and British governments issued immediate condemnations when they learned that double murderers had been released from the grasp of the Algerians when they might have been prosecuted for their crimes.[47] Yet was this supposed to be a realistic option for the Algerians who had carved out this unrivalled and exceptionally useful diplomatic role? The eventual proof that Algeria's position had, in fact, been vindicated within the international community came in the weeks following the incident when no serious calls were made for the government to be punished after freeing the gang. Instead, states were content to see the issue of sanctions imposition gradually fade from the glare of media attention and eventually lapse into public oblivion. No government was prepared to criticise the Algerians in the long term, because it was almost impossible to deny that they had done what circumstances had forced them to do and had done so most effectively for the common good.

The best case that could be made against the Algerian policy is that it served indirectly to further the cause of global terror by showing how weak the international order truly can be, in turn encouraging further possibly more horrifying incidents in future.[48] This argument cannot, however, overcome the truth which, in fact, underpins it, that the world order is palpably weak and positively open to attack at any time. In the circumstances which exist today, the part played by Algeria is analogous to a safety valve acting to diffuse the build-up of diplomatic pressures and to return the international community to its fragile equilibrium. No-one wants the valve to blow, but almost everyone implicity recognises that it plays an important part in the global machine. The obsolescent and unprotected mechanism of law needs this means of support, because as yet it has not been protected in any other way.

The fact remains that until the world admits to itself that its suppression regime cannot of itself be sufficient to win reform, the crimes will continue. After any outrage of aviation terrorism, the first recommendation to emerge from governments is most likely to be for universal adherence to existing standards. Because of this, the Hague formula has acquired a new and highly damaging purpose. It has become a public relations tool by which states seek to prove their concern and to demonstrate their action in the field of aviation terrorism while remaining entirely apathetic to the changing needs of airlines and passengers. In the 1990s, as in this decade, terrorism suppression will not flow from governments merely showing their outrage or declaring their opposition to the crimes.

In conclusion it should be noted that a great deal waits to be achieved in upgrading judicial capacities from their presently inadequate conventional status. The terms of the Hague and Montreal agreements remain excessively vague and totally unenforced, despite several efforts in the 1970s to tie them to sanctions provisions for the event of breach. Enforcement efforts should continue in order to build upon what has gone before, but a new direction is also needed to supplement the existing standards and, more importantly, to protect the integrity of the aviation industry. The reactive approach of deterrence must be superceded by the pre-emptive techniques of practical security, as the principal weapon in the struggle against aviation terrorism, because only by seeking to prevent attacks can the world be reasonably sure that the risks of terrorism will be reduced. In many ways, the political difficulties entailed in improving airport security globally are more daunting than those surrounding judicial co-operation. The benefits, however, merit investing time and resources for upgrading security. Without such action being taken soon, further terrorist acts can be expected, perhaps copying the Kuwait Airways Flight 422 incident or, worse still, emulating the case of Pan Am Flight 103.

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NOTES

1. This incident took place between 5th and 20th April, 1988.
2. This incident took place on 21st December, 1988.
3. Shubber, 'Aircraft Hijacking under the Hague Convention 1970 — A New Regime?', *International and Comparative Law Quarterly*, Vol. 22 (1973), p.725.

4. *Convention on Offences and Certain Other Acts Committed on Board Aircraft*, 1963, ICAO Document 7695.
5. Joyner, *Aerial Hijacking as an International Crime*, (1974), p.114.
6. *Convention for the Suppression of Unlawful Seizure of Aircraft*, 1970, ICAO Document 8920.
7. *Id.*, Article 2.
8. Translated, 'Either deliver or prosecute'
9. *Convention*, supra note 6, Article 7.
10. *Id.*, Article 8.
11. *Id.*, Title and Preamble.
12. *Convention for the Suppression of Unlawful Acts against the Safety of Civil Aviation*, ICAO Document 8966.
13. Dinstein, *Treating Terrorism as a Crime under International Law*, (1989), (unpublished conference paper).
14. US Department of Transportation, *US and Foreign Registered Aircraft Hijackings*, (1986), pp.7-9.
15. Cheng, 'International Legal Instruments to Safeguard International Air Transport', in International Institute of Air and Space Law, *Aviation Security*, (Conference Proceedings), p.33.
16. Wilkinson, *Terrorism and the Liberal State*, (1986), p.252.
17. *Supra* note 14, pp.19-75.
18. *Sunday Times*, Sunday 24th April 1988, p.A13.
19. This incident took place between 14th and 30th June, 1985.
20. A process of deduction arrives at this figure. With 112 passengers and crew embarking at Bangkok, 102 of whom were released throughout the course of the incident and two of whom were murdered, eight persons on the initial passenger list remain unaccounted for and so are probably identifiable as active members of the original hijack gang.
21. The first victim was an army border guard officer and the second was a fire service clerk.
22. *Sunday Times*, Sunday 17th April 1988, p.A12.
23. *Observer*, Sunday 17th April 1988, p.21.
24. *International Herald Tribune*, Monday 18th April 1988, p.1.
25. *Independent*, Thursday 21st April 1988, p.10.
26. *Observer*, Sunday 10th April 1988, p.21.
27. *Independent*, Wednesday 13th April 1988, p.1.
28. *Guardian*, Wednesday 13th April 1988, p.10.
29. *Id.*
30. *Supra* note 27.
31. *Scotsman*, Tuesday 12th April 1988, p.1.
32. *Independent*, Wednesday 6th April 1988, p.1.
33. *Financial Times*, Wednesday 13th April 1988, p.3.
34. *Guardian*, Wednesday 6th April 1988, p.1.
35. *Supra* note 32.
36. *Guardian*, Saturday 9th April 1988, p.1.
37. *Times*, Wednesday 6th April 1988, p.1.
38. *Independent*, Saturday 9th April 1988, p.1.
39. *Sunday Telegraph*, Sunday 17th April 1988, p.9.
40. *Supra* note 28.
41. *Supra* note 27.
42. *Supra* note 28.
43. *Times*, Wednesday 13th April 1988, p.1.
44. *Guardian*, Thursday 14th April 1988, p.8.
45. *Supra* note 14 at p.10.
46. Note the attitude of the International Air Transport Association, *International Herald Tribune*, Thursday 21st April 1988, p.2.
47. *Id.*
48. *Glasgow Herald*, Thursday 21st April 1988, p.4.

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# DO YOU BELIEVE IN FATHER CHRISTMAS OR IN THE 'NEW' ENVIRONMENTALISTS?

## by Ian Christopher

NEW environmental issues spring daily to life, from the extinction of elephants to aluminium in the water supply. Multi-national corporations take full-page press advertisements to proclaim their greenness; supermarkets extol their environmentally friendly products. *The Green Consumer Guide* even tops the best seller list. Yet with all these activities and good intentions some hard questions will need to be answered.

Many businesses in Britain, such as the Body Shop, which stocks cruelty-free, minimally packaged and natural ingredients based cosmetics, have been riding high on the wave of green consumerism. The Tesco chain, for example, has adopted a green label for its stores. There are such products as Ecover washing up liquid and soap powder which are made from natural raw materials and are not tested on animals. Some multinational corporations have been quick to sponsor wildlife reserves, hand out grants and otherwise boost their green image. Even Heinz and Ford parade themselves as protectors of the countryside.

All this is at one level very encouraging. In terms of a choice between green and ungreen consumerism it is clear which variety anyone who cares about the future should choose. Nevertheless there are crucial limitations to the successes that this approach can achieve itself. It is not that it is wide open to being cynically hijacked by the established interests in business and politics. Rather it is a construction of a better world which requires a collective and political restructuring of our institutions. This in turn depends upon a clear diagnosis of what is wrong with society and what might be put right. There is a tendency to discuss issues such as personal health and education without reference to the continued cutbacks in institutions like the British Welfare State and corresponding moves towards two tier public-private systems closer to the American model.

The central thrust of green consumerism is the rejection at the shopping counter of 'flawed' goods and services in favour of more benign ones. However, in the absence of other changes, this risks merely substituting one type of hazard for another. Many green consumers, for example, advocate natural materials instead of synthetics, yet, at present levels of population and living standard expectations, this amounts to a switch from the resource depletion and pollution of oil production and processing to the hazards of cotton monoculture and large scale sheep grazing. Underlining the current green consumer boom is the idea that, with careful housekeeping, we can somehow have our cake and eat it. Indeed the word 'sustainable' crops up in one report after the other. It is now even being used as an argument for such environmentally and socially inappropriate technologies as nuclear fusion, large scale wind turbines, solar power, 'towers', megadams, food irradiation and recombinant genetic engineering.

Environmental pollution is more than just a question of litter, but corporate sponsorship allows companies responsible for massive waste, poor nutrition and other environmental problems to buy a responsible public image.

The production and retailing of environmentally friendly goods do not make a traditionally owned factory or a high street store any more democratic or responsive. Profits are still repatriated outside the local community while local branches are the first to be closed when the remote headquarter decides to cut back on its activities. Shell have been active supporters of environmental campaigns for many years and they apparently make no pretence that their motivation for doing so is altruistic. In Shell's briefing document they state: 'Shell UK concern for the environment in which it operates is not new. Its interest goes back 50 years to the commissioning of pictures from up and coming young artists for advertisements showing the beauty of Britain's countryside and the launch of the *Shell County Guides*.' The primary objective of all this was strictly business. It succeeded, helping Shell UK to become one of the largest companies, but at the same time was born the company's concern for environmental matters which is reflected in campaigns like the Shell Better Britain campaign.

Shell have been leaders of the trend amongst the major companies towards adding 'green gloss' to their image. The list of activities involved is lengthy but makes strange knowledge of what their products Aldrin and Dieldrin were doing at the same time to wildlife generally and Britain's limited number of predatory mammals and birds. It was one of the manufacturers of the notorious organochlorine pesticides Aldrin and Dieldrin. Aldrin and Dieldrin are persistent for up to twenty-five years in a temperate environment. Aldrin was used for controlling wireworm in seed potatoes, as a control for vine weevil on pot plants and on daffodil bulbs to control narcissus fly. In practice it has also been used as a multi purpose agricultural pesticide, ranging from sheep dip to seed dressing. Dieldrin is also used in wood preservation. Since 1986 Shell have been the sole manufacturers of these two chemicals; Aldrin is still in manufacture but not Dieldrin which ceased production in 1987.

In fact promising initiatives have been stifled by corporate greed, government regulations, land ownership patterns, taxes and subsidies that discriminate against them. Moreover many wasteful and polluting goods are alluringly cheap simply because they do not incorporate the full cost of production, passing them on to the environment at large. Only the exercise of governmental power can remedy this. Similarly, without such protection, green consumerism will provide a golden opportunity for the unscrupulous to cash in. For example, low alcohol lager, which incurs no duty, costs more than the real thing.

It is not surprising that many of our long term problems are caused by the cumulative consequences of all the little decisions we make, so insignificant in themselves but so disastrous in total. The long term price is resource depletion, pollution and environmental degradation.

# THREE GENTLEMEN OF THE PRESS

## by Stephen Schofield

THE first two gentlemen of the press are Canadians, George McCullagh, founder of the Toronto *Globe and Mail*, and Lord Beaverbrook, owner of the *Daily Express* and the *Evening Standard*: both self-made millionaires hard bent for power.[1] Both failed. Gentleman number three is C. P. Scott, editor of *The Manchester Guardian*, he was not hard bent for power; but he achieved it. This article is an attempt to illuminate the methods used by all three.

The first scene opens on the evening of 24 May 1964 at the Dorchester Hotel where Lord Thomson had invited over six hundred guests, mostly Fleet Street notables, to celebrate Lord Beaverbrook's eighty-fifth birthday.[2] There were red-coated Mounties and Indians, specially flown across the Atlantic, songs sung by the Maple Leaf Six, a seven-tier cake and a Canadian Guards' sword to cut it. Beaverbrook arrived in a wheelchair, and as he entered a fanfare was played by trumpeters of the Royal Air Force. He rose from the wheelchair, and, leaning on his son's arm, walked to his place in front of the television cameras. 'Well, my lord,' said the interviewer, 'would you say your journalistic efforts, overall, have been a success or a failure?' 'A failure,' said Beaverbrook, 'almost every policy I espoused failed... I have always been an apprentice in politics and in newspapers, and now it is time to become an apprentice once more. I have not settled in which direction. But somewhere, sometime soon.' There must have been few present who had not opposed him at one time or another, if not often. But when he sat down a standing ovation continued for several minutes; and it was genuine. Two weeks later he died.

How did Beaverbrook operate? What were his methods?

When the Queen Mother first visited Alberta the mayor of Calgary greeted her warmly, 'And how did y'leave the kids?' The two princesses! Of course that tickled her. No one in England talked to her like that. The exuberance of the New World! The *Daily Express* reflected the exuberance of a small-town boy from New Brunswick, in awe of no one and having fun. Other papers were aimed at and read by lowbrow, middlebrow and highbrow groups. The *Daily Express* was not. And its readers consisted roughly of one-third from each group. 'The *Daily Express* was unique in the universality of its readership. Beaverbrook was not confined to the English social system and had the New World view that there was no difference between rich and poor except that the rich had more money.'[3] 'I am not one of Beaverbrook's admirers,' says W. F. Deedes. 'But he brought about a social revolution. He introduced through his newspapers a transatlantic philosophy to our still highly class-conscious and stratified society, and did more to emancipate our society than any of the pre-war political leaders.'[4]

Charm and praise. He did not need to read Dale Carnegie's *How to Win Friends and Influence People*. He performed it. 'How he could

charm!' says James Cameron, a leading journalist.[5] 'Buckets of praise, it seemed,' says Anne Sharpley, '"you are like Harris's meat pies, always good," was my favourite. If I boarded a plane to cover an overseas story, fruit and flowers would appear at the gangway. It was like an intense, if unconsummated love affair.'[6]

When William Davis, city editor of the *Evening Standard*, was offered a substantial rise by the rival *Evening News*, he said he would think about it. At 8.00am the next morning Beaverbrook called: How was he getting on? Fine. How was his family? Fine. Did he like his work? Yes, he loved it Good. Anything else. 'As a matter of fact,' said Davis, 'the *Evening News* has asked me to be its city editor.' 'So I heard. The bastards. How much are they offering?' He told him. 'Right,' said Beaverbrook, 'from today you get that. I take it you won't be leaving?' 'No.' 'I didn't think you would.'[7]

William Davis was once asked to write an article about Roy Thomson. 'He frequently used the *Evening Standard* to snipe at influential people who, for one reason or another, had incurred his displeasure. He had been kind to Roy at first. But when his fellow bought *The Times* and *Sunday Times*, he grew jealous. My instructions were to look into his financial manipulations. I went to see Roy and asked him a lot of searching questions. I discovered that his whole empire was in effect controlled by his grandchildren, who were still at school. Roy proudly gave me their photographs. He volunteered a good deal of other information and the Editor agreed that it was worth a feature article. It was sent to Lord Beaverbrook, who exploded. It was not what he had in mind; it made Thomson look *good*. The article was not published.'[8]

The English aristocratic system allows prime ministers a simple means of gaining press support by ennobling newspaper owners. All lords ennobled for journalism have owned newspapers — except one. He was Francis Williams, a Governor of the BBC, Advisor on Public Relations to the Prime Minister, and Regents' Professor in the University of California. Long before that, when he was a young city editor of the *Daily Herald*, Beaverbrook lured him to his country home and offered him double whatever he was earning if he would join the *Daily Express*. Williams drove home to consult with his wife. 'What are you going to say?' she asked. 'No, of course,' he told her. She nodded and said, 'You wouldn't be able to call your soul your own.'[9]

Lord Blake tells of another visit to Cherkley, Beaverbrook's country home near Leatherhead in Surrey. 'The food and wine were delicious. Beaverbrook had a Dutch chef of genius. After lunch most of the guests either departed or wandered around the garden. I remained on the terrace with Beaverbrook and Brendan Bracken. The subject of the freedom of the press somehow came up, and the two potentates began a sort of cross-talk evidently for my benefit. Beaverbrook declared that it was essential to leave editors with complete freedom and never interfere. "I agree entirely, Max," said Bracken, "I never interfere in the *Financial Times* (which he controlled); the editor must be free to make up his own mind". And so on.

I listened drowsily till there was the sound of the French door being opened, and the butler came out bearing a piece of ticker tape on a silver salver. Cherkley was wired to Fleet Street, rather like a London club. He went up to my host and said, "There's a message, my lord." Beaverbrook looked at it. It was the news that Aneurin Bevan and Harold Wilson had resigned from Attlee's Cabinet. The terrace had at least two telephone lines. Before I could draw breath, Beaverbrook was telephoning instructions on the treatment of this startling development to the Political Correspondent of the *Sunday Express*; and Brendan Bracken was doing the same thing to a man on the *Financial Times*. When they had finished — and it took quite a time — they resumed their discussion of editorial freedom as if nothing had happened.'[10]

'Beaverbrook thought the fortune he had could buy him political power in Fleet Street. He did not find political power, although he often deceived himself that he had,' says Francis Williams, 'Only those politicians he has attacked have prospered: his praise has proved lethal.'[11] 'He finished with a brilliant newspaper empire and a trail of lost causes,' says James Cameron, 'causes for which he had laboured so long and invoked so much talent.'[12]

Lost causes? Yes. But far more important winning causes should be mentioned. Supplanting the immovable Prime Minister Asquith with the fiery Welshman Lloyd George was certainly vital to the winning of World War One. In the political knifing behind the scenes Beaverbrook, a persuasive charmer and master of intrigue, played 'a large hand.'[13] And as Minister of Aircraft Production under Churchill in World War Two, Beaverbrook, 'a terror on the telephone,' was vital to the winning of the Battle of Britain.[14] But here we are concerned with political power through his newspapers; and it was nugatory. He praised, charmed, sniped, slanted, interferred, and by his own admission, flopped.

Beaverbrook had a friend, a much younger man whom the London *Daily Telegraph* called 'the shooting star of Canadian journalism,' George McCullagh of Toronto.

In the tranquil city of London Ontario a Mr. Smith — Adam W. Smith, an able businessman doing well in the liquor business — was living in moderate comfort. He was a man of few words, so quiet he was nicknamed 'Noisey'. Mr. Smith employed a cook, Mrs. McCullagh, whose son George came on Saturday mornings to clean the boots and do other chores.[15] George was popular at school with the boys and girls but he would not work, although his teacher moved him to the front row nearest to her desk and tried to induce him to study: he rarely passed exams and never graduated.[16] At the age of sixteen, after working for the Merchants Bank in London for a short time, he blew up one day, resigned and became a financial reporter on the Toronto *Globe*. Within six years he was assistant financial editor, and was offered the job of manager of a prominent stock-broking business, Milner Ross and Co; and he joined the Stock Exchange.[17]

Then came his key encounter. He met William H. Wright who had made a fortune in gold mines and did not know what to do with it. McCullagh

knew. He induced Mr. Wright to become a public benefactor by means of the press. 'Let me handle it for you, Bill. The whole building will be in your name.' And so it was. With Wright's money he bought and merged the *Globe* and the *Mail and Empire*, and the new *Globe and Mail* was housed in the most magnificent newspaper building in Canada, the William H. Wright building, a few blocks from its arch-rival, the *Toronto Star*. McCullagh was envied for his cordial relationship with Wright whose only apparent interest was in horses, leaving editorial control to McCullagh. He was thirty-one, dark, good looking, always impeccably attired, exuding vigour and confidence. He spat on his paws and tackled his work like a tiger.

With just what political effect, however, if any, is difficult to divine. *The Globe and Mail* was at least somewhat slanted in favour of the Conservative Party and editorial arrows hit the reigning Liberal Government for more than a decade. Hardly a dent appeared. For all his efforts, it seemed that McCullagh might as well have poured water on a duck's tail.

During World War Two he performed a brilliant manoeuvre which had nothing to do with *The Globe and Mail*. He was fired by an idea of enlightening American public opinion. Why not transport to England a number of reporters from various parts of the United States and let them write about the terrible siege? In this vein he wrote to President Roosevelt and was invited to Washington for a fifteen-minute interview, which lengthened to an hour and a half and an invitation to lunch: FDR's warm approval and suggestion that McCullagh first visit London to have Churchill ratify the plan. It was done. McCullagh came to London, obtained Churchill's approval. A score or so of American reporters were brought to England. In November 1944 McCullagh accompanied them on their return trip to New York aboard the *Queen Elizabeth*.[18]

After the war the *Toronto Evening Telegram* came on the market. McCullagh bought it. The next day he told a mass meeting of *Telegram* employees, 'The outstanding thought that brought me into the evening newspaper field was to knock off the (Liberal) *Star*. I'm going to knock that rag right off its pedestal.'[19] As his right-hand man on the *Telegram* McCullagh appointed John Bassett Jr., the son of John Bassett who had emigrated from Ireland with five dollars in his pocket and had become an esteemed president of the Montreal *Gazette*. Both Bassetts, McCullagh and Beaverbrook, were warm friends.

For the 1949 general election — the last McCullagh would see — he braced the two papers with all the energy he could muster. He spent more than a million dollars on promotion. The *Telegram* allowed five times more space to the Conservatives than to the Liberals; and *Telegram* reporters were instructed to slant news reports.

At the time I happened to be editing a small paper in Massachusetts, and during the Truman-Dewey presidential campaign I read the *Boston Traveller*. Again and again there was a picture and a column or so about Truman, on one side of page one, and a picture and a column or so about Dewey on the other side of page one. I wrote to John Bassett — we had

grown up together in Montreal — and told him about this and asked why the *Telegram* had slanted so sharply? He replied that the matter 'had been thoroughly discussed before the campaign began,' and because they knew the opposing *Star* would be doing the same thing, they decided to retaliate similarly. 'You can't play party politics,' he wrote to me, 'by the Marquis of Queensbury rules.' Well, if the *Telegram*'s slanting had any effect, it was adverse. Coast-to-coast and especially in Ontario, the Conservatives were humiliatingly diminished; and the Liberals returned with an almost unheard of majority of one hundred and fifty-two seats.[20]

The next day the *Globe and Mail* said nothing about the election. Of course other newspapers commented on it. Not a word in the *Globe and Mail*. Its long, leading editorial was about Soviet Russia. 'Stick in anything, dammit! Anything at all!' Poor George McCullagh! The effort of his life!

I felt so sorry for him I wrote him a letter of sympathy, quoting Thomas Wolfe:

> Child, child, have patience and belief, for life is many days, and each present hour will pass away. You have been mad and drunken, furious and wild, filled with hatred and despair, and all the dark confusions — but so have we. You have found the earth too great for you. You found your brain and sinew smaller than the hunger and desire that fed on them. You have stumbled on in darkness, you have been pulled in opposite directions, faltered, missed the way — but, child, this is the chronicle of the earth. And now, we who have stormed the ramparts and been hurled back, hungered after fame and savoured all of life, the tumult, pain and frenzy, and now sit quietly by our windows watching all that henceforth never more shall touch us — we call upon you to take heart, for we can swear to you that these things pass.[21]

McCullagh replied briefly, thanking me and mentioning the aptness of the quotation. He died a few years later, in 1952, at the age of forty-seven. 'A leader of Canadian opinion,' said the London *Times*.[22] There is, alas, little evidence of that.

While George McCullagh was founding *The Globe and Mail* in Toronto, an old Englishman was wont to push his bicycle up a long hill on his way home each morning — C. P. Scott of the *Manchester Guardian*.

The odd thing about him was that he had no nose for news and no eye or interest in what might prove popular. What fired him were ideas. The first was the contest for Home Rule in Ireland. It stirred the emotions of the whole British people. None more than Scott. He proclaimed vehemently in favour of Home Rule. He was then thirty-two, and he never stopped. During his tenure of fifty-seven years as editor the *Manchester Guardian* gradually became accepted not only in Britain but in every part of the civilised world as the supreme expression of the liberal spirit, and a political power which the huge London dailies 'never remotely attained and would have given almost anything to possess.'[23]

How did he do it? What were his methods?

Plain English. His writing was without wit or polished phrase; and he insisted that everything in the *Guardian* should be understandable to ordinary men and women.[24] He never became shrill, his tone was quiet.

Although liberal and allied to the Liberal party, at times he emphatically opposed the Liberal party on major and minor issues. He would never slant as did *The Times* and the *Daily Express*. Again and again during the

thirties *The Times* emasculated reports from the House of Commons and from Berlin.[25] The *Express* ran a banner heading on page one: There Will Be No War This Year or Next Year Either. For Scott such distortion was unthinkable. 'Comment is free,' he said, 'but facts are sacred.'[26]

An able staff. Malcolm Muggeridge was one. Did he offer them fame? No. High wages? No. In a profession where egomania is an occupational disease, Scott was strong for anonymity. But he gave reporters a free hand. No slanting. And they were proud to work for the *Guardian* and often became known anyway, at least among those whose opinion mattered. He paid only moderate wages and allowed himself, the owner of the paper, on a moderate wage, not even a motor car.[27]

About half-past two one morning he was pushing his bicycle up a hill on the outskirts of Manchester, quite slowly now in his early seventies. Suddenly a policeman appeared.

'And where are you going at this hour of the night?'
'I'm going home.'
'And what have you been doing?'
'Working!'
'Working! Where?'
He told him.

'*The Guardian*! They ought to be ashamed of themselves, working an old chap like you!'[28]

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6. Ibid, p.219.
7. William Davis, ibid, p.228.
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11. *The Right to Know*, p.95 and *Dangerous Estate*, p.186.
12. James Cameron, *The Beaverbrook I Knew*, p.114.
13. *The Right to Know: The Rise of the World Press*, (1969). Francis Williams, p96. See also: *English History 1914-45*, A. J. P. Taylor, (1965), p.67.
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15. Mrs. William Cronyn of London, to the writer 1970.
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20. *Canada Votes*, from Louis Brillant, Library of Parliament, Ottawa, 17 October 1989.
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22. 7 August 1952.
23. *Dangerous Estate: the Anatomy of Newspapers* by Francis Williams, (1957), p.143.
24. Ibid, p.146.
25. 'He (Geoffrey Dawson, the editor) turned *The Times* into a propaganda sheet and did not hesitate to suppress or to pervert, the reports of his own correspondents.' *English History 1914-45* by A. J. P. Taylor, (1965), p.418. 'Geoffrey Dawson wrote self-approvingly to a friend, "I do my utmost, night after night, to keep out anything that might hurt their (the German Government's) susceptibilities," and drove his Berlin reporter to despair by so emasculating his truthful despatches as to destroy their purpose in reporting the extent of Nazi atrocities and ambitions.' *Dangerous Estate*, p.234.
26. Ibid, p.144.
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# MONET IN LONDON

## by Muriel Julius

THE vast throngs visiting the Monet Exhibition at the Royal Academy will very soon become familiar with the shape of French haystacks, the West façade of Rouen Cathedral and the gardens at Giverney. They may not even notice four paintings of London. Yet Monet completed over one hundred paintings of London — and they too were series paintings. They were almost exclusively of three subjects: Charing Cross Bridge, Waterloo Bridge and the Houses of Parliament. Looking at them now one feels a surge of nostalgia. Here is an altogether calmer, cleaner London, where five mile traffic jams and holes in the ozone layer were unknown.

These paintings are not intellectual. Monet had little to add of art historical significance but everything to do with sensual visual pleasure. These views are not realistic: they are exercises in a highly perfected technique which expresses the instability of light so that it appears to vibrate.

So how is it, one wonders, that a modest museum in far-off Atlanta, Georgia could upstage our own great capital city and exhibit twenty-three of Monet's paintings of London in 1988/9? A superficial survey reveals that at least nineteen American Museums and at least five University Art Collections own one or more of Monet's London paintings. The National Gallery in Washington has at least four. The National Gallery in London owns but one.

The story of Monet's London experience is one of rags to riches. He came first in 1870, desperately poor, to escape military service in the Franco-Prussian war and the Siege of Paris. It was a miserable episode, and for the next twenty years his work was ridiculed and rejected. When he returned in 1899 he was fifty-nine years old, successful and sought after. This time he occupied a suite at the handsome, new Savoy Hotel, renowned then as now for its excellent restaurant. Monet ate there often. Luncheon was five shillings (25 pence): dinner was seven shillings and sixpence.

His rooms faced the Thames. One room was cleared of furniture and became his studio. Standing on the open balcony he could see Charing Cross Bridge in one direction, and John Rennie's generously arched Waterloo Bridge in the other. It enabled him to paint *en plein air*. His first mentor, Eugène Boudin had told him 'Everything painted directly on the spot has a strength and power, a vivacity of touch that one never finds in the studio'. Monet's childhood in Le Havre led to his fascination with the sea, with the constant movement, the ever-changing surfaces and colours of water. The hotel suited him admirably.

He soon caught the British preoccupation with our weather. Its unpredictability excited him. He wrote: 'The fog in London assumes all sorts of colours: there are black, brown, yellow, green, purple fogs... my practised eye has found that objects change in appearance in a London

fog more and quicker than in any other atmosphere...' and again 'But look who shows his face, the sun, is he going to be serious?'

Although he worked with neurotic intensity — on a visit to his studio Sargent noticed Monet had at least ninety canvases around him — there was a more *mondaine* aspect to his character. In a letter to the art dealer, Wildenstein: 'I work like a madman as you know, and if it weren't for my evenings out and dinners in town which are rather frequent, I would become stupefied with it...'.

It was the fashionable American portrait painter, John Singer Sargent who introduced Monet into the social life of some of his rich patrons. He enjoyed dining with the author George Moore. He watched the passing of Queen Victoria's funeral cortège with Henry James, and renewed his acquaintance with James McNeil Whistler. Monet's English was poor. They all spoke excellent French.

Although Monet's paintings only hint at the activities of a modern city he was perfectly aware of contemporary events. In a letter of February 15th, 1900, he discusses how the Boer War affected London society. 'As to the war, it becomes more and more terrible and heroic on the part of the Boers.... It's extraordinary to see London at the moment; you see nothing but volunteers all newly dressed; these are all young society people who equip and arm themselves at their own expense, and every evening the restaurants are full of them; they are feted and cheered, the poor devils who are going to get themselves killed... but it's now really *chic* to enlist, it's altogether "smart".'

Monet had exhibited his paintings regularly in London since 1887 and hoped to find British patrons. He was disappointed. Very few Impressionist paintings were sold to British collectors before 1930.

The Savoy Hotel was not a suitable vantage point for Monet's third subject — the Houses of Parliament. It says much for his personal charm that St. Thomas's Hospital put a room with a balcony at his disposal which gave him the vista he desired. Following a devastating fire in 1834, the Houses of Parliament had been rebuilt by Sir James Barry and the eccentric Augustus Pugin in a neo-Gothic style. Its skyline is completely asymmetrical but very well balanced, and with its two contrasting towers and various spires it made an irresistible subject. Monet made these irregular shapes float in the fog or shimmer in the fading sunlight like some elusive jewel. His extraordinarily sensitive eye enabled him to capture the most fleeting light effects.

Many of these paintings give an impression of an instant response to transient moments. Seen close to, the brushstrokes appear rapid, almost random. The very opposite is true. Monet worked very slowly taking hours, sometimes years to complete a painting. Few were ever finished before they left London, but must be touched and retouched when they returned to France. Needless to say this drove his dealer, Durand-Ruel, nearly mad. Finally the exhibition *Claude Monet: Vues de la Tamise à Londres* opened on the 9th of May, 1904. It was a critical and financial success. Glowing metaphors flowed from numerous critics, the general

flavour expressed by Arsène Alexandre who wrote: 'This goes further than painting. It is an enchantment of atmosphere and light. London appeared fantastic in its fogs of dream, coloured by the magic of the sun.' A refreshing dissension from the flowery acclaim was expressed by Elizabeth Pennell who lived by the Thames. She accused the artist of painting 'a curious green light which does not exist, but which Monet somehow managed to think he saw descending upon the Thames'.

Nevertheless the continuing interest of Monet's paintings of London lies in their multiplicity of interpretations, their naturalism, their abstraction, their expression of emotional states, their evidence of the artistic process. And above all for the sheer joy of his passion for colour.

## THOMAS HARDY

*'Comme un homme qui marche seul*
*et dans les ténèbres . . .* Descartes

Why did he wait, despairingly,
all that long time ago —
No conscious wish of hers it was
to treat him so.

He had not known how
her vague presence could merge
into whatever company she found herself,
while he watched, helpless,
on the verge.

She — it was implicit from the start —
would gaily and freely give
of her heart.

He, so versed in human passion
and its sorry tale,
learned, albeit late,
that they, so closely linked,
could be so disparate,
that for her, love had but a shallow root
and he, unwittingly, had craved the absolute.

Walter J. Strachan

# Literary Supplement

## THEATRE OF INTELLIGENCE

*British Intelligence in the Second World War.* Volume 5. Sir Michael Howard. HMSO. £12.95.

The most important theatre of the Second World War was not at sea, on land or in the air, but the war fought between two Intelligence services: the British and the Abwehr. Indeed a latter-day Clausewitz (or a Liddell Hart?) might want to coin the phrase: 'Whoever controls the enemy's mind will win the war.'

Sir Michael Howard's fascinating tale is one of a sustained series of overlapping and inter-twined deceptions. They were the product of a few men, for the most part understaffed, and the reverse of Bureaucrats. They could not but be a handful. If too many were involved, there would be no security, and in those days walls and tents, pubs and streetcorners all had ears. The most important of them were the London Controlling Section of the Chiefs of Staff Committee, 'A' Force in Cairo, the Middle East Intelligence Centre, and in particular the Double Cross (XX) Committee. Alongside these, by the time that the North African campaigns (East and West) were won (December 1942), and Europe was to be invaded (from where, and what precise landing point?) there were no less than 21 'Thirty' Committees extending from Lisbon to Baghdad, and from Nairobi to Florence; and each had, usually, only three members. They 'turned' agents, and through them fed false information to the enemy; with the result that, at Alamein and in French North Africa, in Sicily and in June 1944 in Normandy, the Germans were never sure when and where the blow would come, or which blow would be the real one. Surprise, certainly, is a major component in deception. So this is the story not only of double agents and notional sub-agents, of dummy tanks and camouflage, but of non-existent divisions with bogus HQ's, and of elaborate plans carefully 'leaked' in order to deceive — or at least to confuse.

Sir Michael is brief on the familiar tales: even Ewen Montagu's successful ploy to float towards a Spanish beach the body of a courier carrying misleading plans (operation *Mincemeat*), and of the impersonation of Field Marshall Montgomery by his look-alike Lieutenant Clifton James of the Pay Corps, to deceive the Germans as to the timing of 'Overlord'. He brings out well how much more difficult than in the tight little home island were security and deception in the variegated Middle East or the Mediterranean, where there were an unknown number of real and untraced German agents. What, however, was unique in World War II — and gave London immense confidence in and enjoyment of its intelligence ploys — was the breaking of the Abwehr Enigma cypher in December 1941 by the boffins at Bletchley Park; thereafter they could gleefully track the effects on the Wehrmacht and on the German High Command of the reports, deceptions and lies they fed them. The discovery and deciphering of Enigma was as important a turning point in the War as: Pearl Harbour, Stalingrad, Alamein and Overlord.

But three other conclusions arise. One, German Intelligence was a professional branch of the Army, but it was not greatly respected by it, and was riddled with enemies of Hitler. What comes out of this book is less a description than an indictment of its incompetence. Two, in wars hot and cold, each side

needs a neutral location, or more than one, through which to make contact, to trade, to probe, in the end to negotiate: Portugal and Spain in the West, Turkey in the East, Switzerland always.

Lisbon as post-office plays an intriguing part in the Intelligence story: a setting for a Graham Greene or for John Le Carré? And, three, if false information was to be implanted, mixed up though it was with 'chicken-feed' — real but often outdated or irrelevant facts to lend verisimilitude — and given credence, it had to be invented, embroidered and shaped. This called for a special expertise indeed, the skill of a linguist, of a cross-word-puzzle deviser, of a psychologist, preferably all in one, and, even more desirably, one with encyclopaedic knowledge of Germany, and of how readers of fiction like Hitler, Keitel or Himmler, would respond to bait. It is not surprising that among those who so skilfully deceived the enemy were some who went on to concoct other mysteries, and to make money by it — like Lieutenant-Colonel Peter Fleming and Flight-Lieutenant Dennis Wheatley.

ESMOND WRIGHT

## LORD ANNAN: A BRILLIANT BUT LIMITED HISTORY OF HIS AGE

*Our Age, Portrait of a Generation.* Noel Annan. Weidenfeld & Nicolson. £20.

Lord Annan has written a courageous book, perhaps an ambitious one because he has tried in some ways successfully to write a history of his own age. Few people would question his qualifications, not only because he is a proven historian, as witness his life of Leslie Stephen (incidentally the distinguished father of Virginia Woolf), but this cannot be the reason why Lord Annan, in my view, over-rates the importance of the Bloomsbury Group.

Again from my own view and perhaps because I am older, I wish that his chosen years started with 1914 instead of 1919 and ended in 1960. But after all this is Lord Annan's book, not mine, and he is entitled to choose not only the time scale but also the limitations involved in the word *Our* as part of the title. So it is about those who went to Oxford, Cambridge or the London School of Economics between 1919 and say 1951. This is limiting but I do not quarrel. He is entitled to interpret *Our Age* for his own book, and he goes further, singling out men and women who are 'quick, intelligent and delight in general ideas and are life enhancing.' His model is Maurice Bowra 'the most famous Oxford don and wit of his day'. When he comes to the body of the book, he singles out David Bell, the American sociologist, whom he praises in glowing terms in his Introduction.

First let me blow away such stupid criticisms as that the author is given to 'name dropping'; when as the index reveals he drops or mentions several hundred names, the accusation ceases to have much meaning. Much more serious is when the names are out of place or not relevant, but in my more critical estimate of this comprehensive, perceptive and learned volume, I will try to emphasise my doubts and misgivings.

I will start at the beginning. It is a pity that he had to start in 1919 and then perhaps select Maurice Bowra, but again these were his dates. As one who fought in World War I and was an undergraduate at Oxford when Maurice Bowra was a don, I think first that, while his choice of Maurice Bowra is suitable for his own theme, post-war Oxford was perhaps the most exciting period at Oxford since the days of Erasmus. Still more important, the 1940 War affected the lives of many other notables whom Lord Annan mentions

particularly in the field of politics, education and Social Science. Quite naturally he does not mention the influence of the post-Second World War generation on the universities in common with the 1918 period. According to J. C. Masterman, whom Annan calls 'that quintessential establishment figure', the post-Second World War period at Oxford had much in common with the 1918 period. J.C. as we knew him in my day, Provost of Worcester College, Oxford, had been a prisoner of war, as had many of my generation including Godfrey Elton and Charles Morgan (novelist and dramatic critic of *The Times*).

No doubt we are all influenced in our manners and our character by great thinkers and teachers such as Matthew Arnold and Leslie Stephen. Lord Annan was obviously deeply influenced by and indebted to David Bell; while both of us, I understand, by others, Leslie Stephen, Matthew Arnold and our respective headmasters, J. F. Roxburgh of Stowe and Rushbroke of St. Olave's Grammar School.

In the wider field of Sociology David Bell does not head my list of influential wise men, but what does it matter? Again, I must repeat that Lord Annan manages to put high on his list Michael Young and Merton of Columbia. Moreover he displays a wide knowledge of the Arts, Architecture and Science, where this inadequate reviewer is often out of his depth. However, I praise his mention of some less known books such as that by Martin Wiener and the moving book about John Vaizey.

I reserve my deeper criticism for his forays into politics, education and some social institutions. In my opinion even with Lord Annan's experience and in many cases together with first-hand knowledge and acquaintance I beg to disagree but space forbids me to support my own first-hand views with arguments. I disagree about Roy Jenkins, except for some of his reforms at the Home Office; and too much space is devoted to the question of homosexuality. I reserve judgement on Baldwin, whom I knew well and I prefer one of Lord Annan's favourites, Harold Nicolson's estimate of Baldwin, in his Diary. Of course Baldwin was lazy but he knew more about the lives and habits of Labour Members and was deeply respected by them and the Trade Unionists. Eden was an Oxford contemporary but I agree that he was not a good Foreign Secretary. Incidentally, both he and Attlee were anti Europe for quite different reasons. So one might continue but not really critical of the book itself.

On Education I beg leave to differ, not because of the excellent chapter on Public Schools, but because neither Forster, nor Balfour, nor Fisher, nor Butler had much chance of providing a *National* system of Education, because none started with a tabula rasa. Churches, Charitable benefactions and Religion (all Sects) created scores of excellent schools. The date of my own, St. Olave's foundation was 1662 and secondly local authorities lost their earlier prestige.

Finally at the risk of personal prejudice I must correct two matters, one about PEP which was in fact the first Think Tank. The inspirer of PEP was Max Nickolson, creator and first Director of the Nature Conservancy. Secondly due to my friendship with Sir Wyndham Deedes I discovered Israel Sieff and from my American experience the Elmhirsts who helped us with the experience and finance. A dozen or more young men and civil servants did the work; Oliver Roskill, of the famous family, wrote the industrial research, John Dower invented National Parks; and Sir Noel Hall and Sir Alec Cairncross tried to keep us straight on Economics: dear Julian Huxley kept us sane by his science and good, amusing stories.

The second point relates to the foundation of the Arts Council. Lord de la Warr and I as Ministers 'bribed' Tom Jones, Secretary of the Pilgrim Trust,

and got £5,000. We then took a Treasury Man (name not mentioned except he was brother to Sir Thomas Barlow) out to lunch and gave him his favourite wine — another £5,000. With the money and assisted by my Parliamentary Private Secretary, Thelma Cazalet, music and the Arts, we started CEMA (Council for the Encouragement of Music and the Arts), with the help of Ivor Brown (the *Observer*) we launched CEMA, with a Secretary from the Board of Education. Later Keynes personally and others turned CEMA into the *Arts Council* and gave it national prestige.

The author will perhaps forgive these amendments, solely in the interests of accuracy, though they may seem petty when put side by side with the 431 pages of civilized writings about St. Augustine, F. R. Leavis, Evelyn Waugh and a masterly account of Anthony Blunt and the Cambridge Communists and such personalities as Walter Oakshott, Bertrand Russell and Isaiah Berlin.

KENNETH LINDSAY

## A BILL OF RIGHTS

*A Bill of Rights for Britain.* Ronald Dworkin. Chatto Counterblasts. Chatto & Windus. Paperback £3.99.

In what is a powerful pamphlet rather than a detailed book, Ronald Dworkin, who appropriately holds professorships in the Home of Parliamentary Supremacy and the birthplace of the Written Constitution, argues the case for a Bill of Rights for Britain. Claiming that 'Liberty is ill in Britain' he advocates the Incorporation of the European Convention on Human Rights into the law of Britain while acknowledging its weakness. He meets the establishment objections based on tradition, practicality and relevance.

It is no secret that Liberal Democrats and Charter 88 have long advocated this reform while the entrenched Labour and Conservative Parties react in the same way as they do over proportional representation. Indeed, my concern over Official Secrets and the attempts to hide the truth from the public that began under a Labour Government have accelerated rapidly in the last decade. The economic liberation of the current administration is the other side of a coin which has consistently eroded political liberty and citizens' rights in the UK. Thus the author highlights not only Official Secrecy and publishing but the Government's attempts at censorship, intimidation of broadcasters, invasion of privacy and wiretapping, restriction of the Right of Protest and upon the rights of suspects. Indeed it should be noted that the latter was a knee jerk reaction after a horrific IRA bombing and those convicted are now almost universally recognised as being the victims of a miscarriage of justice. Even private sexual orientation has been the victim of prejudice and intolerance.

When I was a student I was proud of the practical virtues of our system and we could with some justification boast of our record on liberty in the UK. Now we are the biggest offenders in democratic Europe at a time when liberty has become the inspiration for our fellow Europeans denied it for fifty years or more. Watergate would never have been exposed in the UK. Our legal system has been shown to have serious flaws and every new piece of legislation seems to load the dice one way. Our judiciary is drawn from a narrow social elite, selected by means of the old-boy network and our Judges are ignorant of sociology, penology or criminology. We have no examining magistrates.

We can now learn from Europe and the USA. Having once led the world, the nation that produced John Stuart Mill and Wordsworth's 'Sonnet on the

Subjugation of Switzerland' or Byron's dream for Greece now needs this 'Counterblast' — yet another worthy readable work in the series to which Ralf Dahrendorf's Reflections on the Revolution in Europe added a special lustre.

PAUL B. ROSE

## THE WRITINGS OF ELIZABETH I

*The Word of a Prince, The Life of Elizabeth I from Contemporary Documents.* Maria Perry. The Boydell Press. 352pp. £18.95.

The value of this book lies in its reproduction of many passages from the writings of Elizabeth I, taken from manuscript sources. These are set in the context of a somewhat loosely organised narrative of her life, written by the actress and writer Maria Perry, who was educated at Manchester High School for Girls and at Somerville. She was a founder member of a group called the Poetry People, who have performed on both sides of the Atlantic a piece entitled 'The Speeches of Queen Elizabeth I' which provided the inspiration for the book which was produced with the aid of a British Academy Research Grant.

Reading the book provides an illuminating experience of the difference between the modern sensibility and that of the Elizabethan, as embodied in the language of each. The modern text speaks of a 'royal sex scandal', of Elizabeth's 'dazzling progress' to Cambridge, of the 'fairy tale glamour' of Elizabeth's affair with Alençon. Some women are described as 'voluptuously beautiful', while the writer says at one point, 'It is not known at exactly what point in his long, intensely public courtship of Elizabeth the Master of the Horse began to sleep with Lettice Knollys . . .' This language, which belongs I suppose to the kind of popular history such as is written by Antonia Fraser, to which this author often refers, would seem likely to interfere with our grasp of the true historical events.

Elizabeth's own writing is very difficult for us to follow. It has a racy concreteness of the vernacular, and yet has an intense gravity, as of being this woman in this place, facing events with determination and courage, but also with great subtlety, and with learning and intelligence:

'I do not marvel, though *Domini Doctores*, with you my lords, did so use themselves therein, since after my brother's death they openly preached and set forth that my sister and I were bastards. Well, I wish not the death of any man, but only this I desire, that they which have been the practisers herein may before their deaths repent the same, and show some open confession of their fault, whereby the scabbed sheep may be known from the whole . . .'

'Neither yet do I understand why such audacity should be used to make, without my licence, an act of my words like lawyers' books, which nowadays go to the wire-drawers to make subtle doings more plain.'

'Take you heed lest *Ecclesiastes* say not too true; they that fear the hoary frost the snow shall fall upon them.'

Through this language we can follow the progress of a woman of outstanding intelligence, with remarkable power. She spoke French and Italian almost as fluently as English and she could speak extempore Latin better than any university Orator. She wrote beautiful prayers, of great devotion and piety, and towards the end of her life translated Boethius' *Consolation of Philosophy*. All her actions were governed by a sense of being marked out by God for her task, and at times almost miraculously preserved by Him against Roman machinations, plotters and traitors. It was a savage and dangerous time, with many

devious and cruel plots, as between the Roman Catholic fraternity with its ramifications in Europe, and the emerging Protestant movement with its particular English quality of national and personal development. It is amazing to contemplate the juxtaposition of intense cruelty, at the time, as with bear-baiting, executions by axe and torture, with the elegance of dress (the book is beautifully illustrated), learning, devotion and cultural richness. The whole question of the continual contemplation and manipulation of the queen's potential marriage is almost impossible for us to understand, as are the court-ships, often carried on in public court and bedchamber surrounded with attendants — somehow that modern euphemism 'sleeping with' for instance falls too short of conveying the gravity, the danger, the elusive character of court romances. Elizabeth proclaims throughout her deep preference for the single life, and her personal relationships remain an enigma. We shall have to go on scanning those complex and elegant papers, to try to understand what, in her regulated gravity, this noble woman means: 'I have diminished my own revenue that I might add to your security, like a taper of true virgin wax, to waste myself and spend my life that I might give light and comfort to those that live under me.'

DAVID HOLBROOK

## A DICKENSIAN ENCOUNTER

*Dickens*. Peter Ackroyd. Sinclair-Stevenson. 1990. £19.95.

This book is a great read in every sense of the word. It is obviously intended for the general reader and for all those Dickens devotees prepared to study every aspect of his life, personal and professional — when all we need to know about Dickens is contained in his work.

Peter Ackroyd takes over one thousand pages to say just that. He gives his own interpretations of Dickens; and he doesn't even know whether he likes Dickens! He decided to write the book 'as a challenge' after the success of his biography of T. S. Eliot. It has been said that the author has transformed the art of biography. Let us hope that this won't encourage other biographers to write more than is absolutely necessary.

In all art quality is more desirable than quantity and, informative and easy to read as this book is, it would have been even better if it had been cut by at least one third.

Peter Ackroyd is admittedly a voracious reader. The size of the book almost defeated me. It is an interesting biography giving the reader as much information about its author as about Charles Dickens. It is very readable and the illustrations are superb. Much research has been done and many students will be most grateful to have access to so much information. The book would have been even more readable if it had been published in at least two volumes; and if it had included chapter headings in addition to the comprehensive bibliography and copious notes. This may have increased the price but it surely could still be done in the paperback edition.

If the biography encourages more people to read and re-read Dickens's novels, the author is to be congratulated. Peter Ackroyd has provided all we need to know about Dickens's life, the period in which he lived, the famous people he knew and the places he visited. He has done his best to convey the many facetted aspects of this extraordinary man.

It is impossible to analyse genius: only a life-time's enjoyment of Dickens's novels will give readers the opportunity to understand the man and to evaluate

his unique contribution to English literature.

Dickens was an astonishing, charismatic character, passionate and flamboyant. He will continue to fascinate anyone prepared to read his amazing view of the world in which he lived and to come to terms with the nature of the world he created. This biography may persuade more readers to do so. It is certainly worth keeping to check forgotten details and to read for pleasure and speculation.

In one section of the book the author analyses his own opinion of his biography. He asks and answers several questions: e.g.,

> Q. Are there any particular virtues to this biography?
> A. . . . I have a kind of complex about discovering *everything* there is to know . . .
>
> Q. Doesn't that make the book too academic?
> A. That is always a problem . . .

I will answer the second question. Definitely, this book is not too academic. Read it!

NONIE BEERBOHM

# SHORTER REVIEWS

**Stalin, a Time for Judgement.** (Thames Methuen. £14.99.) This is a fascinating study of Stalin, the evil genius, by Jonathan Lewis and Phillip Whitehead. The authors take a balanced view, so far as is possible, of this 'consummate politician' who waged what he thought was 'the class struggle against an ever widening circle of enemies and faint hearts'. They acknowledge his methods of mass killings and terror, and dedicate their account 'to the nameless millions of his victims, whose sufferings have scarred a whole society.' The authors have travelled extensively in Soviet Russia, interviewing many people who suffered or even thrived under the dictator. The volume is illustrated.

**Who Only England Know: Conservatives and Foreign Policy.** (Alliance Publishers Ltd. for the Institute for European Defence and Strategic Studies. 53pp. £5.) This is a vehement protest by Christopher Coker against Mrs. Thatcher's failure to impose her radical ideas on the Foreign Office and an admission that there is little prospect of any possible successor's doing so. Advice to abandon the Commonwealth was to be expected from a Thatcherite; less so denunciation of the myth of a Special Relationship with the USA. But what is surprising and significant is the distressed conclusion: 'her rejection of the "airy-fairy" view of European Union was, to say the least, unfortunate . . . The Government's inability to produce a coherent foreign policy despite almost twelve years in power is to be regretted more in sorrow than in anger. Although there are those who are still confident that Thatcherism will win out in the end, many more are beginning to suspect that faith in Britain's future may have come too late.'

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(ISSN 0954-6073)
Distributed on behalf of The Hoover Institution, Stanford University.

ADAMANTINE PRESS LIMITED
3 Henrietta Street, Covent Garden, London WC2E 8LU
Telephone: (071) 240 0856
Fax: (071) 379 0609

Printed by MANDEVILLE PRESS, 136 Southsea Avenue, Leigh-on-Sea, Essex SS9 2BJ, and published by the CONTEMPORARY REVIEW CO. LTD., 61 Carey Street, London WC2A 2JG Telephone. 071-831 7791 All business matters should be addressed to the publishers